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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

*'Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudemque YALENSIS
Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres.'*

VOLUME THIRTY-ONE.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED AT No. 24 SOUTH MIDDLE.
City Agent, T. H. Pease.
PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

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VOL. XXXI.

NO. I.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

— — — — —
"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

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**OCTOBER, 1865.**  
~~~~~

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MONEHOUSE & TAYLOR.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

OCTOBER, 1865.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

HAMILTON COLE,

CHAS. M. SOUTHGATE,

GEORGE C. HOLT,

L. CLIFFORD WADE,

HENRY O. WHITNEY.

College Reveries.

My friends, College is a famous place for reverie; for that quiet thought which almost seems to be the absence of all thought; for letting your thoughts run whither they will, without making any effort to control them. How many of us indulge in these reveries, as we sit, on some cold evening, before our cheerful fire, in our College rooms. Ah! if one could, with the genius of a Hawthorne, catch and weave into a tangible form, the subtle fancies which surround him in that hour, a readable article would it make; for then, every one would recognize a picture of his own thoughts on like occasions, and I think nothing pleases us more, than to find that some one has succeeded in catching and enchaining those fancies which at times fly so vaguely around us all. We are fully conscious of them, and yet they elude us when they seem almost within our grasp. I can only hope to present to you some of the more common and tangible of these.

Some evening, then, we sit down with the delightful consciousness of no immediate duty pressing upon us, draw our chair up before our open fire, and, perchance, light a cigar. Soon a kind of dreaminess steals over us; the rays of the fire cast a soft and mellow light upon the familiar objects around us, imparting to them almost a strange appearance. The faces upon the wall look down more kindly upon us;

our natures expand ; we feel at peace with all the world. The petty annoyances and troubles of our daily life vanish ; we view everything by the mellow light of our fire.

Different objects pass in review before us, while we apparently sit apart from them, and watch the procession as it passes by. We think sharply, and yet our thoughts seem not to emanate from ourselves ; we are conscious of no effort.

It is wonderful how many pictures we see in that open fire ; it is a complete picture gallery, in which all the pictures bear a close relation to ourselves. There is portrayed the past, the present, and it almost seems as if, from time to time, we could obtain faint glimpses of the future. I look now into its depths, and there is passing in review a picture of College, and College life. First comes Freshman year, with its many acts of folly, and we laugh heartily at some of the appearances we then presented. But a glorious year is our first year in College, after all, when we are becoming established in the ways here ; are making acquaintances and forming friendships. A joyous year is Freshman year, and we shall long remember its many incidents and pleasures.

Then comes boisterous Sophomore year, when recklessness is the quality most admired. Junior year quickly follows, with its many periods of ease, truly the social year of College, and many rare evenings do we see before us, spent in old North Middle. And now they are gone. We can hardly appreciate it. We look back upon them with many feelings of pleasure, perchance some of regret. We form resolutions to spend more usefully the hours of the present year, which is swiftly passing by. May we keep these resolutions.

I look again into my fire, and behold there pictured the College, and its future prospects. What a charm do these old buildings have for us. We almost wish that they might remain unchanged, and that in the future we could see the same old buildings, the same old rooms. And yet, after all, we love our College too well to wish to hinder her advance. We are not so selfish as to wish everything to remain just as we saw it. And so we hail with a quiet delight the improvements to be made. We admire the liberal spirit displayed in our College affairs, and look forward to the day, as not far distant, when culture and refinement will be inseparably connected with the College life. When more attention will be paid to the beautiful ; when the object of College will be not more to educate than to cultivate ; not more to strengthen than to refine. We look with delight upon the beautiful picture. We rejoice in it ; our hearts beat with greater enthusiasm, and are filled with a more ardent love.

And now this too is gone, and dim, shadowy appearances of the future come crowding before us. We feel as if the responsibilities of the world were almost settled upon us. We look eagerly forward, and try to pierce the veil. We see before us a mass of conflicting elements, into which we must go, and do battle with the rest. We cannot help contrasting the excitement, vexation and trouble which we know we shall there meet, with the quiet and contentment of our College life; and yet we look forward boldly to the strife. We would not always remain in this quiet state; and, although we would not hasten, neither would we put off the day when we shall enter upon the responsibilities of life, and test the discipline we here receive. We give thanks to our Alma Mater for the blessings she has bestowed upon us. We compare ourselves when we entered her domain and now, and cannot help feeling some satisfaction in the comparison.

And so in our reverie we go on from one thing to another. Perchance the faces of absent ones appear to us, and vivid pictures of scenes far away. We live over again, in one short hour, years of our childhood, with the sad spots obliterated by the time which has intervened, while the joyous remembrances are only the brighter. Perchance, too, some deep sorrow has fallen upon us in by-gone days, and now re-appearing, gives a subdued melancholy to the picture. Thus the panorama changes from gay to grave, from trivial to important, until, at last, we wake from our reverie, and apply ourselves to the more practical duties which await us.

The Large Societies.

Now that the annual campaign between Brothers and Linonia is over, the question recurs to the minds of all with renewed force, whether the present year is to witness a continuance of that disgraceful apathy concerning these Societies, which for the last few years has been so strikingly manifested, and which of late has been so alarmingly increased. Are we, whether Brothers or Linonians, to have a renewal of that shameful record of the past year, a record of meetings without a quorum, of appointments unfulfilled, of debates without life? And in a brief consideration of the condition of these Societies, I wish to be understood, not as a partizan, but as one who has the true interests of both at heart; believing, as I do, that the

continued prosperity or adversity of one, is necessarily accompanied by a corresponding state of the other ; that, in short, the two are not essentially antagonistic, but are rather co-workers in the promotion of the common good of all College ; of Brothers and Linonians alike.

It has been heretofore a remarkable fact, that however much the Societies had been neglected during the year, we plunged, nevertheless, into the annual campaign with as much zest and enthusiasm as ever. But this year all this was changed. The same indifference was manifested in electioneering, as had characterized the meetings during the year. As regards the Brothers, I know that about all the campaign work was done by two or three men, and I learn from the officers of Linonia, that the same is true of that Society. The energy and enthusiasm, which had been so distinctively the characteristics of previous campaigns, seemed to have completely disappeared. Instead of the crowded campaign meetings, great difficulty was experienced by each Society in securing a respectable attendance. Now, if we adopt the theory of those who have heretofore ascribed the want of interest during the year to the unnatural, feverish excitement of the campaign, from which there necessarily ensued a corresponding reaction of indifference, we may derive from the apathy of the past campaign an earnest of renewed life and vigor in the Societies during the coming year. But it is difficult indeed to console ourselves with such a hope ; and I, for one, cannot restrain the apprehension, that the unwonted and extraordinary lifelessness in the campaign, may be one of the last symptoms of the decline of the Societies, and that unless an energetic, determined move is made, we may yet, at no distant date, mourn their utter and final extinction.

We know, from the testimony of graduates, that the Societies were, in past years, earnestly supported, and the literary exercises well sustained. Fifteen or twenty years ago, at least two-thirds of the students were active members, prompt in their attendance, and earnest in their support. The offices in the gift of the Societies were eagerly sought after, as among the highest objects of ambition in College. The enthusiasm which heretofore has characterized our campaigns, was then, to a considerable degree, continued through the year. Meetings without a quorum were then unheard of. The enthusiasm and devotion manifested by old Graduates at the Alumni meetings of the Societies, proves that in their day the decline had not commenced. And to these Societies, moreover, many of our most distinguished Alumni refer with gratitude, for the improvement they gained within their walls.

With this startling contrast between the past prosperity and the present weakness, we are led to inquire the causes of the change. Instead of uncomfortable and inconvenient rooms, we have now halls, that any such Society in the land might envy. Instead of bare walls and floors, we have now elegant carpetings, statuary, and frescoings. In all external conveniences, our situation is far superior now to what it was then, and to other and more hidden causes must we look for the source of the decline.

Some have referred the decline to the gradual raising of the standard of scholarship, which, they say, has caused the attention of the students to be more strictly engrossed in the prescribed studies of the course; and they have instanced the fact that nearly all the scholarship prizes have been established within the last fifteen or twenty years. But I doubt if this can be said to have exerted any very decided influence upon the Societies. Indeed, it is a question whether the standard of scholarship, properly so-called, is much if any higher now than it was twenty years ago. The course, it is true, has been amplified and extended; more ground is gone over; but I doubt if any one will venture to say that the students, as a body, study more now than they did then. Certainly, the appointments of the present and last Senior classes would not indicate that they do. The extra inducements in the form of prizes may incite the ambition of a few, but the great majority study no more now than they did then.

One cause, undoubtedly, of the decline of the Large Societies is, the establishment of literary prizes by the College, thus turning much of the work formerly done in the Societies into the regular course. The Composition and Declamation prizes, and the Townsend premiums, have all been established within the last twenty years. Men, ambitious only of literary reputation, may obtain it now without resorting to the Large Societies. The prize-debates, too, I think, have, upon the whole, acted against their prosperity. We find the same class of men, who, having had something of a literary drill before coming here, are more desirous of reputation than of improvement, striving after the prizes at the prize debates, and not going near the halls for the rest of the year. But, of course, neither of these influences should or would induce men, really anxious for improvement, to neglect the weekly meetings of the Societies.

But, after all, the decline is mainly due to the evil influence of those class organizations, which exist in the first three years of the course. Comprising among their members the great majority of College, both in numbers and in talent, they engross the interest, which

once was paid to the Large Societies ; draw away, as it were, from the latter, their whole means of support, and absorb all the elements of their former life and vigor. The Freshman Societies may be said, in a certain degree, to answer their place, and might indeed be made to be in fact, what they are now in theory, schools of discipline, preparatory to the Large Societies. But of the Societies of Sophomore and Junior years, nothing of this kind can be said. For these, making hardly a pretense of any solid literary work, appropriate the time and enthusiasm of their own members, and are the great, almost insuperable obstacles, to the success of Brothers and Linonia. With the possible absolute advantages or disadvantages of these Societies, I have nothing here to do, it being my purpose simply to consider them in their relations to the Large Societies. We all well know how they entice men into the labyrinth of College politics, cause them to forget their allegiance to the Large Societies, erect a false standard of merit, and almost extinguish all desire of improvement. Nor does their pernicious influence always stop here ; for how often, by foisting incapable men into office, through the instrumentality of corrupt coalitions and packed meetings, do they aim a blow at the very life of the Societies ?

But what is the remedy for all this ? Would you, we are asked, do away with these class organizations of Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years ? To this I would reply, that I am by no means of the opinion that the existence of these Class Societies is incompatible with the prosperity of Brothers and Linonia, provided the former confine themselves to their proper field of action, and seek not to engross to themselves that first and higher allegiance, which belongs only to the Large Societies. I see no reason why the existence of these organizations at all does away with the usefulness of, and the necessity for Societies, where men of all classes may meet in debate, thus quickening their faculties, and promoting intellectual growth. Surely, it is a strange task, to set out to prove to the students of this College the abstract worth of a debating Society ; especially when the great mass of our students intend entering professions, where the very qualities, cultivated in such a Society, will be called most largely into requisition. Nor do I think that any one will seriously claim that a man can gain, anywhere else than in these Societies, these peculiar advantages. He there comes into contact with men, not only of his own, but of all classes. Seniors and Freshmen are entitled to the same privileges, and compelled to rely on their own powers.

But I cannot leave this subject without noticing one shameful feature, which has characterized the decline of the Societies. It is, that

those men, of more or less previous culture, who so eagerly strive after the prizes in the annual debates, should manifest such an ungrateful indifference concerning the Societies. They plume themselves upon the honors the Societies have given them, and refuse to lend the aid of their presence to stay them from destruction. There are, it is true, honorable exceptions, but, alas, in too many cases, is it the sad truth. Such apostacy should be regarded, as it deserves, by the indignant public sentiment of College.

This, then, is the remedy I have to propose. As regards the Class organizations which I have enumerated, let our first allegiance be paid where it is due, to our Large Societies. If the two claims ever conflict, let the less be neglected, rather than let a single interest of the other languish or be lost. Let us all remember, that, where our honors as gentlemen are pledged, there must we perform our part. But if experience shall show that those Class organizations are *insuperable* obstacles, then there is but one course before us; that the Large Societies must, at all hazards, and at every cost, be sustained. Willingly would we give up the petty rivalries, jealousies, and selfish political schemings, which now disgrace the Junior year, to secure Societies worthy the name, where substantial and lasting improvement would be the reward of honorable exertion. Moreover, let us do away with the false standards, whereby, hitherto, we have judged the relative merits of the Societies. Let the test be, not the reports of the Banner, the decorations of the halls, the condition of the Libraries, or of the Treasuries, or even the Prize Lists, but let us look to the weekly debates in each, as the only just criterion. Then, by inciting a spirit of generous rivalry between the two, may we hope to see them both, at no distant day, regain the prestige of their ancient glory; and again may they hold their true and honorable position, as valuable aids in the elevation and development of the individual mind, while imparting honor and dignity to the College itself.

F. N. J.

Xaípere.

MOUNTAINS and rivers may sink and decay,
God never forgets.
Time with his restless wings onward may flee,
Measuring cycles on cycles to be,
Till he dips his gray locks in eternity's sea,
God never forgets.

Empires may rise from the dust of the dead,
God never forgets.
The garments of honor may change to a pall;
Nations may flourish and falter and fall,
Dashed like a wave on the ocean's dark wall,
God never forgets.

Darkness may waft her wild wing o'er the world,
God never forgets.
Peace, holy Peace may extinguish her light,
And cover her woes in the vesture of night;
Bright visions may darken, no more to be bright,
God never forgets.

War's ghastly visage may threaten and frown,
God never forgets,—
The smoke of its fury may rise from afar,
Obscuring the lustre of Liberty's star,
And the noble may fall 'neath the wheels of its car,
God never forgets.

Tyrants may laugh at the groans of the slave,
God never forgets.
Sad hearts may sigh to the cold midnight air,
While no cheering glimpses of hope linger there,
Humanity's tear-drops may fall in despair,
God never forgets.

Youth, with its buoyant hopes, painting the sky,
God never forgets,—
May furl its bright pinions, bleeding and torn,
Crushed to the earth by a cold world's scorn,
And die like a star at the rising of morn,
God never forgets.

Old age, with its silver hairs, reverend with years,
God never forgets,—
In the cold vale of sorrow may pillow its head,
And pray for the dying, and weep for the dead,
And drop from life's stage like a tear that is shed,
God never forgets.

Love's golden bands may be broken in twain,
God never forgets,—
And the heart once as light as the lark on the steep,
When at slumbering morn's waking his vigils he keeps,
May banish its laughter, and learn how to weep,
God never forgets.

Life all aglow with the glory of hope,
God never forgets,—
May sink in its course, while its efforts are blest,
And close its career when its lights burn the best,
Like the sun when he shuts his bright eyes in the west,
God never forgets.

There is a bright hour in the ages to come,
God never forgets,—
When the children of sorrow shall no longer weep,
When the angels the harvest of heaven shall reap
From the woe-stricken earth and the pitiless deep,
God never forgets.

When these spirits that now only struggle in vain,
God never forgets,—
Shall burst their dark bondage, and soar up afar,
And leap in their glory from star on to star,
Till infinitude's fields shall present them no bar,
God never forgets.

Come, then, ye that weep at the close of the day,
God never forgets,—
Come with your bonds, and your cares, and your tears;
Come with your blighted hopes, cherished for years;
Banish forebodings, and bury your fears,
God never forgets.

J. B.

Progress of Civilization at Yale.

To one who compares Yale as she was at the close of the last century with Yale as she is now, the contrast in men, manners, and what may be called the social relations of College life, is too marked to escape notice. Yet, in following up her course from first to last of these extremes of time, we find no abrupt transition, no definite point

at which we can rest and say, "Here ended the old system, here began the new." No, the progress has been gradual, it is, chemically speaking, "the slow reaction" of time upon the original elements which has wrought this change. Our old Alma Mater has been and still is undergoing a process of civilization in its fullest sense, both that of individual and social advancement.

Unlike civilization in general, however, hers receives its elements only after they have been modified by another agency; and a still further difference may be found in the fact, that while as an institution she moves steadily on, her component parts are constantly changing. Nothing, perhaps, is so great a hindrance to her advancement in this respect as the fact, that those who enter here have not the living exemplification of a correct College deportment which a graduate would exhibit were he to repeat his course, but are obliged to rely upon the assertions of "Todd's Student's Manual," which they pronounce old foggy and behind the times, or upon their own common sense, which is an excellent guide if faithfully followed, or (which is least commendable,) they follow in the footsteps of the Class which precedes them, whose career they know only by hearsay, and whose example they zealously exaggerate until the evil becomes unbearable, and is put down by the mighty hand of the "powers that be," only to show itself either in the form of some new malady, or in the aggravation of some existing institution whose very being is a clog upon the steady improvement at which our Alma Mater always should aim. To illustrate: a Freshman Class enters Yale; and, after overcoming the individual fears as to ability to maintain a degree of scholarship high enough to enable them to keep their places, they, naturally enough, cast about them to see what course of conduct they shall pursue as a Class. The Class preceding them we will suppose to have been a rather wild and unruly one, whose example should be avoided rather than followed; yet so strong is the force of custom, that they usually enlarge upon the example thus given them, until, at length, as we have said, the aggravation becomes too great, and the "institution," to the perpetuation of which their energies have been turned, is suppressed by the Faculty. For instances of this process, we refer you to "Burial of Euclid," "Pow-Wow," "Hazing," &c. Even now Initiation is under the ban, and bids fair soon to become a thing of the past.

There are also several institutions among us, which, even more than those to which reference has been made, show that the students of Yale have not yet reached the height of civilization which the outside world may fairly expect. Unlike the others, they have not even a few

defenders who will stoutly protect them by reason of alleged profit to the College in their continuance. They rest solely on the basis of antiquity. Every one wishes them away. Every one, who expresses himself at all, denounces them as a crying evil. Yet no steps are taken toward their removal, or if taken, do not seem to have gained the confidence of the public in their efficiency, either present or future. Of this type are the electioneering for the Public Societies and the coalitions of Class Societies. It would really seem to one unacquainted with the facts in the case, that a Class was compelled by College law to follow as closely in the social as in the intellectual steps of its predecessor. It would be refreshing to see a Class independent enough to break down this constraint, and abolish some established custom, even should it not be harmful in itself. If harmful, so much the better.

So much for the "institutions." I have spoken of them first, inasmuch as it is accounts of them (exaggerated more or less, according to the medium of communication,) which get to the ears of the public, and which injure the reputation of our Alma Mater. If this little phrase "Alma Mater" conveyed to an undergraduate but a tithe of the meaning that it does to an alumnus, I am sure that the circumstances which prompt this article would not now exist. The fault is in the head, not the heart, and its remedy is easy and speedy. We earnestly hope that it may soon be applied.—Secondly, is the civilization of the individual, the "culture" of the student, what it should be, at this period? We think that some of the practices of members of the upper classes, if not of all, are such as to make one hesitate to render an affirmative answer to this question. We have, indeed, heard it said that compulsory attendance at prayers and recitations was not enforced in the other Departments, because it was expected that the students in those Departments were of an age to appreciate the advantages of regularity—had, in fact, arrived at years of discretion, while we did not enjoy such license, as being "mere boys." Whether or not the theory is correct, we do not know, but we certainly think that the exuberant joy evinced by Juniors at not finding the Professor in the recitation room, (as if it were their *gain*, not *loss*, to lose the recitation,) would be apt to convey to a stranger the idea that they were in their first rather than their third year; and that Seniors should enter into the spirit of "Initiation" with a zest equaling that of the Sophomores, seems to us to be placing the far-famed "Senioric dignity" in an extremely hazardous situation.

Of Sophomore extravagance we make no mention, but with the con-

solatory reflection that "no good can come out of Nazareth," we pass them by.

The Freshmen, until the third term, are generally the most civilized of any of the classes in their class deportment. No credit to them, however. They can not well help it, for they do not sufficiently establish themselves during the first two terms to attempt any thing uncivilized.

Seriously speaking, we think that there is a sort of halt in the "onward march" among us, at present, in reference to the objects of which we have spoken. President Woolsey, in his "Historical Address," delivered in 1850, takes a retrospect of College life with a very satisfactory result. He says that at that time the cultivation and refinement of the students generally was greater than it had been twenty years previous, and he thought that there was a perceptible addition to the increase of these qualities, received during the course. We fear that a comparison of this year with one ten years ago would result unfavorably to us. Yet this ought not to be, and we, upon whom the responsibility falls, ought to see to it that we act our part well, and cast our influence on the right side.

S. B. ST. J.

To Ethel.

I see you as I saw you last,
The perfect form, the perfect face,
The sweet and pensive eyes downcast,
The dainty blush, the dimpled grace.

I live again that summer-morn;
Along my veins the hot blood whirls:
I meet your glance, my senses swoon;
With trembling hand I touch your curls.

But then I saw you with my eyes;
And now we two are far apart;
And, with that sight which love supplies,
I see an image on my heart.

Yes, that you would not let me take,
I have it here, more finely done.
I found an artist who can make
A better picture than the sun.

Ah! dear, I am a miser grown;
I hoard those happy by-gone days,
And count them over, one by one,
With all their looks, and words, and ways.

But ever sad thoughts throng the door,
They peer, they pry, they make a din,
They rave to spoil my little store;
Woe's me! the rascal thieves break in!

Now, when I think a thought of thee,
Nimbly another takes its place,
Of what perchance my life shall be
Without thee, and I hide my face.

And so a two-fold troop moves o'er
The viewless highway of my mind;
The happy memories run before,
The grim forebodings trudge behind.

Blue versus Red.

I suppose every one knows that there was a race for the championship of American Colleges, between Yale and Harvard, July 28th, 1865; but I find, to my great surprise, that no one has, as yet, written a description of this race, for the "Yale Lit." I am unwilling to have such a victory passed silently by, and will therefore enlist my poor pen in the service.

The success of last year, and the visible improvement of our crew in skill and muscular development, warranted the brightest anticipations; anticipations which, in the issue, were more than realized. In describing the event, I shall attempt to give only the circumstances which came under my own observation, and my own views upon them.

The University crew left New Haven for Worcester on Wednesday, July 26th, under the care of Wm. Wood, of New York, who has always trained Yale's victorious crews, and who, it is hoped, will long continue so to do. It was my fate to stay in the Elm City till the last moment; but I was not alone. The early train on Friday, the day after Commencement, and the ever to be remembered day, was crowded with Yalensians and their friends. We were bound for Worcester, enthusiastic and confident. The white and blue ornamented us, and we felt the happy influence of a bright blue sky with fleecy clouds. It was one of the hottest days of the season, but no annoyances of heat and dust and crowded cars, could in any way repress our ardor. And why detail the dust and strife now, after the victory? Let petty trifles be forgotten. Let the crowded Bay State House, with its extravagant charges,—the hot, smothering ride on top of a lumbering coach, pass under the shadows of a joyous triumph. I am wrong. They must pass as darkness from light, for such a triumph has no shadows.

Leaving the town of Worcester, the traveler to the Eastward may be fortunate enough to find, among the hills, Quinsigamond, the Lake of the romantic title. It lays there, "embowered in the green woods," with its quiet depths and glassy surface, usually undisturbed by the hurry and bustle of the world around. A thousand years ago it was a little mirror for the little stars, set in a rustic frame; two centuries ago, the delight of the Indian, "sending his light canoe skimming over the water, swift as the flight of the swallow;" always in the Summer sun, a silver spangle on a robe of green. Yet more, even than for its own beauties, is Quinsigamond renowned for the manly feats of strength annually displayed upon its waters. But not "in the light canoe." Cedar has conquered Birch, and the paddled bark has given place to the still more light, crank, and fragile wherry, and the long, arrowy shell. To see a contest between two of the latter, manned by the champion oarsmen of Yale and Harvard, on that memorable Friday, a vast crowd had assembled on the shores: not a crowd of indifferent sight-seers, but strong partizans of the contestants, each one wearing the blue ribbon of Yale or else the red of Harvard, the colors which the rival crews sported on their heads.

A road has been built across one end of the Lake, dividing it into two parts. A little above the causeway thus formed, was the starting line, and the boat containing the judges and the referee; and about a quarter of a mile further up the course, on the left hand bank, was the Grand Stand, built by citizens of Worcester. Here was a bloom-

ing parterre of bright, smiling eyes, the strongest inspirers of courage and resolve, and thousands of manly throats to make the victors' praises echo through the land. I think at no other race in America has there been a more brilliant, select, and at the same time immense assemblage of people. Of course the water was covered with row boats of every variety. Amateur crews were nobly blistering their hands in a laudable desire to awaken curiosity, and Radford, and some other "lesser lights," were striving to excite admiration in their wherries. But they all helped to make up the life and animation, while a small steamer, placed upon the Lake to accompany the race, added greatly to the romantic beauty of the scene.

A race was rowed, about 4 o'clock, for the championship of the Lake, by the four-oared shells, Quinsigamond and Union, both belonging to Worcester. The report, that one of the boats returned to the starting point, is true, but, at last accounts, the time of the other had not yet been taken. Its crew, we understand, had been trained by Radford, in his own peculiarly superior manner. Little interest was felt in this one-sided affair. All the spectators were too intent on the great coming drama, to give heed to such a trifling prologue.

The Yale crew soon presented themselves by the judges' boat, but the Harvard crew, remembering the foolish haste to show themselves the year before, hung back, till Yale's umpire grew wrathful at their non-appearance. As the two crews rested upon their oars, they were the cynosure of all eyes. Both appeared in fine muscular condition, though Yale's crew had rather the advantage in weight and size. They wore blue handkerchiefs upon their heads, flesh colored shirts and white drawers, while Harvard's uniform consisted of red handkerchiefs, white shirts and blue trousers. At twenty minutes before Five, the boats were got in line, their rudders against the starting rope, Yale having the inside position. There was a profound hush, quickly broken by the word, "Go!" and loud cheers, as the boats sprang forward. In the first few strokes Harvard gained, and passed the Grand Stand fully a length ahead; but from the stand, a dense crowd of Yalensians sent up a cheer which drowned Harvard's cries of triumph. Bacon's broad back rose and fell with greater rapidity, and the Yale shell, quivering under the nervous strokes of her powerful oarsmen, closed up the gap and shot far ahead.

After that the race was virtually won, yet Crowninshield and his crew kept pluckily to their work, and showed most praiseworthy endurance and skill. But it was useless for them to compete with the superior muscle and oarsmanship of their opponents. The peculiar

model of their shell enabled them to make a quicker turn around the buoy, and they approached, by it, to within two lengths of their leader; but Yale steadily widened this distance, to the end of the race.

It happened to me to be in the crowd at the Grand Stand; and before the boats reached the buoy, they disappeared from our view, behind a point of land. We had no misgivings as to the result; we would own none even to ourselves; but I shall never forget the sensation which came over me, as I saw, with an opera-glass, a shell appear from behind the point, and recognized Wilbur Bacon's quick and powerful stroke. It was too far off, and the sun too bright, to distinguish colors.

Just then a cheer for Yale, rising higher and higher, came rushing down the Lake, like a great wave, only it rose and never fell, and "our hearts and voices" flowed into it with an utter *abandon* of delight. In a moment, the six champions came flying past us, strongly and swiftly making for the goal, calm and steady in all the storm and fury of applause. Old men were young again. Young men were overcome with joy, shook hands and hugged each other, laughed, cheered and capered like little boys. Not soon, if ever, will the intense delight of that moment be forgotten.

A minute more and the race was over. A gentle breeze sprang up from the southward, ruffled the BLUE RIBBONS, and spread YALE'S CHAMPION FLAGS. But "the poor RED MEN fast disappeared before the advance of civilization."

Long will the sons of our Alma Mater think with pride of those chosen ones who so nobly maintained her honor.

The crew consisted of,—

WILBUR R. BACON, (Stroke,) -	<i>New Haven.</i>
E. B. BENNETT, - - - -	<i>Hampton.</i>
LOUIS STOSKOPF, - - - -	<i>Freeport, Ill.</i>
ISAAC PIERSON, - - - -	<i>Hartford.</i>
EDMUND COFFIN, - - - -	<i>Irvington, N. Y.</i>
W. W. SCRANTON, (Bow,) - -	<i>Scranton, Pa.</i>

The shell which carried them was 48 feet 9 inches long, and 22 inches wide, and was built by McKay, of New York. Joshua Ward, the Referee, announced the time, as Yale, 17 min, 42½ sec. Harvard, 18 min. 9 sec. This being, by fifty-five seconds, the fastest time ever made in America, proved very distasteful to the professional oarsmen; but the Umpires, after carefully canvassing the circumstances, reaf-

firmed the decision. The Professionals claim that the true time was 18.42½ and 19.9, and as they control the sporting papers of the country, such will probably be the record for posterity. To me the argument, and it seems the main one adduced by the Professionals, that students, *i. e.* amateurs, could not possibly make better time than professional oarsmen, seems in this case absurd. The Yale and Harvard crews were not amateurs. They had rowed *together* for at least two years, and taken part in many other races. Besides, they had the most favorable circumstances for making extraordinary time; water unruffled by the slightest breeze, and inducements for hard pulling greater than the professionals ever have. I have no doubt that Hammill or Ward would distance, in a three mile race, any single sculler in either College, except Wilbur Bacon, but I assert, boldly, that in the Yale crew were six better men than the professionals have ever mustered in one boat, at any race.

At all events, no one will attempt to deprive us of the just fruits of a glorious victory; one which has brought lasting renown to the crew, and honor to the College.

In one of the "Yale Lite." issued by the Class of '64, under the head of popular definitions, may be found:—"The University Crew—a myth existing in the brain of our worthy Commodore." The writer of this noble sentiment must have been Cousin-German to the Englishman who said in Parliament, that "it was his deliberate opinion, that a Railroad could never successfully compete with a Canal." Our University Crew travels too fast for such men's ideas. Ask Harvard, and she will tell you, it is a real, live, *go ahead* institution.

But we turn from the brilliant conquests of the two Summers past, to ask what are our prospects for the coming year. Bacon, Stoskopf, and Scranton, have left us, but "the mantle of Elijah fell upon Elishah," and the prestige so gloriously won in '64 and '65, may be fully sustained in '66. Never, within my knowledge, has there been so much boating spirit among us as now, and we all have the greatest confidence in Mr. E. B. Bennett, the Commodore of the Yale navy, and the Stroke of the University Crew.

I shall at least please myself by the prediction, that my last recollections of student life will be closely connected with the triumph of Yale on Lake Quinsigamond, in July, eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

L. C. W.

Spiritualism.

North.—"Come, we've had enough of Kings, Lords, Commons and newspapers—by all means, supper, *and tip us your diablerie.*—*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

The dangerous and detestable delusion, mis-called Spiritualism, has been at last decided upon by the Law of the land.

In the recent case of Colchester, a medium in Buffalo, various "prestigiators," who testified as *experts*, reduced the "communications" and "manifestations" of spiritualists to the ordinary tricks of legerdemain; and a United States Court has pronounced upon the audacious pretensions of Spiritualism a condemnation emphatic enough, it were to be hoped, to end forever the saddest imposition known in the history of the human mind.

Curiously enough, simultaneously with its examination and refutation upon legal evidence, rumor is rife with the "*séances*" organized within the halls of Yale. Most marvellous phenomena of a diabolical and supernatural agency, are currently reported; unearthly harmonies, that no mortal fingers ever awoke in the viol or piano-forte; tables, ponderous with the accumulated tomes of philosophers, poets, and historians, suspended in mid air with no visible support; chairs tripping the light fantastic "*leg*" in mystic dances, without material force; impetuous "raps," testifying to the solicitude of departed friends, and renowned intelligences of a by-gone age discoursing *unintelligibly* and *unintelligently* the wisdom of the past, albeit, as we are assured, "in conformity to the intellectual ability of present mediums."*

As a study in psychology, we are curious to know *all* the circumstances of such "*diablerie.*" With North in the *Noctes*, it is pertinent to inquire, "was all this *after dinner*, by-the-bye," to know how much to allow to the heated imagination, the shattered nerves, and unsteady vision, that are well known, *sometimes*, to prevent the timely application of Olmsted's Mechanics to ponderous bodies, thus moving with no motive power, and Whately's syllogistic art, to raps ingeniously made without "*a rogue or dupe for a rapper.*"

To certain conditions, physical and mental, that are readily imagined, of no avail against the illusion of the senses, or the supersti-

* Judge Edmonds *passim*.

tion of the natural heart, ready everywhere to turn *faith* into *fear*, are laws of nature, principles of logic, and rules of evidence! So says the *Shepherd*, when defending the Devil against the ridicule which Southey employed to meet the popular credulity,—“you see, sir, he never appears to a man that’s no frichtened aforehaan out o’ his seven senses—and imagination is the greatest cooard on earth, breakin’ out into a cauld sweat, and his ee sein’ a’ things, mair especially them that’s ony way infernal, in ruesome features, dreadfully disordered; till reason is shaken by the same panic, judgment lost, and the haille sowle distracted in the insanity o’ Fear, till you’re nae better than a stark, staring madman. *In sic a mood could ony christian cretur, even Mr. Southey himsel’ tak’ haud o’ the Deil either by the horns or the tail?*”

When we consider its disclosures of the disembodied state, and its deplorable results, Spiritualism, so-called, is too serious a thing to be disposed of with wit and humor, or with the sneers of an infidel age, that, believing in no world of spirits, and in no *spiritual* influence, denied Christianity chiefly because it was miraculous or preternatural.

It is an old saying, that “error lies side by side with truth;” and whether the alleged phenomena be *spiritual*, *physical* or *psychical*, the work of impostors, or the operation of some unknown laws of nature or of mind, the conscious intelligent state of the soul, separated from the body, which these reported phenomena of Spiritualism have been supposed to establish, is the very doctrine that God has revealed for the consolation of sorrow, and for the tenderest motives of human conduct. The other life is so near, that only this thin veil of flesh, “thinner than the subtlest lawn,” separates us from it; and when the presence of sense has passed into the presence of spirit, it may be closer and more real. The spirits of the departed do live; they retain the affections and faculties of their earthly culture. Precisely what their influence is, revelation does not teach, and conjecture is idle. It is revolting to reason and instinct to suppose the *probability* of their acting through the brokerage of shallow and unprincipled charlatans, with wonderful phenomena of noises and spasmodic possessions,—and disclosures of no conceivable value to the soul. But the *possibility* of their influence cannot be denied by us, who know almost nothing of the operation of mind on mind,—guiding, correcting, or corrupting; of the spiritual interposition of God, or of the spiritual solicitation of the Devil. For how true

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

In the Providence of God, Spiritualism has been the means of breaking up the materialistic theory, which denied everything above nature, and so it has led the very minds that would receive nothing *preternatural*, though revealed by God himself, to *believe more than the Gospel enjoins*. Notwithstanding that it is commonly developed in addition to the truth once and for all time given to men, contradicting and annulling the essential ideas of Christianity, and thus ensuring its condemnation, both as a comfort and an aspiration, we yet behold it opening before the popular mind an unexpected way to a nobler, clearer, more certain faith: faith in the immortality of the soul, in the reality of a spiritual state, in the sympathy of heaven, and in that blest reunion, never to be invaded by grief, or broken by death, when

“ The *night* is gone,
And with the *morn* those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

F. M. S.

The Personal Character of Walter Scott.

It has always seemed to me that the main interest connected with that large element of Literature we call fiction—the works that have to do with fancy instead of facts—arises from the views they afford of the personal character of their authors. We read such books with much the same delight that we enjoy in the company of a genial friend: pleased not so much by the facts he states, as the glimpses of his own kindly nature in his talk. As we close our volume of Thackeray, for instance, our thoughts are turned, not so much to the nobility of Col. Newcome, or the shrewdness of Becky Sharpe, as the hearty manliness of Thackeray himself. Swift, cynical and misanthropic, is the one we pity, sooner than the objects of his rancorous sarcasm. And it often happens that the works of an author are misunderstood for years, until the story of their own life makes all that was inexplicable clear. How few could appreciate *Jane Eyre*, before its author's life was opened to the world. Now, how plain all that was bitter and unfeminine is become.

The literary diligence of Walter Scott is almost proverbial, and his books were, for years, read more than any author in the English Language. But none of all the splendid fictions with which he has so enriched Literature, gives us so noble a hero, or tells such a tragic story, as his life by Lockhart. Carlyle says of his books, in his celebrated essay upon Scott, "The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance, the heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice." I have nothing to say of Scott's writings, though I think the charge thoroughly false. The school of which Carlyle is the great prophet, sees nothing divine in this world but reveries, and maudlin speculation. The whole German mysticism, in the wholesale admiration of which he is lost, seems to me, for the most part, morbid and effeminate; and whenever its adherents are in earnest in their search for the Ideal and the Spiritual nature of things, they only grope in impenetrable gloom. How much more reasonable, to place out of sight its usefulness, is that great principle of modern philosophy, that there are limits to human perception, and that the great necessity is, to clearly settle these limits.

But, whatever may be the influence of his books, surely, in the life of Walter Scott, there is much to heal the sick heart, and to call out, in the heroic that is in all men, a divine awakening voice. Of all that shining array of great Englishmen in which he moved, he is the one who seems the heartiest and most honest. He was so blest with a seemingly perfect prosperity; a happy home; a residence, the outward manifestation of years of ripened taste, and situated in the midst of the scenes of all that legendary story in which Scott was so deeply versed; commanding, by his literary ability, the homage of the outside world, and winning, by the simple kindnesses lavished upon all the humble folk around him, somewhat the same kind of personal affection, as the chieftain received from his dependents, in the baronial days. What a great, rugged soul, was his! How he reveled in outdoor sports. I cannot believe that any man could be a bad one, who had such a love for dogs. Few stories are more touching than that which Lockhart tells of him, when his favorite stag-hound, Maida, died. Sir Walter could do no work that day, he tells us, and seemed as restless and gloomy, as if a dear friend had died.

With all in his life, too, that was pleasant, his duty was not neglected ever. He was a hard worker always. But it was only after his misfortunes came upon him, not singly, but in battalions, that we see the heroic in his nature, shining with its own light. With his dearest friends dead, and others estranged, bankrupt in purse effected

by no wrong doing of his own, at an age when most men say "enough of this bootless struggle," we see him taking down the armor which fitted no form but his, grasping the sword that no arm but his could wield, and hurling himself once more into the fray. And he won. Four years of ceaseless labor and the severest abnegation, and by the productions of his own teeming fancy and masterly intellect, he stood again upon his feet, free from debt, without a stain upon his peerless honor. We know how, even as the victory was won, he fell exhausted with the struggle, and sank to rest.

His loveliest mother earth,
Received the fallen brave;
In her dear lap who gave him birth
He found his tranquil grave.

Look over the incidents of this life, all practical, all human, all simple, and then turn to the mysticism of Goethe and Schiller and Carlyle, and tell me in which of these subjects of contemplation the sick heart will find healing, the darkly struggling heart, guidance,—the heroic that is in all men, a divine, awakening voice? G. C. H.

Tennyson's Last Volume.

TENNYSON has, in the work under consideration, ventured upon a kind of poetry different from anything he has hitherto written. Before this,—I speak, of course, of his more lengthy productions,—he has carried us into the abodes of chivalry and romance, and has woven about old legends such a chain of witchery and enchantment, that we dwell upon them with ever increasing delight. He has also, in "In Memoriam," pictured to us the emotions of the human soul; its grand march to a perfect destiny, and has taught us sublime lessons of resignation and perfect trust in the Creator. He has given to us several minor pieces, which are almost perfect gems of beauty. He has rightly gained the title of "the first poet of the age." He now comes before us with a volume containing two poems of some length, in the first of which he relates a simple tale of affection, so pure and unselfish, that the very conception of it does honor to the poet's heart.

What an unselfish devotion is that of Philip Ray, and what a sublime picture does Enoch present, when coming back home, after a long and dreary absence, having been for years detained upon a lonely island, he finds his wife married to Philip. All his dreams of happiness are at once dashed to the ground. He firmly resolves that he himself shall be the only sufferer; that he will never appear as "a ghost to trouble the joy" of those he loves; and so he lives on, solitary and unknown, and only discloses his identity upon his dying bed. The story is simple, but is told with all of Tennyson's tenderness and pathos. It exhibits to us in glowing colors the higher attributes of human nature. It is, we think, one of the finest of his poems. So much, however, has been written upon "Enoch Arden;" by so many have its beauties been pointed out, that we pass it by, with this brief notice, and more carefully examine the second of the two poems, "Aylmers Field."

We have here a poem of a more tragic character, and the moral to be drawn from it is plain. It is an attack upon the pride of the aristocratic element in England, and is designed to show what fatalities may be brought about by their habits of exclusiveness.

The poem commences with an implied rebuke upon the aristocracy, by reminding them that they are but mortal:—

"Dust are our frames and gilded dust our pride;
Looks only for a moment whole and sound,
Like that long-buried body of the king,
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
Slipt into ashes and was found no more."

The characters are then introduced:—

"Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that almighty man, the country God,
Who saw from his windows nothing save his own,"

has a daughter, Edith, the last of his line, and a wife who, in every thing, but echoes the opinions of her lord.

The quiet and seclusion of the village is then noticed:—

"A land of hops and happy mingled corn,
Little about it stirring save a brook;
A sleepy land, where under the same wheel
The same old rut would deepen year by year;
Where almost all the village had one name;
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall,
And Averill, Averill at the Rectory
Thrice over."

The Rector has an only brother, a little older than Edith. The children are always together, and sentiments of affection spring up between them; they are half unconscious of it:—

“They wandered on,—
Hour by hour gathered the blossom that rebloomed,
And drank the magic cup that filled itself anew.”

Edith delighted in tending to the poor of the village, in alleviating their sorrows, and in ministering to their wants; for,—

“She was one
Not sorrowing hedgerow texts and passing by;
Not dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort, and an open hand of help.”

A whisper reveals them to themselves; for, one day, as they are together tending a sick child, they heard the good mother whisper, as she gazed in admiration upon them,—

“Bless, God bless 'em, marriages are made in heaven.”

The Baronet soon hears from an officious neighbor how matters are going on. He summons Leolin, and after an angry expostulation with him, dismisses him from his house with indignation and scorn. The lovers meet once more, however, and vow eternal constancy; after which Leolin goes out into the world to make his name famous. Edith is carefully confined and closely watched, but some magic charm sustains her. This charm is soon discovered, for the Baronet finds that the two have been carrying on a secret correspondence. He intercepts the letters and sets a still closer watch upon his daughter.

“Kept to the garden now and grove of pines.
Watched even then, and one was set to watch the watcher,
And Sir Aylmer watched them all.”

Edith now begins to pine away, until at last a fever attacked her, and,

—————“flung her upon a couch of fire,
Where, careless of the household faces near,
And crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past.”

When the news is conveyed to Leolin, he takes his own life with a dagger which Edith had presented to him.

The day of the funeral comes on, and notice with what force it is described. A great calamity has fallen upon the village. Two of

the most beloved have passed away ; every thing appears sad and downcast. The very air is oppressed with the burden of a great sorrow, and all nature partakes of the universal gloom.

“Darkly that day rose ;
Autumn’s mock sunshine of the faded woods
Was all the life of it, for hard on these
A breathless burden of low folded heavens
Stifled and chilled at once.”

The sermon which follows, is, we think, the finest part of the poem. With what sad indignation does the preacher, Leolin’s only brother, inveigh against that pride, that deifying of titles and estates, which had brought these two, so dear to him, to the grave. The scene appears vividly before us. The preacher, pale and struggling with his emotions ; the rough villagers casting angry glances at the Baronet as the cause of all this misery ; the Baronet himself at first sitting

“Anger charmed from silence,”

but gradually being mastered by his feelings as the preacher rehearses the many noble and endearing traits of his daughter’s character, and the giving way of his wife when she saw her husband no longer able to control his feelings. We are carried along with the preacher, and feel almost as intensely as if we were actual hearers.

The poem closes with the death of the Baronet, after having been for two years bereft of reason. His estate is parcelled out into farms, and

“Where the two contrived their daughter’s good
The mole has made his run.
The slow worm creeps,
And the thin weasel there follows the mouse,
And all is open field.”

We admire these poems of Tennyson as much as any thing he has ever written. Does some one say that they are destitute of that exquisite imagery and poetic imagination which appear so prominently in some of his other works, as for instance in the “Idyls of the King ?” We answer that the subject admits not of it. There his characters were mythical, and his fancy had full scope. He could represent them as he pleased. All we asked was that they should be consistent with themselves. Here his characters are human beings. They must think and act like ourselves. No veil of mystery and romance can be thrown about them, but their feelings and actions must be so rep-

resented, of course colored and intensified by poetic license, that we can recognize their counterpart in ourselves. This we claim that Tennyson has done. They are not indeed such grand poems as "In Memoriam." Who would think of comparing the two? They cannot with justice be compared, their character and tone are so dissimilar. They cannot be compared line for line with the Idyls of the King. If we wish to contrast the two, we must take into account their different tone and sentiment, and see if the author has as completely developed his idea in the one as in the other. If he has, they are equally meritorious so far as the author is concerned, though the public may differ in their opinions as to which is the higher kind of poetry.

So far then from thinking that Tennyson has not sustained his reputation in these poems, we think that he has increased it, by showing that he does not need to take, for the exercise of his poetic powers, subjects in themselves poetical, but that his genius is great enough to take subjects from ordinary life and clothe them in the drapery of imaginative poetry.

True Glory.

GLORY, in its common acceptation, is the reflection of public opinion. Then the idea of glory must vary as public opinion varies. Where the sentiment of the people is degraded, there the idea of glory must be degraded also; for it cannot rise above the moral and intellectual atmosphere in which it is found. The savage can have no adequate idea of True Glory. The deeds which he praises are those of adventure, rapine and bloodshed. In war man displays his noblest traits and actions, as measured by the savage mind; and these are what men every where admire. The feudal lord had scarcely a loftier conception of glory. If Fame has borne down his name upon her swift pinions, it was on account of his military feats, his prowess in arms. The tournament, and the distant East, were his fields of glory. Into these he entered with a zeal worthy of a better cause. The famous Black Knight is a beau ideal of those who in the dark ages were admired and honored. Public opinion had not then risen to value

nobler traits, such as justice, benevolence, and virtue; and hence it could stoop to honor a villain of the darkest dye, merely for his strength, agility, or skill. Greece, the scene of so many great achievements in science, in art, and in arms, was plunged so deep into human interests, that she failed often to discern and reward the virtue of her statesmen, orators, and philosophers. "We are told that an intelligent countryman gave his vote against Aristides, at the ostracism, simply on the ground that he was tired of hearing him always called the Just. But Aristides, despised, and banished, is still Aristides the Just. Greece even gave the bitter cup to her greatest philosopher, who caught the morning rays of a brighter day. Then is it not true, that she, too, was mistaken in those whom she ought to honor? Is it not true, that she, who stooped to crown the successful competitor in her Olympic games, but who treated with the coldness and rigidity of a stoic the Great Apostle, proclaiming the truth in the midst of her heathen shrines,—is it not true, that she failed to perceive the true merits of character? Thus it is that the common idea of glory, coinciding with public opinion, often unenlightened, has been far from the true idea. Glory, in this view, is nothing more than mere reputation or notoriety. Hence it is that we have so many misrepresentations and misconceptions of character in history. Men whose names ought to have lived, have been overlooked; while men whose names are synonymous with crime, have been remembered with many excuses for their misdemeanors. This characteristic of the past still continues in the present. Men are dazzled with the pomp and magnificence of wealth, with the display of power, with great talents, although combined with extreme meanness; and to these they bend the knee; but the humble and honest laborer, who in the obscure paths of life is performing some noble work, is pushing some reform, or giving vitality to some truth, they pass coldly by. When shall it be that justice, benevolence, virtue, and humility shall be honored? When shall it be that names so bright and glorious, shall not be covered up with the coarse rubbish which men have piled above many of the illustrious names of the past, so deep that the research of the antiquary would fail, utterly fail, to discover them?

Military glory still continues to usurp the place of True Glory. If any hero has earned it, certainly that hero is Wolf, the conqueror of Quebec. Towards the close of that hard-fought battle, while he was lying wounded, mangled, and gory upon the field, he hears the cry, "They fly,—they fly!" "Who fly?" was his eager query. "The enemy." "Then I die contented." These are household words, and

as such will remain embalmed in sacred memory. But that same General, as he was floating down the St. Lawrence, in the darkness of night, to make a favorable landing, was heard to repeat Gray's Elegy. As he finished, he said, "I would rather be the author of that poem, than take Quebec." Man rising to a higher position, will yet learn to despise military glory, as did Wolf.

Then the Napoleons, the Alexanders, the Cæsars, who wrote their names with the blood of thousands, that they might be aggrandized, will be detested for their cruelty and oppression. Then true glory, now so often eclipsed, will take on her full effulgence and splendor. Man will be honored for what he is. Knowledge, justice, benevolence, Christianity, constitute true greatness in man. In these let him glory, and for these let him be remembered. Poor, blind, neglected, old Milton little dreamed of the power of his immortal verse. The friend of freedom and education, he labored humbly and patiently, in the midst of a corrupt age. How worthy is he to be cherished in memory! While those who frowned upon this humble poet, have passed into oblivion, he has but begun to be remembered. And so of others. There is Howard, a benefactor on whom the world has placed its brand, yet whose charity penetrated the darkness of dungeons with angelic presence. With the humility of a good man, he says, "Hearing the cry of the miserable, I devoted my time to their relief." Florence Nightingale, too, may be added to this immortal band. Look at her, like the good Samaritan, performing offices of kindness and love to the suffering! Look at her, with filial affection and tenderness, bending over the couch of the sick and dying, to comfort and to strengthen them. Such are only a few of those who have lived, struggled and died for the welfare of mankind. Look back upon the host of martyrs, and tell us how many have died for the truth. All these shall one day have an immortal crown. Now they call on us to prosecute the work which they began; to put aside all selfish motives; to care nought for the empty honors of fame, merely for their own sake; to bid farewell to petty strife and jealousy; to cleave to honor, to charity, and to the warnings of conscience, as the most sacred trust and treasure. And they assure us that in performing good works, in laboring for the happiness and welfare of others, we shall scale the height of True Glory.

H. O. W.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

ANOTHER year has passed away,—another Class has left these College walls, and it becomes us to hand down in the pages of the “Lit.” an account of the exercises which attended their exit. A notable Commencement week was it, and one which will long be remembered. The number of Yalensians present was much larger than at previous years. The unusual nature of the exercises, doubtless, called together a larger number than usual. The object for which we had been so long striving had at last been attained, and Yale had determined to give especial honor to those of her sons who had aided in bringing forward the glorious consummation. All present seemed to have laid aside their cares and troubles, and entered into the exercises with a zest truly delightful to witness, and we, who have not yet left these scenes, gained additional evidence of the power of our Alma Mater to implant in the hearts of her sons an ardent and lasting love.

The Baccalaureate.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by Professor CLARK, on the Sunday afternoon previous to Commencement. As usual, the day was warm, and the Chapel crowded with beauty and talent. The sermon was certainly a fine production, and was listened to by those present with much pleasure and satisfaction.

Concio ad Clerum.

The College founded by the Church, gave in olden times especial attention to the entertainment of the clergy. These flocked to her Commencements, expecting annually to hear the discussion of some theological topic. Hence arose the Concio ad Clerum. Originally, it occupied a prominent place in the exercises of the week. Now, it has a somewhat feeble and lingering existence. The discourse, this year, was delivered by the Rev. CHARLES G. GODDARD, of West Haddam. The subject, which is always chosen by a Committee appointed for the purpose, was “The Resurrection of Christ,—its Nature and Effect.”

Alumni Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Alumni was held at Alumni Hall, on Wednesday morning. The meeting was called to order by Professor PORTER, who, in a very neat speech, nominated WM. M. EVARTS as Chairman. Mr. Evarts, in taking the Chair, made one of his characteristic speeches,—short and pithy.

Rev. S. W. S. DUTTON, Class of 1833, and Professor CHARLTON LEWIS, Class of 1853, were appointed Secretaries.

The exercises were opened by prayer by the Rev. Dr. WICKAM, Class of 1815. After the reading of the obituary list of Alumni, an eloquent tribute was paid to the memory of the late Professor SILLIMAN, by the Rev. Dr. ADAMS, Class of 1827. JOHN W. ANDREWS, of Ohio, also made a speech, eulogistic of the character of Professor Silliman.

Professor FRANCIS BACON, who now fills the Chair of Anatomy in the Medical School, made vacant by the death of Dr. JONATHAN KNIGHT, eloquently eulogized his predecessor.

In accordance with the suggestion of the Chairman, Mr. ALPHONSO TAFT then gave a short and interesting account of the Association of Alumni in his city, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Speeches were then made by several gentlemen, in behalf of their respective Classes.

The meeting passed off very pleasantly, though it seemed to us more sober and earnest than usual.

The Commemoration.

After the exercises in Alumni Hall were concluded, a procession was formed, which proceeded to Center Church, to listen to the Oration by Rev. HORACE BUSHNELL, D. D. This was a very elaborate and comprehensive production, was beautifully written, and was received with marked favor. The extent of our Memorabilia forbids our giving an analysis of the Oration, but those who heard it will long remember it, while those who did not, would gain but an imperfect idea of it from any analysis which we could give.

And now came the festivities of the occasion, the dinner in Music Hall. Gayly decked was the Hall, and a brilliant appearance did it present. The entire floor was occupied by tables, at which sat between six and seven hundred guests. The platform was occupied by the more distinguished men who graced the occasion, while the galleries were filled with ladies. Soon the dinner was finished, and the "feast of reason" followed. The first sentiment proposed, was "The Union restored,—one Country, one Constitution, one Destiny." Governor BUCKINGHAM responded, gave an account of the number furnished by Connecticut to the war, and remarked upon the great patriotism manifested by the State.

A telegram was now read from the President of the United States, in response to one forwarded by the Chairman, and was received with great applause,— "The honors and homage of Yale, to all who have served their country in the war," was responded to by Major-General ANDERSON.

Alma Mater was next proposed, and President WOOLSEY responded in an unusually happy manner. He remarked upon the glorious history of the College, and was full of hope for her future.

Rev. J. P. THOMPSON replied to the sentiment,— "The influence of the Scholar upon the War," and made, we think, one of the finest speeches of the occasion.

"Honor and homage to the living sons of Yale," was the next sentiment. Brigadier-General DANIEL ULLMAN responded.

And now a general gloom fell upon the whole assembly, as the sentiment "Our murdered President," was proposed. Colonel HENRY C. DEMING ably responded.

The subject of a Memorial was left to a Committee of twenty-five.

So ended one of the greatest days Yale has ever seen, and the memory of it will long live in all our hearts. We are proud to know that our Alma Mater has so nobly contributed to the preservation of our institutions. Seven hundred and thirty-seven she has furnished,—nearly one-quarter of her living Alumni. To this portion of her sons Yale will ever give especial honor. The dead she will ever hold in grateful remembrance. To the living she will ever extend her thanks and praise.

Phi Beta Kappa.

This antiquated Fraternity once more lived its day on Wednesday of Commencement week. The Oration was delivered by the Hon. DWIGHT FOSTER. The Poem, which was unusually fine, by Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

There were chosen for next Commencement,—

Orator—Prof. A. D. WHITE, of Syracuse.

Substitute—Brig. Gen. O. S. FERRY, of Norwalk.

Poet—Rev. L. W. BACON, of Williamsburgh.

Substitute—G. H. HOLLISTER, of Litchfield.

Cup Presentation.

The Cup Presentation of '62 was held at the New Haven House. The recipient was the son of ARTHUR GOODENOUGH. Mr. M. C. DAY made the presentation speech. It is supposed that the members present had a gay time, as the exercises continued until 5 A. M., when the Class separated, to meet again at their decennial.

Commencement.

We give below the order of exercises:—

FORENOON.

Music, "Die Krondia manten," overture.—Auber.

Prayer.

Salutatory Oration, in Latin, by Charles Henry Smith, Beirût, Syria.

Essay, "The Stoics," by Courtney Smith Kitchel, Chicago, Ill.

Oration, "Henry Clay," by Willis Long Reeves, Elkton, Ky.

Music, "William Tell," cavatina.—Rossini.

Essay, "The Intellectual Power of Faith," by George Sherwood Dickerman, New Haven.

Dissertation, "The Influence of War on Literature," by Corydon Giles Stowell, Utica, N. Y.

Oration, "The Protection of the Minority," by Charles Henry Leonard, Southbridge, Mass.

Music, "Messengers of Peace."—Strauss.

Dissertation, "The Dignity of Law," by William Tompkins Comstock, Stamford.

Dissertation, "The Heroes of the Revolution," by Jas. Glynn Gregory, Norwalk.

Music, The Prophet, march.—Meyerbeer.

Essay, "Sovereignty in the Republic," by Sanford Smith Martyn, New Haven.

Oration, "The Political Life of Milton," by Henry Park Collin, Pen Yan, N. Y.

Music, Zampa, introduction.—Herold.

Poem, "Songs of Progress," by James Sager Norton, Lockport, Ill.

Oration, "The Future Dangers of the Republic," by John Brandegees Wood, Morristown, N. J.

Music, Lichtensteiner.—Labitzky.

Oration, "Influence of Cities on Civil Liberty," by Wm. Stocking, Waterbury.

Philosophical Oration, "State Sovereignty and Centralization," by Payson Merrill, Stratham, N. H.

Music, Oberon, overture.—Weber.

AFTERNOON.

Music, Semiramis, overture.—Rossini.

Philosophical Oration, "The Spirit of Reform," by John Edward Brooks, New York City.

Dissertation, "Charles Lamb," by Benjamin Clapp Riggs, New York City.

Music, Spirito gentil, Favorita.—Donizetti.

Oration, "Political Integrity," by Charles Pinckney Blanchard, Richmond, Ind.

Oration, "The Christianity of the Nineteenth Century," by Simeon Olmsted Allen, Enfield.

Music, Osmanen.—Lanner.

Essay, "The Politician," by John Dalzell, Pittsburg, Pa.

Oration, "The Spirit of Loyalty the Security of Free Government," by Elmer Bragg Adams, Pomfret, Vt.

Music, Tannhäuser.—Wagner.

Dissertation, "The Elements of Genius," by Toliver Franklin Caskey, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dissertation, "The Joint Discussion," by Tuzar Bulkley, Catskill, N. Y.

Music, Lucia, chorus.—Donizetti.

Oration, "Modern Chivalry," by Joseph Henry Isham, New Haven.

Essay, "The Morality of Cæzarism," by Joseph Appleton Bent, New Ipswich, N. H.

Music, Orpheus.—Offenbach.

Philosophical Oration, "Loyalty," by Robert Porter Keep, Hartford.

Oration, "The Relation of Conflict to Progress," with the Valedictory Address, by John Lewis Ewell, Byfield, Mass.

Music, Yale, Adagio, Fuga, Preghiera, Finale.—Stœckel.

Degrees conferred.

Prayer by the President.

Additions to the Faculty.

In the Academical Department, ARTHUR M. WHEELER has been elected Professor of History.

We congratulate the College, and especially the Classes of which they are instructors, upon the appearance among us as Tutors, of Mr. C. L. KITCHEL and Mr. D. B. PERRY. Both men of very high standing in their respective Classes, and of gentlemanly deportment, they cannot fail to honor their position.

In the Scientific School, Colonel A. P. ROCKWELL has been elected Professor of Mining.

Professor D. C. GILMAN has resigned his position as College Librarian, and Mr. ADDISON VAN NAME has been appointed in his stead.

Navy Elections.

At a late meeting of the Yale Navy, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

Commodore,	E. B. BENNETT.
1st Fleet Captain,	G. A. ADDE.
2d " " 	J. T. WHITTLESEY.
Purser,	H. W. PAYNE.

Base Ball.

On Saturday afternoon, September 30th, a Base Ball match took place between the Agallian Club, of Wesleyan University, and nine from Yale. The Agallian Club played well, but not well enough to win, as the record will show. The Yale nine never having before played together, improved vastly as the game progressed, and toward the close played very brilliantly. Their fielding was excellent, some very fine fly catches were made, and home runs were made by J. Coffin, Reeve and Jewell. All other information can be obtained from the summary:—

YALE NINE.	H. L.	Runs.
Reeve, c.	1	5
Coffin, J. p.	4	4
Edwards, l. f.	1	7
Jewell, 1st b.	4	4
Taintor, 2d b.	4	3
Coffin, E. 3d b.	3	4
Condit, c. f.	2	5
Brown, s. s.	2	3
Terry, r. f.	3	4
	—	—
	24	39
AGALLIAN CLUB.	H. L.	Runs.
House, p.	5	1
Andrus, r. f.	2	2
Bonnell, c.	3	1
Chase, 1st b.	2	2
Reynolds, s. s.	2	1
Olin, l. f.	2	1
Chadwick, 3d b.	2	2
Croft, 2d b.	2	2
Rackett, c. f.	4	1
	—	—
	24	13

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Yale Club,	5	5	2	6	2	5	5	9—39
Agallian Club,	1	8	2	0	1	0	1	0—13
Home runs—Yale, 3.								
Fly-catches—Yale, 5; Agallian, 5.								
Umpire—S. M. Knevals, of Quinnipiac Club.								
Scorers—Yale, T. S. Van Volkenberg; Agallian, R. N. Crane.								

Brothers versus Linonia.

We forgot to state, earlier in our Memorabilia, that this important case had been decided in favor of Linonia, by nine majority. Now we suppose these two institutions will remain quiet until another year, unless aroused by the article in this Number, upon this subject.

Rules to Govern the Races for the Commodore's Cups.

- 1st. The same racing rules to govern the crews, as those for the Champion Flag.
- 2d. The Commodore empowered to postpone the race on account of the weather.
- 3d. The Commodore to officiate as starter and referee. Judges in the interest of the contending boats, (one Judge for each boat,) to be stationed in the Commodore's boat.
- 4th. A time-keeper, with a stop-watch, to be stationed in the Commodore's boat, who shall take the time of each boat.
5. Two entries to make a race. The winning shell to beat 21 min., or no prize; lapstreak 22 min., or no prize; single scull 26 min., or no prize.
- 6th. All three races to occur on the same day, and their order to be determined by the Commodore.
7. The races, this fall, to come off on Wednesday, October 25th, if the weather is favorable, at — o'clock.
8. All boats to pull the same course as rowed when contending for the Champion Flag.

The Fall Races.

The regular autumn races between the rival Boat Clubs, for the champion flags of the College, occurred Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 11th. The following were the crews:—

Varuna Shell.

G. P. Davis, (Stroke,)
B. Vincent,
I. C. Hall,
W. E. Wheeler,
J. Coffin,
C. F. Brown, (bow.)

Glyuna Shell.

A. D. Bissell, (Stroke,)
C. W. Bingham,
F. S. Thompson,
H. W. Payne,
L. L. Palmer,
A. C. Walworth, (bow.)

Varuna Gig.

A. Post, (Stroke,)
E. A. Caswell,
E. Coffin,
H. Cole,
H. B. Barnes,
L. Lampman, (bow.)

Glyuna Gig.

H. W. Foote, (Stroke,)
H. Walker,
L. D. Bulkley,
T. McKinley,
A. B. Herrick,
G. A. Adey, (bow.)

The respective times were as follows:—

Varuna Shell, 18 25½.

Glyuna Shell, 19.30½.

Varuna Gig, 19.55.

Glyuna Gig, 20.43.

The day was unusually good for the season. The races were hardly close enough to be very interesting. They afford, however, a very agreeable demonstration of the high character of boating now in College. The time of the winning shell is some fifteen seconds better than was ever made on this harbor, by a Club Crew before, and the time of Glyuna, three years ago, would have been considered excellent. In view of the fact that the Glyuna crew had trained but little, owing to various discouraging circumstances, and that but one man on their crew had ever pulled in a shell race before, their record is one by no means to be ashamed of.

We cannot pass by this race, without calling the attention of the younger classes again to the necessity of the development of more boating interest among them. When the present Senior Class entered College, the rowing was almost entirely done by Sophomores and Freshmen. Fifteen of the twenty-four men making up the crews which rowed Wednesday, were Seniors. Now the more Seniors row, the better; but they should not do it all. We speak in no spirit of fault-finding. All classes alike have at heart the honor and glory of old Yale. Other things being equal, of course Seniors will row better than under class men, because they have practiced more and are older. The Clubs naturally pick the best men where they can get them. But cannot there be some means devised to bring out the boating among the tyros? Why cannot there be races gotten up between the Sophomores and Freshmen, or between different crews in the same classes? We have an instance of the kind of men we want, in the pulling of Ed. Coffin, the other day. A place was vacant on the gig crew, and without any training, Varuna places a man in the boat, who, by universal confession, increased their time materially, and came out fresh and unexhausted. He needed no special training. The work he had done in years past, had fitted him for his work. We want more of such men, and we can only get them by keeping up the boating spirit in the younger classes. We hope to see a race this Fall between two Freshmen crews. Go in, gentlemen; you will enjoy the fun yourselves, and the College will look upon '69 as a Class that means to keep up the physical tone of the College, and do its part in the years to come, towards bringing away those little flags at Worcester, at the close of the Summer Term.

Society Election.

On Wednesday evening, October 11th, the following officers were chosen to preside over the interests of "Brothers."

President—F. N. JUDSON.

Vice President—E. COFFIN, Jr.

Censor—G. W. YOUNG.

Secretary—J. J. BROOKS.

Vice Secretary—T. O. WELLES.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Class of '67, in Yale College, July 3d, 1865, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas our late classmate, Lieutenant EDWIN C. PRATT, who left us early in the Spring, that he might join our armies, then doing battle for the preservation of the Government, has recently died from the effects of exposure in front of Petersburg, therefore

Resolved, That in his death we mourn the loss of one whose high standard of scholarship, whose industry, and whose Christian principle commanded our esteem, and destined him, had he lived, to a life of rare usefulness.

Resolved, That it is only with re-awakened affection and regard that we recall his willingness to coöperate in every good work among us; his rare amiability, the conscientiousness of his life, and his ever-ready word of kindly greeting.

Resolved, That while we mourn his death, we cannot but rejoice in the fact that he has perished in a sacred cause, and in the abundant reason we have to believe that he is now in the presence of that Divine Master, Whom he faithfully endeavored to serve on earth.

Resolved, That to all his relatives and friends we extend our heart-felt sympathy, in this trying hour of bereavement.

Resolved, That we will wear crape for the space of thirty days, in token of our grief.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and that they be published in the Yale Literary Magazine and the New Haven papers.

In behalf of the Class.

J. G. FLANDERS,	} <i>Committee.</i>
J. F. MERRIAM,	
F. M. SPAGUE,	
J. H. TALLMAN,	

EDWARD DODGE RYAN, a member of the Sophomore Class, died at his home in Erie, Penn., September 6th, 1865.

At a meeting of the Class, held September 16th, 1865, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas it has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from our midst our esteemed friend and class-mate, EDWARD DODGE RYAN, therefore

Resolved, That although we can but submit to the Divine decree, we feel our bereavement none the less.

Resolved, That by his death we have lost a pleasant companion, against whose character no word of reproach can be uttered, and whose memory we shall ever cherish with deep affection.

Resolved, That as an outward expression of our grief, we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That we tender our heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved parents and friends, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to them.

GEORGE H. COWELL,	} <i>Committee.</i>
WILLIAM PARSONS,	
THOMAS H. ROBBINS,	
JAMES COFFIN,	
JOHN M. CHAPIN,	

Editor's Table.

ONE of our Editors congratulated himself to me, not long since, on having written his "Editor's Table" without an allusion either to the Printer's "Devil" or to the "Table," about which the fortunate five are supposed to have so many cosy gatherings. As for me, I scorn to desert the beaten track of my predecessors, and beg leave to state at the outset that I shall introduce the "Devil" and the "Table with its jolly whittled edges" as often as the vacancy of ideas compels.

We must congratulate all College upon their return here, and upon the rise they have all taken since last we communed with them in these pages. No doubt they all well appreciate their added importance. Juniors have become Seniors, and are now reveling in the delights of Moral Philosophy and Chemistry; Sophomores have become Juniors, and are tasting of that far-famed Junior ease; Freshmen have become Sophomores, and we suppose will make night hideous during the present year, as every Sophomore Class has done; and Sub-Freshmen have passed the perilous portals of Alumni Hall, have undergone the still greater perils of "initiation" and "hazing," and are now full fledged members of Yale. We like the looks of the Class well, we congratulate them, we take each one of them warmly by the hand and say, give us the small sum of two dollars and a half for the "Lit."

"Rushing" did not prosper this year. The Faculty seem determined to put a stop to these demonstrations of affection. This year they forbade any public exhibition of initiation, and at an attempted rush we noticed that the appearance of two tutors, stern and grim with that authority which doth hedge them about, sent some of the scared Freshmen flying to their homes, and had a wonderful effect in preventing a collision between the hostile lines. Ah me! things a'i'n't as they used to be. (This last line, you will notice, gives evidence of undeveloped poetical genius, which has even surprised the author.)

Boating is especially lively this term. The splendid record of the University crew has given an impetus to this best of all exercises. The Senior Class, especially, seem to have almost gone wild upon the subject. Even one of our Editors is daily tugging at an oar with blistered hands and muscles sore, (excuse me, but this poetry will come out,) in the vain hope of winning a race and gaining distinction as an oarsman. Our late Commodore, thanks for his liberality, has offered three Cups as prizes for the different classes of boats, and this is giving additional interest to boating. These races will take place after the ordinary Club races.

The Senior Class is also getting in a rather dangerous state of excitement concerning those inevitable Class pictures. Soon we must sit for them. Alas! how many fond hopes are crushed. Even your humble editor had wished to have as much as a small mustache for that picture, and had given out among his friends that he meant to raise one Senior Year. He now acknowledges that it can't be done, and with tears in his eyes, gives up the fond hope. Misery loves company. We are happy to state that many others are in the same fix with ourselves.

Ah! there comes that Printer's Devil, with that greedy desire for "copy," which is so marked a feature in his character. We open the "Drawer," and hand him out still another Sophomore Composition or Junior Dispute, to satisfy his insatiate cra-

ving, and are once more free for a time from his Satanic presence. Oh! my readers, you don't know the joys of an Editor's life. If you want real solid enjoyment, free from all vexation and trouble, strive by all means to become an Editor of the "Lit." To be sure, you will sometimes find that promises are not always fulfilled; perhaps the "drawer" will not always be full of voluntary articles; you may even have to exercise well your powers of pedestrianism, in going around to solicit and collect articles, and in making sundry journeys to the Printer; you may be somewhat troubled with divers specimens of poetry, with no meaning whatsoever; you may be told, after you congratulate yourself that your work is finished, that it is necessary for you to fill out the last page; but all these are but passing shadows, and are not supposed to materially interfere with that sunshine in which an Editor always lives. Strive then after this proud position, and when you have attained it, you will have our sympathy.

Most of the articles in this number have at least the merit of having been written for the "Lit.," and of not having done duty some half-a-dozen times before. We hope that you will find them entertaining and instructive.

And now, kind readers, let me give you a parting word of advice: first, subscribe for the "Lit."; second, pay for it; third, write for it.

We are indebted to our "active" Editor for the account of the Boat Races which adorns our Memorabilia. We cordially recommend his advice to the younger classes, and would advise them all to "boat" as enthusiastically as he did in the commencement of his College course.

Our Exchanges.

We have received the Atlantic, and the Omnium Gatherum. We also acknowledge the receipt of "The Life of Major Camp," of which we hope to give a more extended notice hereafter.

Advertisements.

Students will do well to patronize those who patronize College publications. Our Advertisements will show where the best things are to be bought.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. NOVEMBER, 1865. No. 2.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

HAMILTON COLE, CHAS. M. SOUTHGATE,
GEORGE C. HOLT, L. CLIFFORD WADE,
HENRY O. WHITNEY.

Edmund Burke.

"His force of genius burned in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge and with love of truth;
His learning joined with each endearing art,
Charmed every ear and gained on every heart."

It would be a pleasant task to rehearse in full the life of Edmund Burke. As we draw near to him, we learn not only to admire, but to honor and respect him. We feel the power of his presence in the strength, the council, and the wisdom, which he imparts. His history, so replete with testimony of his moral rectitude, his strength of character, his powers of intellect, and his vast acquirements, should be as familiar, to every scholar at least, as his name. To an American, his memory is especially sacred; for, in the dark days of our history, he was our firm advocate and friend; and, more than all this, he was our advocate in the British Parliament, in the midst of a proud and oppressive aristocracy; in the midst of our enemies, while he was forcing his way, against tide and current, to the position which he so justly merited. When our father-land was against us, he, though nurtured and living on a different soil, and under different influences, resented, with manly indignation, the bitter wrongs of American Colonists. But we will not admire him in a mere partizan point of view,

but rather for those endowments and characteristics, which are the admiration of all ages.

Of these, we shall notice only the most important, hoping that each will study for himself the excellencies of his character. "Nitor in adversum" was his favorite motto, the one which he followed to the end of his career. This explains, but does not account for, the success of his eventful life. His early training, and his intellectual power, must not be forgotten here; for, surely, without eminent ability, the most dogged perseverance could never have made him the *first* man of England. We learn that in his early life, while yet under the instruction of his good old teacher, he was diligent, frank, and manly. At this time he learned to reverence the word of God, and to be guided by its teachings. Before evil habits had touched him with their pollution, he had founded his character upon a rock.

From this sacred volume, with which he became so familiar, he drew many of his finest passages and illustrations. With the old Latin poets, he was also familiar; and made frequent use of their choicest maxims. The great Athenian orator was also among his favorite authors; but to Milton, the poor blind poet, he gave the preference of them all. The grand strains of this illustrious bard were often upon his lips. We quote his favorite passage:—

"His praise ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave."

Such gems of thought as this, he often uttered in his Parliamentary speeches, where he placed them in a new setting, more splendid than the old. We now notice, more fully, his splendid acquisition of knowledge. There was no subject upon which he had not read, and with which he was not conversant. Yet his mind was not surfeited with dry and disconnected facts. But, on the other hand, every new acquisition was associated and assimilated with his previous knowledge. In this way his intellectual vigor was increased. The interests of man in society, were the great subject upon which he spent most of his labor. Government, justice, and liberty, constituted the great problems, with which, as a member of Parliament, he was concerned; but his research was by no means confined to these. He could converse upon any subject with interest and ability. Charles James Fox, the great debater, declared that he had learned more from him, than from all other sources put together. Dr. Johnson said, that "Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but

because his mind is full ;" and again, "Burke is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world, Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." Although he possessed all this superiority, we do not learn that he was imperious, vindictive, or overbearing. His conversation was not so much for display or reproof, as it was the spontaneous and modest utterance of an overflowing mind.

We come now to consider his intellectual characteristics. His acquirements have already foreshadowed extraordinary powers of mind. This vast store of knowledge was the reward, the rich reward, of uncommon mastery over himself. He acquired such a power of thinking, at all times, and under all circumstances, that nothing could throw his mind out of balance. "Few men ever studied to greater effect." With what weight, then, could he bring to bear all his transcendent powers upon the most occult and difficult questions. Such was his subtlety of intellect, that the intricacies of the subject were penetrated. No less surprising was the comprehensiveness with which he viewed every subject. After treading the valley and the plain, and having become familiar with their every feature, he ascended to the mountain top, and there clearly comprehended the scene below. First, he collected facts and studied particulars, and then he saw clearly their relation to each other. His facts, too, were all collected and arranged in groups around their appropriate centers. All the treasure of his memory was filed and labeled, ready for use on the spur of the moment.

Intellectual independence was another characteristic of Burke. Everything which he took into his intellect, was moulded anew, so that his expressions were truly his own. This gave not only novelty, but interest and vigor to his utterances. Moreover, it gave him dignity, stability, and independence. He not only felt conscious of his strength, but imparted the same feeling to others. Originality and creative genius, are important elements of power. As a reasoner, Burke has few equals. Argument followed argument, and fact followed fact, all fitted together into one mighty bulwark of defense. The relations and resemblances between these he clearly discovered. Like a true philosopher, he assumed no premises without a valid reason. This was the cement he knew so well how to use in building his citadels against all abuses of which he spoke or wrote. No one can study the writings of Burke, without noticing the exuberance of his fancy, the richness of his imagination. Yet beneath this gorgeous drape, we find solid and substantial argument. It was not the guise of

barrenness, a profuse rhetorical flourish, to dazzle and please a superficial thinker, but it was the spontaneous luxury and richness of genius. It was the Corinthian capital, placed upon the Dorian pillar. Sometimes, his imagination erred in taking too low a descent, but this, like his other faults, was the fault of genius, not of ignorance.

What can exceed, in splendid imagery, the Queen of France, "glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy." Of his writings we will say but little. The imitations of Bolingbroke was so perfect as to deceive the best critics of the day. So completely did Burke throw himself into the spirit of this author, not only in his language and style, but into the very essence of the subject, pursuing it to the extreme, that no one suspected him. His theory of the Sublime and Beautiful, as a theory, has many faults, which he even ridiculed in after life; but in elegance of diction it is unsurpassed. This, written in early life, brought its author, so great was its merit, into the society of the first men of his time. His speeches in Parliament will be preserved for all time, for their research, for their broad philosophical views, and for their maxims of civil and moral prudence, aside from their other merits. Burke was the great philosophical orator and teacher of all time; but Charles James Fox, spoke only for the present emergency. In brilliancy and the fire of eloquence, he surpassed Burke, but was much inferior to him in enforcing sound and imperishable principles. It is said, that his "Reflections on the French Revolution," though faulty in some respects, "contain more richness of thought, splendor of imagination, and beauty of diction, than any other volume of the same size in our language." In this he showed his regard for old institutions and customs. Like Walter Scott, he looked upon these with deep veneration. "Old establishments," he says, "are tried by their effects; if the people are happy, united, wealthy and powerful, we presume the rest. We conclude that to be good whence good is derived." This opinion, no doubt, gave character to the "Reflections." "He saw the native ferocity and malice of the Jacobin, and denounced the common conspirator against all laws, human and divine." The spirit of the revolution was characterized as the spirit of plunder. On the continent was this great conflagration, threatening to consume all existing institutions, both good and bad. Then others were growing up in its desolated track, without the sanction and strength of long-continued use. In England, discussion and civil commotion indicated a like occurrence. Burke saw the danger, and trembled for the prestige and renown of English institutions. There was certainly cause for alarm. Perhaps he went beyond the

bounds of moderation, which he was seldom accustomed to do. His imagination exaggerated the horrors across the channel. This volume, nevertheless, contains practical political wisdom. It received a vast circulation, and wakened multitudes to a consideration of the Revolution, upon which it threw so much light. Considering Burke's great veneration for ancient institutions, it certainly is not strange that he gave us such a view of the Revolution; that he could not look upon it as a natural struggle for liberty, however he might desire the welfare of the people; and that he regarded this attempt to overturn all authority, as dangerous and suicidal.

We cannot, however, appreciate Burke's character, unless we view him as a Statesman. Transcendent as were his abilities and acquirements, great as was his power as an orator and a reasoner, rich and elegant as was his diction, we should fail to appreciate his worth, were we to stop here. Statesmanship has in it something sublime. The interest and welfare, not of individuals only, but of whole nations, are at stake. How often has it happened that one presiding genius has safely piloted a nation through danger! Were it not for him, all would have been lost. Recall the struggle of the Netherlands, with the Prince of Orange as her guiding star. He is familiar to us as the most consummate statesman of his time. How great the contrast between such a leader and the mere politician! The one is uncorrupted, noble, and self-sacrificing; the other is corrupt and selfish. The one looks forward to the interests of future ages, the other to their degradation. The one takes the platform of eternal justice, the other any make-shift that will best subserve his base ambition. If we follow Mr. Burke's career, we shall find that he was consistent to the end; that he ever followed his highest conception of Justice and Honor, even at the sacrifice of friends, emolument, and party. The English Constitution had in him, at least a faithful and honest expounder. Upon this he threw a flood of light. Unswerving principle was the test to which he subjected all that he considered. To show his political candor and frankness, we allude to his Bristol election. He frankly told his constituents, as soon as he was able, that he could not obey their foolish doctrine, that a representative is bound by the will of his constituents. Afterwards, for this offense, for telling them, in a simple but eloquent address, the inconsistency of their doctrine, he lost their support, but not his own honor. At another time, when, through his influence, the Economical Reform Bill was passed, he diminished his own revenues from the crown. This, considering his limited means, was remarkable. Still further. He sacrificed his

friend, Charles James Fox, rather than his firm conviction of duty. However painful the experience, the latter was of infinite more value. For the interest he took in the British Colonies, we desire to claim him as an American patriot, and to place him beside our Webster. Such he was in spirit. No man in England better understood the resources, the purposes and grievances of the American people. Party jingle and party creed he utterly detested, while he proclaimed that taxation and representation were inseparable. This principle, then so novel, cost us, as we know, a great struggle. Perhaps no better history of the causes of the Revolution can be found, than his two speeches on America; and at the same time no better monuments of his Statesmanship. At a later time, he laid before Parliament, with great exactness, the suffering of India under British rule. In a speech "characterized as the greatest intellectual effort ever made before the Parliament of Great Britain," he impeached the arch criminal of India, and was so far successful at least as to greatly ameliorate her condition. To Edmund Burke, India, as well as America, owes a debt of gratitude. To him the world is indebted, for the clear, lucid, and powerful defense of sound political principles. He depicted the cruelties practiced in India, so powerfully, as to draw tears from the criminal at the bar. The mercenary spirit of the British rulers in India was increasing, and deepening, if possible, the brutality of its degraded people. All this escaped the notice of the home government. As long as a large revenue flowed into the national coffers, everything was thought to be well; but the eye of a practical and honest Statesman was watching every movement. He perfectly understood the position which he took, not only here, but elsewhere. No error was left unexposed, no right principle undefended, no duty unperformed. He united the soundness of the philosopher with practicability and strict integrity.

After all, it is only as a man in the domestic circle and society, that we learn his crowning excellence; as a lover of all that was beautiful in nature and art; a devoted and truthful friend; a generous benefactor, touched with the wants of the humblest mendicant; an agreeable associate; an indulgent father, and a liberal patron. Lord Chatham was proud and arrogant. Walpole, licentious and faithless. Charles James Fox, a midnight reveller and gambler. But Edmund Burke, a model in character. Those habits which are rare in public men, but which are of the greatest importance, he possessed. Full of hope for the invisible future, he departed, but still he lives. No costly mausoleum, no Egyptian pyramid, preserves his memory; he needs

none. His guardian angel, with an unseen hand, will write, in living characters, his name upon the hearts of men forever. He lives in the works he has written, in the speeches he has uttered. That voice is still heard, enchanting, by the splendor and magnificence of its eloquence, as it swells from the bosom of the past. That brow, as calm and dignified as that of the old Roman Senators, still bids defiance to dishonor, while successive generations, as they pass, crown it with new honors.

The Fenians.

WE have, of late, been frequently entertained with wild but interesting rumors from England, the purport of which is that a number of Irishmen, having had the audacity to become dissatisfied with English rule, now prefer to live under a government of their own. Absurd as this idea may appear to Englishmen, we, upon this side of the Atlantic, are inclined to look upon it with some degree of leniency. In fact, in every struggle where liberty is at stake and freedom the ultimate object, a sympathizing interest is felt by the outside world, who are not concerned in the strife, and, as mere lookers-on, can take an impartial view of the contest. Wherever the spirit of independence manifests itself, it carries with it our best wishes and our hopes for its success. Whether the voice of Liberty is heard from the mountains of Switzerland, from the forests of Poland, or the bogs of Ireland, respect for the cause lends interest to the effort.

What is it, then, that has for the past few weeks so agitated the generally serene minds of British statesmen? has led the English government to arrest numberless innocent persons coming from America, in the hope of finding guns and other murderous weapons concealed about their persons? has furnished such superabundant matter for the daily editorials of the "London Times"? The Fenians have, indeed, succeeded in attracting the notice of the world, which, perhaps, is just what they ought, under the present circumstances, to avoid, if they wish to carry out their measures by force. And that this is their object, there can be no doubt; even in this country they have for some time past been collecting arms and drilling their men. It becomes now a practical question with us, how far we ought to support them.

We have heard much of their intentions and expectations,—we have perused elaborate articles setting forth their origin and history,—we have been favored with many learned disquisitions upon the etymology of their name, and have seen it traced back to the Phœnicians, to an ancient and fabulous hero called Fenius, and to other interesting people of antiquity. But all this has little bearing upon the practical consideration of what we shall do with them. We do not seem to have yet settled in our minds to what extent we can coöperate with them. In deciding upon this, we have one precedent to which we naturally first refer; that is, our relations with England for the past four years. During this period we laid down a policy which we thought England ought to follow; England, on the other hand, thought herself justified in performing many acts which tended greatly to injure *us*. There is no doubt but that both parties were a little in the wrong, especially England. It is for us to decide now which course we shall adopt. We are strongly tempted to follow the British system of impartiality; but to be consistent, we should live up to our own principles, as laid down by us in the late war. There is retaliation on the one hand, and justice on the other. No one can hesitate long in determining which of these should be our rule of action. Where is any foundation for our late censure of England, if we are to be found guilty of the same offences, as soon as an opportunity is offered? If, then, we act in accordance with our own precepts, we must regard the proposed Fenian uprising as a rebellion, and, as such, entitled to no assistance from us. No matter if we *do* believe their cause to be a just one. Many Englishmen thought that our civil war was merely a contest between Northern arrogance and Southern rights. Our government can have no right to furnish aid and comfort to the Fenians. At present, their headquarters seem to be in this country; here they can hold their Congress undisturbed, and pass resolutions damning the whole English nation, without being charged upon by Her Majesty's troops, in the midst of the proceedings. If these Fenians are allowed to use the United States as a base of operations against England, our government will, of course, be held responsible for it; for, by our system of naturalization, all the members of the Fenian organization are American citizens,—having as strong a voice in the public affairs of our country as the best of us. If they wished it, they might form a powerful political party here. They have too many irons in the fire. One country ought to be enough for them to rule. Since they have come over here and enrolled themselves as American citizens, they have no right to involve us in a foreign war, by inciting an insurrec-

tion in Ireland, on their own responsibility. Much as we all wish to see the freedom of Ireland achieved, it is clear that we are not justified in stirring up hostilities with England for that purpose. As regards the action of this country, then, it is plain that we ought not to allow any expeditions to be fitted out against England. Should a fleet, manned by hostile Fenians, make its appearance in the British channel, the question immediately put to us by England, would be, "Are these Irish patriots, or Yankee fillibusters?" In what a predicament would we be placed, should we attempt to furnish an answer! Our sympathy, therefore, should not carry us beyond the limits of strict neutrality; and while it may be well enough for us to give full scope to the swing of the Fenian shillalah, it becomes us quite as much to refrain from any officious intermeddling, lest we may but get our own heads broken in the fray.

A noticeable feature in the Fenian movement is the unlimited confidence felt by all the participators. They tell huge stories, replete with Hibernian extravagance, informing us of their designs and purposes, and quite eclipsing the marvellous tales of Daniel Pratt, "the great American traveler." They see the Irish Republic, not merely in existence, but in a state of the most flourishing prosperity. They have framed their Constitution, and elected their officers, before they have made the least show of a respectable force in Ireland to support them. They are going to march through Ireland with colors flying, totally oblivious of the fact that there are at the disposal of the English government something over a hundred thousand men, constituting the regular army, who may raise some slight objections to their plans, and even impose serious obstacles to the fulfilment of their Utopian projects. Their enthusiasm is unbounded, and their whole conduct, in a word, essentially Irish.

Now when we come to take a deliberate view of their case, we are speedily convinced that they are rearing their gigantic hopes on a very frail foundation. Their chances of success are so infinitesimally small, that it requires a considerable mental effort to calculate them. We fear that the independence of Ireland is still far off. The time may yet come when the lofty aspirations of the Fenians shall be carried out to ultimate success, and the harp, the shamrock, and the shillalah receive all the honor due to those powerful symbols of Irish character, but at present we would advise all prudent men to invest sparingly in the bonds on the Irish Republic, and to be not over anxious of seeking immortality in fighting Irish battles.

W. G. N

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

BY LOVELL HALL, EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

Napoleon's Life of Cæsar.

A CRITICISM OF THEORIES AND PRINCIPLES.

AMERICA is peculiarly fortunate in her relations to history. Its wise teachings are the common legacy of nations, which she enjoys equally with others; but its feverish influences and pestilent examples affect more closely the lands in which they spring. The patriot, indeed, learns his lesson at Thermopylae, but the tyrant at Cheronæa. Cicero speaks to the citizen, but Cæsar to the usurping chief. Just so surely as that justice has not always triumphed, nor virtue always ruled, so there is scarcely a spot in all Europe, rich as it is in historic recollections, whose garbled and perverted memories cannot be made to minister to a corrupt ambition, and assist in the extenuation of violence and wrong.

Add now to the coincidence of country a community of race, and we shall be able in some measure to appreciate with what feelings of earnest and practical interest a South-European regards those antique records, which, in America, are the subject merely of class-room manuals, and school-boy declamations. He seems yet to see the massive Roman cohorts, and the Prætorian guard marching on in their career of conquest; the entrenched camp, the vigorous sally, the flying and discomfited barbarians. He imagines Rome once more wielding her vast empire, and giving laws to vanquished states. These common memories, reinforced by common interests, a common descent, a common church, render possible, even at this late day, the idea of the great Latin race, existing it is true under different names, in different kingdoms, yet, in many respects, substantially one. Upon this idea it has been the policy of various great rulers to build their power, just as William of Orange possessed the English throne, by representing in his person the combined interests of the German Protestant nations. Foremost among the Latin races of to-day stand the French, and their emperor is naturally desirous of availing himself of this fact, to strengthen a position based rather on military force than on political legitimacy. It is with this view undoubtedly that he has attempted the conquest of Mexico, just as his uncle that of Egypt, to strengthen

the Latin colonial system, whose ill success, compared with the German, has always been a cause of dissatisfaction and envy in modern times. With this view, too, he has attempted to increase and put to a practical use that interest in the great Roman chief which is already attested by five distinct French histories, none of them destitute of ability, while only one has appeared in English.

We may presume then that in publishing in so many languages his life of Cæsar, Napoleon has had in view the flattery and increase of a previously existing public opinion in the various Latin nations, as well as to vindicate the memory of the great chief, and to insinuate an identity of his own and his uncle's career and principles with those of Augustus and Julius Cæsar.

One scarcely knows which to admire most, Napoleon's arrogance in attempting a task to which all past historians have not been adequate—to which only one historian now living is adequate, and he having acquired a profound knowledge of casuistry from theological sources—or his impudence in assuming that his own character, or even his uncle's, approaches to that of Cæsar. I say this deliberately. I admit, indeed, that the superficial resemblance is perfect. Through disorders of the people, amid anarchy, Cæsar rose at Rome, Napoleon at Paris; Cæsar was cut off prematurely in the midst of a vigorous and able administration—so was Napoleon; other rulers intervened at Rome, at Paris also; Cæsar's nephew came to power, so did Napoleon's. Thus History, as if trying to become young again, and feigning that her years were a delusion, her experience a delusion, her established principles a delusion, seemed in very mockery to counterfeit her former self; but how futile the attempt! how gross the artifice! how shallow the deception. Fate, who succeeded very well with Augustus, but who has gotten a little out of practice in these modern days of popular governments, tried three times with the unusual assistance of Bacchus and Venus before she placed her modern protege in power. Verily, in this age the mills of the gods grind slower and smaller than ever before.

I shall, then, attempt to show first wherein a comparison between the Cæsars and Napoleons fails; and second, wherein all efforts to vindicate the class of which they are made the types must necessarily fail.

There exist in the history of most nations, certain successive stages which in spite of the varying impress of local institutions practically coincide. There is an age of formation, of petty chiefs; an age of consolidation, of kings; an age of freedom, of practical if not nominal republics; and there is, as we have too much reason to fear, an age of

decline, which force may arrest, but cannot utterly postpone. This last was the state of Rome when Cæsar appeared; but France had scarcely completed the second stage at the advent of Napoleon. Is it said that a republic was impossible? Is it said, for instance, that society was corrupt? By what means does society become corrupt but by the example of its kings; and could the Louis of France compare with the Tarquins of Italy? Is it said that the people was impulsive? Are not the climates and races of France and Italy the same? Is it said that all Europe combined to restore the exiled kings? Are then the four wars of the Tarquins forgotten, Horatius and the battle of Lake Regillus? History seems simple at the distance of centuries, and made up of few particulars; but we have no reason to suppose that human passions were not the same, human actions as complicated and as difficult at one period of history as at the other. Is it said that France had no Brutus? Therefore I charge it upon Napoleon Bonaparte, that having become the chosen Brutus of his country he betrayed that sacred trust. He destroyed the hopes of France, the hopes of continental Europe. Caesar, when Roman liberty was old and grey, feeble and enervated, and, unequally supported between the pliant bending Cicero and the inflexible Cato, went tottering to its fall, dealt that merciful blow for which it long had waited, or rather held with almost averted eye the sword on which the despairing veteran threw himself. It was an infant Liberty that Napoleon destroyed, equally weak, equally helpless; but the bearer, in its fragile form, of glorious possibilities—the strength of ripened manhood, the existence of centuries.

But if Caesar performed an uncertain and equivocal service for his country, his claim of service to the world rests on a more plausible foundation. For the Roman policy of conquest he was not responsible. It had originated in the earliest days of the Republic and was in reality the cause of its accretion. It had been undeviatingly pursued throughout its course, until, at Caesar's entrance into public life, Rome was grasping in its senile, avaricious arms, the whole civilized world—unable to govern it, unwilling and afraid to let it go. The fire of conquest was still cherished at home as a Vestal flame; it still rolled onward and outward over the frontiers; but between, there lay on every side a vast and desolate expanse, filled with blackened fragments of states and incapable of nourishing a farther growth. By so much more as the conquests of Rome became extended, by so much greater were its obligations to govern well, and by so much more in very consequence was its ability to meet these obligations diminished. Humanity cried out from the provinces for a hand to feel the pulse while it tortured;

a mind to be thoughtful of its own interest, though it would not relent. There was no hope of relief. The example of Marius and Sylla was fresh, the spirit of Marius and Sylla still abroad, the turbulent soldiers of Marius and Sylla demanded a master. Cæsar's despotic arm swept away all evils.

Napoleon, on the contrary, himself evoked that spirit of conquest which had almost slept since the times of Charlemagne, which had never been the settled policy of France, though of individual kings. He himself created, if it existed at all, that restless military population which has ever been the curse of nations. He renewed in the circle of modern civilized Europe the fabled terrors of a barbaric age.

The age in which he lived was after all Napoleon's greatest condemnation. With what new weapons have eighteen centuries stored the arsenals of Liberty. Once for a large nation there were but two alternatives—tyranny and anarchy. Nought but a single powerful hand could wield the complicated destinies of Rome. Elections had become a farce. Whoever could station most legions about the city and gather most country people within it, gained the day. The right of citizenship was but nominal, when one had to travel fifty or a hundred miles to secure its exercise. It was reserved for succeeding centuries to discover the grand principle of representative government, and a new continent was disclosed for its more perfect exemplification. But it is useless farther to discuss the conditions which made Napoleon's usurpation a crime, while Cæsar's was only a fault. These apply equally well to their successors ; and as I have compared the acts of the two former in regard to their justice, so I shall now proceed to compare the acts of the two latter in regard to the character and ability which they displayed.

The name of every great military chief becomes at his death a living force in history. His crimes are forgotten, his failures forgotten, but the dazzling fact of his great success remains—an inheritance perilous to all who claim it, but amply rewarding him who wins. These claims rest on the bases of family connection, and military companionship. Sometimes the two coincide, but generally they conflict. Paradoxical, then, as it may seem, I take it to have been an advantage to Napoleon III. that his great uncle's career ended in a defeat by which his marshals were forced to disavow his cause, and precluded from the succession. By the time that Napoleon III. came upon the scene of action, most of them were dead ; the wounds of society were healed ; its injuries forgotten ; but its glorious remembrances remained ; regiments in the army still bore the names which the campaigns of Italy, of Egypt and the Rhine had made immortal, and the united

French nation demanded, in a voice which was not to be silenced, the restoration of the honored ashes to their native soil.

Observe now how all these advantages contrasted with the situation of Augustus.

Apprised, while yet at school, of his uncle's assassination, knowing that he must claim the succession at once, or abandon it forever, an inexperienced boy of eighteen, he resolutely set his face toward Rome, where the very first requirement of a man who proposed to mingle in public affairs, was an age of thirty years. He wrested from Anthony the fortune which he had already seized, the soldiers whose favor he had been years in acquiring, whose natural leader he was, as lieutenant of their murdered chief; he hoodwinked Cicero; he bribed Lepidus, baffled the Senate and vanquished the conspirators, and at last seated himself on the throne, in reality the first of the imperial Cæsars.

Judged of, then, by every criterion except success, I think that the landing of Augustus at Brundisium, though not as full of immediate danger, was every whit as romantic and impracticable as those of Napoleon III. at Strasburg and Boulogne. The only essential condition which varied was the character of the man. It was not Napoleon's unflagging pursuit of a cherished purpose that made him ridiculous, but that such unbounded pretensions should rely on such consummate imbecility for their support. His early fancy seems to have inclined him toward the theatrical part of Cataline, for whom his book yet displays a lingering fondness. It was probably only by successive gradations that he arrived at his present high ideal of a historic character. In his first attempt at empire his principal companion in arms was a female soldier of fortune, a Madam Gordon, who by her insidious approaches weakened the devoted garrison of Strasburg. Having thus procured a Fulvia, his next care was to provide a consecrated eagle. But I need not expend farther space in narrating particulars which can be supplied verbatim from the second oration of Cicero; which, though an exaggeration in respect to Cataline, are no exaggeration when applied to him.

Failing in this attempt, he withdrew a while from public observation, which course he assures us is often the profoundest policy of great men. Next emerging from England, where he had obtained an intimate knowledge of its municipal system and criminal statistics by a characteristic and commendable patience of personal investigation—a course which those philosophers who sit in their closets and fulminate against vices and evils of which they know nothing, would do well to follow—and where, also, by being an humble policeman in London, he qualified himself for the post of the great Policeman of

France, he crossed the English Channel with fifty chosen companions, and evading the quarantine officers, who were not then so vigilant as now, effected a landing at Boulogne. Here he let loose as a standard that famous live eagle tied by a string, devised by his fertile mind as a unique and felicitous symbol of that Liberty which he intended to bestow on France. The eagle, *which* made a spirited resistance, was at last secured by the relentless emissaries of Louis Philippe, and sent to the Zoölogical Gardens at Paris—Napoleon's first contribution. But the "bird's unhappy master," as being a more valuable specimen of the favorites of destiny—a class now, unhappily, almost extinct—was more carefully bestowed in the fortress of Ham, and exhibited only to the king's private friends. Here, deprived of his usual ambrosia and the society of his goddesses, he had almost relapsed into an ordinary man of average sense and abilities, but Destiny was too much for diet, and Destiny prevailed. Such was the second attempt of Louis Napoleon, aged 30 years (as the awards have it at the agricultural fairs), to recover the throne of France. I have mentioned these trivial particulars, not for the purposes of satire (since satire of Napoleon's early life is wholly gratuitous), but that it may be plainly seen what were his resources of mind, what his methods, who his companions, as compared with those of Augustus.

But as it is alleged that these attempts were but the efforts of an inexperienced and sanguine boy (thirty years is rather a mature age to assume the toga-virilis) let us see whether the third and successful attempt displayed any really great abilities.

The revolution of 1848 was in no sense owing to Napoleon. It was not until the movement had been completed and an act of general amnesty passed, that he ventured to set foot in France. Once lawfully there, the rest was easy. He was the legitimate heir of the Napoleonic dynasty. In his own words, he was "the shadow of the great Napoleon and he bided his time." Though detested and suspected by the patriots then in power, he was allowed to remain; at first on the specious plea that none ought to be proscribed in a republic, afterwards from complaisance to the country departments, and fear lest opposition should add to his importance.

Here, then, was the spectacle of a man deliberately plotting the overthrow of a republic, which had been the only possible means of his restoration from exile when all others had failed, whose mild counsels only of all possible governments would tolerate, on any pretence, his presence in France. Thus republics, more than all other states, must conform absolutely to principle, which is often their great disadvantage and source of ruin. There existed in the state a long and

steadily accumulated force, latent yet perfectly available, which needed but to be called out to become supreme. By the exertions of other men, an accidental opportunity occurred, which could not have been foreseen, for the utmost freedom of action—the absolute prevalence of republican principles. Paris, which usually governed France, was now obliged in very deference to its newly adopted principles, to share this power with the departments. Throughout these last were scattered the surviving veterans of the first Napoleon. Ignorant beyond the conception of an American, the inhabitants scarcely knew whether Napoleon I. was yet alive, or (pardonable uncertainty) whether Louis was his son, his brother's, or whose. Soon they were to be called upon to vote—a privilege to them unprecedented, an act without a meaning. There was to them but one name in all history—a name of whose influence we may form some slight estimate, if we suppose a thousand General Jacksons condensed in one, and the whole of our country more unenlightened than its most obscure backwoods district. In what way then did this modern rival of Augustus display his great strategic abilities? He organized a division of peddlers—an invention, of all his boasted improvements, whose credit is wholly his own, since his great uncle, so far as we know, never had any such corps in either of his grand armies, nor yet as auxiliary to any of the civil bureaus. Peddling was a legitimate business; no clause of the constitution defined it as treason; no political tract stigmatized it as despotism, and one of the states most noted of all the world for its free spirit, was also equally noted for its peddlers. Accordingly these peddlers passed on unmolested throughout the departments. They were abundantly supplied with effigies of the great Napoleon and his little nephew—medallions in tin, in iron, in brass; portraits on wood and steel; histories, ballads and epics. They sold them at a small price, at half price, at no price at all. Where Napoleon found a Bibulus confiding and credulous enough to supply him funds for all this reckless expenditure, it is impossible to conjecture. But “Caesar's image and superscription” was scattered throughout all France, and was sure to be rendered again in due time. General Cavaignac, the opposing candidate, and father of the existing republic, with strict military punctilio refused to recognize this new branch of the service, of which his professional authorities made no mention, and unconcernedly allowed the field to be preoccupied; consequently, he received one and a half millions of votes—Napoleon, five and a half millions and was elected.

It mattered not what were the votes of Paris, or the wishes of patriots—both might have been unanimous against him, but the latter had instituted a republic, and were fairly out-voted. Napoleon became

Président for ten years. Ten years in Paris, that city of *coup d'états*, with the old system of the empire to resort to and the Code Napoleon! So many were superfluous. Such was the ease with which Napoleon III. came to the throne. How insignificant his course compared with that of Augustus! how plain his path! how few his toils!

There are three arguments by which usurpation is usually justified—by which in particular those of Napoleon and Caesar are justified—all equally and totally mischievous and fallacious.

The first is, that because a great man rises from and by the aid of the people, he therefore rises for the people and represents their interests. No man of sense, aiming at supreme power, fails to identify himself, for a time at least, with some great cause—if it be a just one, and one that has waited long for a leader, so much the better. If he sees a body in the state neglected, wronged, unacquainted with its power or even its rights, he naturally puts himself at its head, and raises it with himself. None but a simpleton would do or think otherwise. Arrived at greatness he surrounds himself with that class which has brought him thither, wisely judging that his new privileges will be stoutly maintained by others also newly privileged. The unthinking multitude (and others who think on some subjects) dazzled by the sight of one of their own number raised to the supreme power, cry out that the people have triumphed! But what does it all amount to? Simply that society has been turned wrongside upward; that the lowest have become the highest, the upper class a little more able and a great deal more insolent. A century afterwards, no trace of this great *popular* revolution remained. To say that such a great man does no good, is to doubt Providence. But doubting *him* is quite another thing.

Observe on the contrary the course of Cicero; with what indomitable perseverance, at the head of the Roman knights, he raised himself and them against all opposition, to an equality with the Senate. This, then, is the critical moment; surely he has injuries to revenge. Yet mark how he attempts to conciliate and unite the two orders, and by their concurrence to promote the good of the state; to radically improve the system, and not merely exchange the incumbents.

A second argument is, that a usurper is justified because he governs well and vigorously, and secures a higher degree of happiness and even of liberty to his country than it possessed before. No great man can fail to profit by such an obvious means of fame and stability. But what kind of a criterion is that which makes a single reign or generation of more importance than all subsequent history beside? Can the reigns of Julius and Augustus compensate for those of Caligula

and Nero? their direct and inevitable consequence. It was very well when, at the command of Julius, Hirtius and Pansa became consuls, but how was it when that august office was filled by Caligula's horse? And it so happens that an empire is just that kind of government which *must* have a great and splendid man for its founder, but which is also likely to reduce his successors to imbecility. We must judge a man then by the principles of government which he leaves behind him, rather than by his own practical administration of them. A bad system may be well administered, a good one, ill—but systems are also good or bad in themselves.

The third and last argument which I have to mention, and, practically, much the worst and most dangerous fallacy of all, is that, as it is said, the usurper was the only man who could meet the exigencies of the situation, rescue his country from anarchy, and establish it on a firm and lasting basis. If then he was the only person capable of guiding the state at this critical moment, does it not amount almost to a demonstrative argument that Providence put him in that very place for the salvation of his country, and not for his own personal aggrandizement? I know it is said that a man must assume supreme power to secure the public good, and that having assumed it, he cannot safely lay it down. Is then his own life of more value than that of the state? Must it perish that he may survive? But I do not admit the alternative. Sylla, the most blood-thirsty and severe of all this class of men, after a most barbarous proscription, threw up his command, retired to his farm and died peacefully in his bed. How much more, then, a man whose every act had been a blessing, whose every thought a patriotic aspiration.

But the real difficulty lies deeper than this—it lies in the opinion that the world owes to its great men some unusual reward. Now in what does greatness consist? Is it a fourth appetite, or a sixth sense, which must be provided with some unaccustomed gratification? Plainly not; all men, in themselves considered, are alike, each of the same capacities; none great, none small. It is society which makes men great; greatness is itself the reward of their vast abilities. Is not the praise of all good men, the love of all true women, the grateful remembrance of posterity, a sufficient reward for any man? Away then with the idea that Providence raises up great men for no other earthly purpose than that all others may be degraded beneath them: with a sophistry that dares not to cloak itself in any more tangible form than that of "Napoleonism," and the "Napoleonic idea!" Let it at least assume its true name—Cæsarism—a name which means something; yes, a name of deep and terrible import.

There are two great names in history ; names trite and often on our lips, which signify to us at best nothing but the means through which their brave souls wrought, yet names whose every utterance ought to be a vow to country and to Liberty. Each of these in his more familiar remembrances to posterity has dared to offend against good taste by claiming that he has deserved well of his country. Examine on the contrary, Cæsar's works. You will there find the first person carefully suppressed—an elegant silence with regard to motives, which he observed, no doubt, with a prophetic deference to modern taste. How coarse in comparison, seem the tawdry self-gratulations of Demosthenes and Cicero ! Yes, the egotism of Demosthenes and Cicero tinges their every speech, but the egotism of Cæsar was his LIFE.

When I view these grand old men struggling upward through toil on toil from selfishness to suffering—when I see the brows that started for the bays, but stopped not short of the crown of martyrdom, I think it is better for the great man to peacefully sleep with the ruins of his country piled around him, than to follow relentless the shrinking shade of Brutus, or to charge with an everlasting “Tête d’Armée—!” through the halls of the Hôtel des Invalides : better the single tear of a patriot of any age or clime, than all the selfish eulogies of Antony or the reluctant homage of Louis Philippe.

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

BY CHARLES H. ADAMS, CHICAGO, ILL.

Thoreau.

WHEN the news of Thoreau's death was given to the public, it excited no general interest, or sorrow. The leading journals, indeed, gave sketches, more or less curt and inappreciative, of his life and writings. Mr. Emerson prepared a brief memoir for *The Atlantic*. A small, but highly cultivated circle of readers, understood and deplored the loss which our literature sustained in the event. But to the public, even to the intelligent and reading portion of it, Thoreau was known, only by those fugitive essays which have been collected in the *Excursions*. So he was allowed to die quietly, as he had lived, and to be buried by friendly hands, without any such parade of popular grief as followed Irving and Prescott to the grave. Yet this man was one of

the most original and powerful writers whom our country has thus far produced. And his fame increases. Each year, his name is more familiar in our talk; his books, as the publishers tell us, command a wider sale; his genius is better understood and prized. It has become hazardous, if not impossible, to conjecture the place in American literature which he will, ultimately, reach and hold.

It is proposed, in this essay, to examine the books which have procured for Thoreau this posthumous fame; to notice the subjects of which they treat, the style in which they are written, and the sentiments which they convey; and to discover in them, if possible, indications of his mental conformation, and of the essential character of his genius.

First, then, of the subjects upon which Thoreau wrote. There are two things to be remarked about them. The first is, that they are all chosen from his own life. He was not one of those literary ventriloquists who write outside of themselves, and whose books are consequently foreign to their real natures and experiences. He wrote only about things in which he himself had been interested and engaged. His books are records of personal observations, enterprises, reflections. They are fragments of an autobiography. And the frank and simple truth of their disclosures and confidences, is a refreshment to the soul, amidst the general reticence and distrust. The other thing to be remarked is, that Thoreau's books are devoted almost wholly to the description, and to what I may call the interpretation of nature. And here it seems fit, and indeed almost necessary, to say a few words about his manner of life.

It is well known that Thoreau graduated at Harvard University, and that he never felicitated himself much upon that circumstance. When he returned home from Cambridge, he brought with him, besides a sound classical scholarship, a confirmed taste for the mathematics, and a decided inclination to the natural sciences, certain erratic notions and theories of life, which were never taught him in the lecture-room. For a time he hesitated, veered to and fro, inclined, or rather was impelled by the wishes of his friends, toward one calling and another, and then abandoned them all, with an apparent whim, and levity of purpose, which filled all who were interested in him with chagrin, grief, and foreboding. At length, he chose his profession. Nominally, he became a surveyor; in fact, a naturalist. But, true to his nature, he was original and erratic in both pursuits. His services as surveyor were in great demand, whenever he chose to put them into the market. But this was only when he wanted money for a special purpose, or

felt in the mood. At such times he would take his compass and chain, and work for some days, or even weeks, with a commendable industry and application to business. But, having obtained the desired sum, or become tired, he promptly resumed his leisure. He was thus perpetually retiring on his capital. And he studied nature on a plan and theory of his own, which we shall have occasion to examine hereafter. But whatever his views may have been, his habits of life were those of a naturalist. He lived as close to Nature as he could; keeping much out of doors; preferring her company to that of his human neighbors; striving, year by year, to insinuate himself into her acquaintance and friendship. That he was so successful, is owing in part to the qualities of his body and mind. The one was robust and agile, the other acute and tenacious. Perhaps also some credit is due, as Mr. Emerson has suggested, to the fact that he resolutely staid at home. With the exception of those memorable excursions to Maine and Cape Cod, he never left Concord,—at least for any considerable time. The consequence was, that he studied the woods, swamps, and ponds in that vicinity, till he knew them by heart. But his success as a naturalist was chiefly owing to that love for such pursuits which, in him, amounted really to a passion. It cannot be denied, that this life was a one-sided and imperfect one; I think he himself came to regret that he had so entirely ignored the social side of life. There are, in fact, passages in his letters, which plainly indicate such a feeling. This digression has detained us too long. It may serve, however, not only to explain why Thoreau wrote so much about natural objects and phenomena, but also to give us some notion of his character. And any light which we can get upon that subject will be very acceptable bye and bye.

In examining Thoreau's style, we first notice the quality of his words and sentences. His vocabulary is essentially Saxon. He was not indeed so narrow-minded a man as to reject an apt word, from whatever source it might come. But, in general, the mother tongue was fully able to supply his wants, and he used her short, crisp, stinging words, with great content. He had also a fondness for the unwritten Saxon, which is spoken by plain, illiterate people, on farms, or in retired villages. He often notes down their words and phrases, and sometimes uses them himself. Very refined critics might call them vulgar. He said that they "cut." His sentences are well built in the main, short and strong. Yet he has been severely censured, and with much reason too, for a lack of orderly composition, amounting, often, to positive looseness. Quite frequently you meet with senten-

ces on his pages, which are swollen with saving-clauses, explanations of single words, parentheses, and the like, to an ill-jointed bulkiness, very offensive to people of nice tastes. This fault arises from Thoreau's disposition, and from his method of composing. It has been already intimated, that he was what we call an original genius, given to doing things in his own way. He strenuously refused to be in bondage to any rules of composition. He insisted on freedom. Sometimes, I almost think, he entertained the notion of a Daemon within him, whose utterances he was simply to record as they came. Then, too, he had a tendency, as a recent critic has remarked, to over-refinement; the subtilizing of thoughts and sentiments to an immoderate extent. He thought as he wrote: the words which he used would seem to need explanation, or would suggest new thoughts: the sentence thus grew beneath his hands. Yet, as I said, such sentences are rather the exceptions, and their clumsiness sets off, to fine advantage, the compact and sturdy strength of the rest. They illustrate the old precept of Rhetoric—"dic aliquando male."

Of Thoreau's descriptive style it is almost impossible to speak too highly. In some respects, it is, probably, the best in our literature; there are those who even claim that it is so in its general effect. It seems to me chiefly to excel in three things,—penetrating truth, flexibility, and clearness. And first, of its truth. Thoreau was too earnest a man to content himself with either seeing, or describing the surface and obvious appearance of a thing. He went straight to its heart, and plucked out thence its most secret and characteristic aspect. With a happy discreetness, he tells us what it is essential to know, disregarding or subordinating the rest. Often he effects, with a few words, what others would work at for pages, and even then fail. And his descriptions owe much of their interest and pleasure to the perceived presence in them of this vital and pungent truth.

The second excellence named, was flexibility. The number of natural objects which Thoreau has described is immense. Many of them are quite similar; indeed, he often recurs to the same object, again and again. We might expect, with reason, to find much sameness and repetiton in his writings. On the contrary, we find everywhere freshness, variety, life. If he uses nearly the same words, the impression which they make upon the mind has somehow changed. They mean something new. We can hardly admire enough the facile ease with which his style adapts itself to his theme. The tone changes from moment to moment. Now he will be describing a flower, which he has found, and his words will buzz, like a bee, with quiet joy, and bye

and bye he will begin to speak of some rock-strewn summit, in terms which Eschylus would not have disdained to use. Almost every page produces in us mingled feelings. We are pleased, amused, saddened, awed, in quick succession. The haste with which he thus hurries his readers from one mood to another would be wanton, if it were not the way of Nature herself. In this admirable quality of style, he has no rival among the writers of our day, except Ruskin.

The other excellence of his descriptions was said to be their clearness. And I can best illustrate the quality which is here meant, by a brief comparison between Thoreau and the eminent writer who has just been named. Ruskin holds a position in cotemporary English literature quite analogous, in some respects, to that of Thoreau in American. He has an ardent love for Nature, and has described many of her aspects with an unusual power both of thought and language. And in perhaps the greater number of these descriptions, he is as simply and sincerely truthful as Thoreau himself. But there are passages in his works which smack of the easel. His affluent imagination, now and then, throws a coloring around an object which it has not received from Nature. At such times, his gorgeous epithets and similes give us, as it were, a kaleidoscopic view of the thing described, quite different, at least so it seems to me, from its real aspect. But Thoreau is never swerved from his fidelity to Nature herself. He is no artist. He never thinks 'how finely this would look in a painting'; nor yet, 'how beautifully I can presently describe this.' His mind is on the object itself. His purpose is to impart the most perfect verbal representation of it in his power. This simplicity of purpose gives to his style a clearness almost transparent. You see the object, through his description, as through good glass. Now, this is the perfection of descriptive style, that the mind of the reader shall be so engrossed with the object described, that the admiration of the style shall be an after-thought. And it is partly because Thoreau's writings so often effect this, that I venture to call them the finest specimen of their kind which our literature has yet produced.

This seems as proper a place as any, to say a few words about Thoreau's poetry. This is one of the most singular features of these singular books. It does not stand by itself, but is scattered through the prose with that same careless freedom, almost whimsical, which we have had occasion to notice in his style. I am afraid that the most of it will not fall under Whateley's definition of poetry, nor indeed under any other with which I am acquainted. His meters are as irregular and grotesque as those of John Skelton. The thought is very une-

qual. In some of his verses we detect a subtle fire, which is suggestive of the choruses of Greek tragedy, and their varying metre and unusual language help out the resemblance. But most of them, an unfriendly and plain-spoken critic would call doggerel. Certainly, no stretch of charity can explain such a piece as "*The Old Marlboro' Road*," into a poem. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it seems to me that there was a large and unusually fine poetic element in Thoreau's genius. Much of his prose, that is of his unmetrical writings, is poetry in a deeper sense than that of Whately's definition. His descriptions, many of them, are as exquisite lyrics as one can easily find. Often, too, he rises into a grandeur of thought and expression, which is essentially epic. His account of what he felt on the top of Ktaadn, seems to me to resemble in several particulars, and especially in the impression which it leaves on the mind, the invocation with which Virgil begins the famous Descent into Hell, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. But this poetic element is, perhaps, most plainly seen in the habitual taste with which he selects his words, and in the delicate force of his metaphors and similes. In these respects he is the literary twin brother of Robert Browning.

We now come to the discussion of the peculiar sentiments which Thoreau entertained, and has expressed in his writings. And I desire to preface this discussion with a single remark. In all these sentiments he was thoroughly and intensely in earnest. He may have been deceived, but he was not deceitful. What he would have others do, he himself *did*. For instance, he did not believe in paying taxes, and he went to Concord jail sooner than pay them. In the same way he built his house at Walden, raised his beans, and lived with little work, little expense, and much leisure and enjoyment, to illustrate and enforce his doctrine that business and the acquisition of money have an exaggerated importance in the social economy of our times. By such acts as these he vindicates his honesty. We can nowhere detect in him pretence or play. Even his wildest paradoxes and the most extravagant sallies of his fancy and wit are masks from behind which the Truth peeps out. He is always sober and sincere.

Of course it will not be attempted to make a complete and exhaustive statement of his opinions on different subjects, but only to give some general account of the way of thinking by which he arrived at them. This was essentially Pantheistic. I have no doubt that Thoreau himself would object to this word, as he would to any other which has about it the odor of dogma, or sect. But it appears to describe the tenor of his views and writings more adequately than any

other. His Pantheism is noticeable in two things, and indeed consists in them. The first is his belief in a Divine Essence, *Anima Mundi*, or World-Soul, pervading all nature and revealing itself through natural phenomena. This belief is the most prominent and important feature of his works. It was said that these were devoted to the description and *interpretation* of Nature. He had indeed a healthy human love for her material forms and aspects, and a delight in describing them. But a greater delight, and the purpose and employment of his life, was to detect and reveal their inward significance. He seemed to himself to have obtained the key to the universal hieroglyphic. Each shoot of the ground became to him a messenger of important tidings; in every beast or bird he found a sage counsellor and trusty friend; no wind passed him without a word of reproof or cheer. He took a lively interest in the politics of beavers and the theological differences of crows. Often he stood by, an absorbed spectator, at those select councils in which

“The herded pines commune, and have deep thoughts,
A secret they assemble to discuss,
When the sun drops behind their trunks, which glare
Like grates of hell.”

In fine, he saw all things instinct with intelligence, and strove to match and answer it with an alert, tireless, and docile sympathy. Here was a naturalist of no common kind. His study was deeper, more enthusiastic and absorbing, and, in a sense, more successful, than that of the ordinary methods. He was undoubtedly often in error, and came in consequence to many wrong conclusions, taking sometimes the reflection of his own theories or fancies upon the objects around him, for original truths conveyed to him by those objects. But no man can read his books thoughtfully and not look upon the world afterwards with wiser and more heedful eyes. It is almost as much in the manner as in the matter of his philosophizing that its effect and power lies. It is very rarely formal and extended. But it runs through all his writings. There is hardly a page on which we do not meet it. It consists in brief reflections, pithy apothegms, unexpected turns of the thought; often also in a single suggestive word. This shrewd plan makes his teaching a perpetual surprise, and is more likely than almost any other to interest and impress the mind. In his descriptions, the moral will be remembered even longer than the story. But this feature of his belief and writings is the very essence of Pantheism.

It will be noticed, that in this attempt to interpret Nature, Thoreau was following the example of that German school of metaphysicians,

novelists and poets of which Goethe, in modern times, is the acknowledged master. That this school influenced his mind, at least indirectly, appears to be very certain. But there is a marked difference between his writings and theirs. About most which they have produced there is a misty vagueness, partly metaphysical, partly sensuous, and wholly German. Thoreau's thought and style, while they are often paradoxical, are still as pure and cold as the New England air which he breathed.

A second essential, or at least invariable feature of this broad Pantheism about which we are now speaking, is the doctrine of "Absolute Identity." This doctrine it is difficult to describe with exactness. Transcendental definitions are apt to be somewhat transcendental themselves. But it is popularly stated in such phrases as '*it is all one,*' and '*it will be all the same a hundred years hence.*' It seems to assert that the essence of all phenomena and all actions is identical; that is, that between heat and cold, right and wrong, there is no essential difference. There also enters into it a large element of Fatalism. One of its cardinal maxims is "Non qujeta movere;" at least not if it costs you any inconvenience or self-sacrifice. Now this feature also is very noticeable in Thoreau. We find in his books not only positive statements of it, but also its effects upon his mind and style. It is true he was too earnest and healthy a man to be always passive and indifferent. But often when he has become animated, and strenuous even, in the advocacy of some favorite notions, it is at once ludicrous and painful to see how suddenly the remembrance of his principles checks and silences him. To this source Mr. Emerson has referred that paradoxical use of language which is so marked, and at the same time, in the opinion of most critics, so objectionable a feature of Thoreau's writings. This is unquestionably carried to an immoderate extent, and is, in its very nature, fatal to perspicuity. Yet I should be sorry to lose it wholly either from the books under consideration or from our literature. Many of these paradoxes remind one in their quaint conceits, and in their occasional grim playfulness, of the elder English wits. And some of them are among the finest specimens we have of Thoreau's thought and style. I think too that the reception of this doctrine nourished in him a sharp wit, which was doubtless innate, but which acquired, from this cause or another, a certain bitterness and fierceness. It will perhaps serve also to explain in part those eccentricities and caprices in his life which cost his friends so much anxiety, disappointment, and regret.

Still another indication of his Pantheistic sentiments might be found in his favorite books. These were the mythologies of all nations. We

are told by his friends that he preferred this kind of reading to any other, and that he had a very complete collection of it. He certainly quotes most frequently from this class of books. His special favorites seem to have been the Brahmin and Persian poets, who are exemplary Pantheists. Next to these he seems to have liked the Norse mythology, and indeed it is natural that its rugged boldness, and the terrific imagery of its fables, should have a powerful attraction for a mind like his. He also set a high value on the Koran.

The mention of this subject naturally introduces the last inquiry which we will make with regard to Thoreau's sentiments. That is, how was he affected towards Christianity? He must have included the Bible in his collection. In what light did he regard it? The answer is a painful one. As far as his writings or his friends have informed us on this subject, he looked upon Christianity as but one form of that universal religion, of which Buddhism is another, and read the Bible and the Veda with equal respect and reverence. It is certain that in quoting from the two he makes no distinction between them. Both are in his regard sacred books, both, in a sense, inspired, both essentially mythical, whenever they depart from maxims of practical morality. Too evidently the "Gospel of the Son of God" was to him only one of the myriad "broken lights" through which the Divine Splendor seeks our souls. Some may think that he even slights the Bible, giving a more frequent and deferential notice to those heathen sages and poets of whom I have spoken. But this is abundantly explained by that impatient originality which was so marked in his character, and which impelled him, by an almost irresistible force, away from all received opinions and modes of speech. It must be added, that there are passages to be found in his works which are fitted and apparently designed to distress and shock all sober and pious minds. Such passages appear to have been dictated by this same feeling which was so strong in him as to be reckless, and even savage at times, in its manifestations. It cannot be denied, however, that this is a sad record for a New England man to make; sad as well in its omissions, as in its positive revelations. Yet, in spite of all his waywardness of thought and speech, I cannot help thinking that this strong soul, in its secret oratory and devotions, venerated Christ. Perfect truth, modest and unostentatious goodness, heroic constancy and courage, these qualities command the reverence of such as Thoreau. There is a passage in the *Cape Cod* which in this connection is sadly significant and pathetic. "Let no one think that I do not love the old ministers. They were, probably, the best men of their generation, and they deserve that their biographies should fill the town his-

tories. If I could but hear the 'glad tidings' of which they tell, and which, perchance, they heard, I might write in a worthier strain than this."

It remains to gather up the results of our investigation, in a brief estimate of Thoreau's character and genius. His mind was one of unusual strength in all its parts. The "external intellect," as Upham calls it, was quick and clear; the imagination I have before said was even poetic in its qualities and products; the emotions, of beauty, sublimity and the like, were in him remarkably active and correct; his taste was of the finest; he had a ready and shrewd wit; his desires, and indeed his whole nature and life, were controlled by an imperious will. Some have thought him lacking in the affections, but those who knew him best say that the alleged proofs of this are rather specious than real, although the sterner qualities undoubtedly predominated in his nature. His knowledge was wide, well arranged, and serviceable; his memory was reliable and accurate; his perception of character was almost intuitive in its unerring truth. Add to these mental faculties his favorable circumstances, competence, leisure, good health, great power of language both in writing and conversation, and a magnetic influence upon all who approached him. Finally, he possessed a pure and lofty spirit, with ambition equal to its powers; cool and well-poised judgment; great discretion and skill in the use of means; patience, silence, and hope. What achievements had we not the right to expect from such a man? He has given us simply these books. They are much, but they are not enough; we are not satisfied; why have we not more? It is true that he died young, and that on this account we must be less severe in our requisitions and judgments, since none can say what he might have accomplished, how grandly he might have met and even surpassed our expectations, in those years upon which he counted and was deceived. But even the tender and indulgent friends, who urge this excuse most eagerly, yet acknowledge that Thoreau has disappointed them; that even these books are not so rich a bequest as their friend's genius should have made to the world. In one sense, then, he has achieved a magnificent and still increasing success. In another he has failed. If we seek the reason of this failure, we shall come, I think, to the conviction that there was something in his character, whether a natural defect or an injury received from external circumstances, which weakened him, often neutralized his great powers, and now has lost him a portion of his fame. If we seek further to know what this something was, has he not himself indicated it to us in the words which I quoted?

Echoes.*

I.

FLOATING down Time's archèd alleys,
Murm'ring music to the soul;
Flitting down life's hills and valleys,
Echo voices ceaseless roll.

Softly swelling like the knelling
Of the mellow chimes of convent bells,
Come the echoes sadly,
Come the echoes gladly,
And around us throw their magic spells.

Come they pealing, come they stealing
O'er the soul with strong, yet silent sweep.
Oft their strains come blandly,
Then their notes roll grandly,
Like the anthems of the mighty deep.

II.

Echoes from the vales of ages,
Rolling down with solemn chime;
Words of poets, heroes, sages,
Sweet, inspiring, grand, sublime.

Now we listen, lost, enchanted,
As we catch these strains endeared,
And our souls like houses haunted,
Oft are filled with voices weird.

III.

Echoes from the days of childhood,
From those bright, those happy hours,
When we roved the wearied wild-wood,
Sought and culled the first Spring flowers.

Come they chiming, richly rhyming,
Fairy tales of bright days long ago,
As they come so fleetly,
As they speak so sweetly,
Lo, the tear-drops welling freely flow.

* It has been remarked by one of the most distinguished philosophers of our day, that no atmospheric vibration ever becomes extinct; that the pulses of speech pass in waves away, but wander still, reflected hither and thither, through the regions of air eternally.

And they murmur, soul, be firmer
In thy strugglings for the good and right;
For as time has rolled on,
Thou hast seen thy golden
Prospects sink and fade in darkest night.

IV.

Other echoes, sweetly blending,
Float around this sin-cursed earth,
Down their courses they've been wending,
From the years that gave them birth,—
Had their birth when throngs of angels,
Hov'ring o'er Judea's hills,
Chaunted forth their sweet evangels,
Soft as notes of purling rills.

Mountains caught the words of glory,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Hill-tops taking up the story,
Sent the echo back again;
Wild winds, in their lawless courses,
Paused to catch the wondrous song;
Rivers bore it to their sources;
Forests rolled the tide along;

Wave to wave the song repeating,
Bore it onward in their mirth;
Lo, the storm-clouds gladly greeting,
Sent the echo back to earth.
Now these echoes still are swelling
In a thousand church-bell chimes;
In the hallelujahs welling
From a thousand varied climes.

V.

Musing in the hours of twilight,
Spirit echoes round us float,
Winging down through heaven's sky-light,
Lo, we catch their silvery note.

Softly, sweetly ringing,
Like a seraph singing,
Comes this echo from the far-off shore,
Like a spirit speaking;
Lo, we hear it waking,
Glowing strains like angel-voices pour.

'Tis a near one,—aye, a dear one,—
Speaking from the portals of the sky,
Calv'ry's story telling,
Praise and glory swelling
Unto God upon His throne most high.

VI.

And they've come, sepulchral, solemn,
Filling all our land with gloom,
From the tread of marching column,
From the cannon's sullen boom;
Every shot in every battle,
Every wounded soldier's sigh,
Every gurgling, low, death rattle;
Every starving pris'ner's cry,

Waked an echo, O, so cheerless,
Round some hallowed old hearth-stone,—
Sobblings for the brave and fearless,
For the suff'ring, dying—gone.
O'er our land this music surges,
Surges in a sad refrain;
In the low and doleful dirges,
Dirges for the noble slain.

Still forever, O, ye echoes,
Come to gladden and console;
Never shall ye, like the wreckers,
Place a false light for the soul.

C. C. C.

A General Grumble.

I do not pride myself, by any means, on communicating a novel idea, in saying that the influences of College life tend to roughen the manners of the students. But the explanation of the cause of this tendency to coarseness, seems to me insufficient. We are usually told that the reason for this student boisterousness is to be found, simply, in the absence of home influences. This is one cause, certainly. Such a gregarious life as we pass here, debarred, for the most part, from the society of women, or of older men, naturally brutalizes any body, more or less. But this evil, plainly, cannot be alleviated. Few students can come to College, and still live at home, and few persons choose to move to the City for the sake of surrounding their sons by home influences while here. If the lack of home influences, then, was the sole origin of the tendency to rude manners which exists in a Collegiate course, there would be, manifestly, little hope for future amendment. We could comfort ourselves, perhaps, by remem-

bering, that old saw so consolatory to some people, "Boys will be boys;" meaning, of course, that they will be brutes, but could hope for little improvement farther.

I think, however, that there are other influences which effect the refinement of manners, and which may be brought to bear upon the College. A person's culture and refinement is molded by his material surroundings. The place where we live, the table at which we eat, the room in which we study, tends to make us boorish or gentlemanly, in the same way as the company of our associates. Dr. Holmes, in speaking of the acquisition of a taste for reading, alludes to the same idea. He says that unless a boy grows up with the run of a good library, and uses books for his play-things, he will not be apt to care for them in after life. So any one who lives surrounded by articles of taste and elegance, will become, by their silent influence, cultivated and tasteful. And this result is more than an external one. It produces something deeper than mere formal politeness, and a punctilious attention to etiquette. Beauty in any form affects our higher nature; and he who surrounds himself by whatever harmonizes with his æsthetic tastes, matures and cultivates his heart.

I want to suggest a few evils, here at College, which might be and which ought to be improved. In the first place, the care taken of College rooms is insufficient. We all can recall a sad experience with the sweeps. There is that ghostly visitor, who skulks into your bedroom with stealthy step, at an unearthly hour in the morning, and with a hideous sense of some dreadful presence, and perchance the sound of slops spilling upon the floor, awakens you from dreams "gorgeous as a revery of the Orient." If there were bathing arrangements in the College rooms, as good as are found in any decent dwelling house, we could dispense with the "pluvial constellation." The first recitations over, and all settled comfortably at work for the next, in comes the sweep. The Syrian Simoon is not always fatal, and it is sometimes possible to sleep in the berth of an Erie Canal Boat, but the beds which the sweep makes, like Macbeth, murder sleep, and the dust which he raises is, chemically speaking, "utterly irrespirable." And his sins of omission are more flagrant. Fires go out on every opportunity, of course. A very select few of us indulge in the luxury of an open wood Franklin stove, and, unquestionably, are to be highly envied. But most students burn coal; and did any one ever know a coal fire to kindle the first time? The old newspaper which we placed at the bottom, converts itself into carbon without combustion, while the coal remains without a thought of ignition. There is

no help for it. It must all come out, and it must be picked out. Your hand must grow black, like a charcoal vender, and your arm, or the sleeve on it, must scour the soot off the inside of the "cursed stove." How much cheaper and safer and infinitely more healthy would it be, were the College buildings uniformly heated by hot air or steam or warm water.

I think too, that the use of a Kerosene Lamp has a slightly objectionable feature or two. The chances, I should say, are about two to one, that you forget about filling it at all, till a sudden paling of the light in the middle of the evening warns you that your lamp is empty; and in that contingency, the chances are at least ten to one against there being any oil in your Can. Has any one ever filled his lamp without spilling oil on the outside? Was any wick ever trimmed evenly, on the first trial? Did any one ever keep a chimney clean two days, or unbroken two weeks? In short, did any body ever consider a Kerosene Lamp anything but a dirty nuisance? If the Colleges were only lighted by gas, this source of extreme annoyance and uncleanness would be removed.

By the time one's fire is built, and lamp put in order, and boots blacked, his hands become somewhat soiled. The combination of Anthracite, Charcoal, Petroleum, and Day & Martin, is not easily soluble in cold water and soap. Nor is the temper of the dirty wretch who has arrived at this condition, improved by having to lug a meager allowance of water up several flights of stairs, in the accomplishment of which feat of strength he probably sprinkles his ankles at every step. How simple a matter would be the introduction of hot and cold water over the College buildings. Even prisons have as much as that.

Some of these inconveniences, it is true, may be obviated by employing a private sweep. But they are, by no means, immaculate. Most of us who indulge in that debateable luxury have discovered, that even on these roses there are thorns. These private sweeps are a singular class of men, in their way, and are well worth careful study. But I am only alluding to evils which it is in the power of the College government to mitigate, and so let us come back to our subject.

The manner in which most of the public rooms are fitted up, is barbarous. I suppose that any idea of an approach to the elegance of Oxford, or Cambridge, is utopian, at present; but I have never seen any school-rooms, in any preparatory public schools in this country, so ugly as are the Yale recitation rooms. Seats of coarse plank, and white-washed walls, as lusterless and glaring and sickly looking, as

the wards of a hospital, constitute their main features. In rare instances, plain matting is spread upon the floor, in place of bare boards. There is nothing attractive about one of these rooms; everything is uncomfortable, tasteless, angular, irritating. It is physical torture to sit on the seats. Look at the Chapel. What building could be arranged with more disregard of good taste? And the seats there too, are outrageous. It is an old complaint, and I know it is useless to bring up the subject again. But is there no hope ever of any change? Is the Class of 2866 to sit on seats which we, even in these remote ages, would have been ashamed to offer to a friend? It is not so much the bodily discomfort, however. Students are young, and can sit on a board, if necessary, for a quarter of their waking hours. But what renders sitting on such seats so annoying, is the old idea they represent, of the virtue of uncomfortable and ugly things. It is a relic of the same theory which used to have College recitations before daylight, and which modeled the architecture of the old College buildings. The remains of asceticism are with us yet.

The external appearance of the College buildings, too, is unique. The old row of dormitories have an antiquity about them, which makes them venerable. No loyal Yalensian can fail to feel an affection for the dirty old barracks. What memories of light-hearted jollity and manly endeavor, of sickening failures and brave success, cluster round the place. But there is no denying the patent fact, that the design of these old buildings is simply and utterly detestable. Age is all that makes them respectable. But we have a right to find fault with the architecture of the modern College edifices. They are to be the pattern of many more soon to be built, and unless more unity is maintained in their style in future, the College architecture will be piebald and ridiculous. It is too early to pronounce an opinion upon the Art Building, which is now going up; but it manifestly will be totally different in style from anything else about the College. The presumption in this case is against a change. Architectural unity in general is desirable in the College buildings. But it is only fair to wait till its completion before we criticise it. Of the Library, however, there can be no difference of opinion. While, considered by itself, it is certainly a very beautiful building, it is, plainly, in extremely bad taste with the rest of the College. Minarets and turrets and gingerbread embellishments, do not accord with the genius of Yale. The architecture of Yale should be like its character; strong, durable, imposing. Yale is no Gothic College, and it wants no Gothic buildings.

In this respect, indeed, too much praise cannot be given to the style

of Alumni Hall. It is in perfect keeping with the character of the College. But even here there must be some blemish. What are those splendid towers finished with wood-work, for? Will the College last only a few years more? If there is any idea, which as Yale men we ought to cherish, it is the perpetuity of the College in the future. This is no mushroom College. It is to live. So long as the Republic lasts, Yale is to lead the national education. It will die only with the Nation, when—

“Rome in Tiber melts,
And the wide arch of Empire falls.”

Let Yale architecture, then, accord with her destiny, and provide for the future, as well as for to-day.

Does any “gentle reader,” at this point, wonder at the connection between a College sweep and Alumni Hall, and of either, with gentlemanly habits? I started, you know, with the idea that a person, surrounded by external manifestations of beauty, would naturally grow more refined, and, consequently, more gentlemanly. What is cleanliness, but a form of beauty? Nor is it an unimportant cause of refinement. What makes farmers always coarse, as a class? Is there any reason, except that they are generally dirty? Their hands are hard and dry and dirt begrimed, they become unused to clean clothes, and, consequently, in the society of a gentleman, they are ill at ease. I do not say, that there is anything positively evil in not having polished manners. But, certainly, it is extremely desirable, in every point of view. The division of mankind, which some one has wittily made, into those who use a tooth-brush, and those who don’t, covers a subtle thought. True civilization cultivates an attention to all little points of personal refinement, and true barbarism does not.

There can be little doubt, if the intention of the Art School is carried out, but that it will exercise a marked influence upon the taste and refinement of the College. Let Professorships be endowed with salaries large enough to command the services, as instructors, of the leading living artists. Make the school so affluent in opportunities for the study of all branches of Art, that it will call together, here at Yale, all the Art Students of the country. The influence of such an Institution, upon the rest of College, will be incalculable. A Class, as it goes through its appointed course, will grow in taste, as in knowledge, and will look back upon the College, after they enter upon their world-work, as that which made them gentlemanly, as well as erudite.

G. C. H.

Melton.

A BRIGHT New England village is the scene,
With mighty elm trees gracefully bending down
Over the pleasant streets which run between,
While all around, covered with deeper green,
The distant mountains on them darkly frown.

Within a pleasant little cottage dwelt
Our hero, Melton, all alone.
He watched the flowered vines which timidly felt
Their way above his door, and heard the tone
Of bees and birds, where brightest sunbeams shone.

But men he knew not, and he loved them not.
He never took in his a friendly hand,
Nor could he understand
What made old faces ever be unforgot.
His very soul was blank, his life a blot.

Yet he had tried to love, and sympathy sought,
And he had helped the needy, as he strove
To gain repayment for the succor brought,
In gratitude, at least, akin to love;
But when men turned to him, a dark cloud seemed to move

Before him, and a wizard, shuddering fear
Possessed their minds, and ever a strange host
Of fancied sounds would strike upon the ear,
Whene'er to them he spoke. Almost,
While yet on earth he lived, Melton was a ghost.

And next he tried the sympathy of hate.
He injured men, and loved the curse he drew
Upon him; but his dismal fate
Mocked his desire. No one ever knew
That cold, hard man could aught against him do.

Then, in his passionate wish for fellowship,
He wished to greet the spirits of the dead,
Or friendly answer to a demon's grip.
All human happiness from him had fled,
And his despair knew neither hope nor dread.

All alone, by a dismal pool,
Where the water slept stagnant year after year,
Through pleasant mid-summer and merry Yule,
Stood the haunted house, a place of fear;

And if at night you should wander near,
You would see ghastly faces peer through the doors,
And at you gorgon eyes would leer,
And terrible shapes glide over the moors.

Hither Melton bent his way,
And the winds sighed low as he walked along,
And the swaying trees breathed a mournful song,
While the moon through the clouds sent a feeble light,
A single struggling ray,
Which darker seemed to make the night,
And farther yet the day.

He entered in at the open door,
And braved his eyes for a fearful sight;
But the old house the robe of a palace wore,
And its walls were golden bright,
While o'er the richly carpeted floor
There wandered forms of light,
Fairy dames with necks of snow,
Laughingly dancing, move along.
Stalwart men about him go
Thrice around, now fast, now slow,
Greeting him with song.

* S O N G .

"Welcome, brother! welcome here,
We shall see thee as thou art,
We shall still to thee grow dear,
Heart be closer knit to heart.

"Welcome, brother! welcome here,
As we are to thee we seem;
We shall still to thee grow dear,
Life be more and more a dream.

"Others think thee cold and hard,
We will know thee kind and true;
Be our friendship thy reward,
As we dance the long night through.

"Others think us fearful things,
Ogres, Ghouls and Goblins grim;
Fate to us an outcast brings,
As we are to thee we seem."

The forms were gone. He wandered forth again
Gayly returning each succeeding night,
Where dance and song, "fair women and brave men,"
And lamps, from gilded ceiling glowing bright,
Filled the old house with infinite delight.

Yet ere he left the mystic spirit crew,
When the first morning-glow began,
He vowed "in friendly grasp no more to take
The hand of fellow man."

"If thou shalt break this fearful vow,"
The spirit chieftain said,
"Thou shalt forever be abhorred
By living and by dead;

"If thou shalt e'er to other give
That love due us from thee,
Our haunting forms around thy bed
Will monsters seem to be."

One day more fiercely swayed the neighboring trees.
With mighty force against its battered walls
A hurricane swept over from the seas.
The dark old mansion totters, shrinks and falls.

Thence are the wizard shapes forever fled,
But Melton sadly wanders, night by night,
Gazing upon the ruins dead,
Which were, before, to him the source of all delight.

Yet he had felt the new delights of love,—
Delights that he *must* and *will* feel again;
The breaking of the vow he then must prove;
He turns him back to men.

Fierce loves he forms and friendships passionate;
Terribly earnest is the life he leads.
Why should he care for spirits' empty hate,
In a world of hopes and deeds?

Alas! the shadows thicken round his path;
Dread, haunting faces pass before his eye;
He cannot thus escape the spirits' wrath;
He can but die.

The Prospects of Art in this Country.

WHEN Copley, the first of American painters, if we waive our claim to West, was journeying to Rome, he is said to have made this remark to his companion, "If they go on in America for a hundred years to come as they have for a hundred and fifty years past, they will have an independent government, the woods will be cleared, and, lying in the same latitude, they will have the same climate, as in the south of France. Art will then be encouraged, and great artists will arise.

So far as the "independent government" and the "woods" are concerned, we see the fulfillment of his prophecy; but the climate is still perverse, and, though less than a dozen of years are wanting to complete his century of progress, we have as yet seen neither the flourishing state of art or the "great artists" which the enthusiastic imagination of the prophetic artist foreshadowed. On the contrary, we in turn have become prophets, and when some Church or Chapman has portrayed to us the mingled mist and majesty of a thundering Niagara, or caught the fleeting vision of some poet's fancy; or when from lips of fashioned marble, some Powers or Crawford has whispered one of nature's darkest secrets, we too are apt to "take up our parable," and grow eloquent over the "age of art, beauty and artistic genius," which shall blossom in the future.

But let us not too hastily adopt a conclusion whose premises may, after all, be drawn from fancy rather than fact. In canvassing the prospects of art in this country, our only safe method of procedure is, to take the facts which our own history has afforded, the peculiar climate and characteristics which belong to us as a nation, together with the common principles of human character, and testing these by the history of other countries, and especially those in which art has flourished, we may thus be enabled to foresee, in some measure at least, the progress which awaits it with us.

Whence, then, arises in man the love of the beautiful and artistic? What internal principle or external cause gave impulse to Grecian sculpture, to Gothic architecture, or to Italian painting? Do the same or similar principles exist here, in our day? Are there causes

peculiar to us, which tend to check the working of similar principles? And are the efforts which have recently been put forth for the encouragement of art, to be taken as proofs of a growing interest and appreciation of the fine arts in general? All these are points which it would be interesting to dwell upon, but which I shall not here attempt to answer in detail.

There can be no doubt but that the demand for works of art, and a disposition to encourage artists, is increasing among us. This might well be expected. It does not, however, necessarily prove any new development of artistic taste, or the popularization of true art. It would naturally spring from the increase of wealth and luxury in civilized society, so far as this fact can be shown to be a token of future prosperity of the fine arts. I agree with those who prophesy a brighter career in the future for them. But it is one thing to buy pictures, and another to appreciate and patronize art. It may be easy to found schools of design, and to educate painters, sculptors, and architects, but it may be far more difficult to rear true artists.

Art is a power, not a trade; its vitality is a principle, not an idea. It cannot therefore be instilled, it must be inborn and native. "Art," says Mr. Wallace, "is in its nature symbolical, not imitative." The remark is true, when applied to it in its highest conception, and might have been applied to painting, sculpture, or architecture, in the palmiest days of their history. But Wallace himself is forced to allow that it is not true of the arts as they now exist in their "old age and decrepitude." We may more justly, therefore, say, that art is either "symbolical" or "imitative." It is only as "symbolical" that art is able to take its highest position in society. Such has ever been its character in those countries where it has attained its highest dignity. In virtue of this character, by embodying and shadowing forth the inwrought principles of nature, or the great ideas which filled and moved the public mind, art has, in other days and countries, risen to the most exalted rank.

Thus we find that in its native countries art has always nestled by the side of religion. Religion, the strongest as well as the deepest principle of the human heart, has been the oak around which the tender vine of art has climbed to highest significance. We see this in Italy, where we find painting springing up, and borne forward on the same wave of human progress which deepened religious sentiment and feeling, which dignified priesthood and established monastic orders, and which clothed religion with significant forms and symbolical draperies, peculiar to the church of the middle ages.

The highest aim of architecture has likewise been manifested in the attempt to shadow forth the "majesty and mystery of the Godhead," in the magnificent and Gothic cathedral. So, too, the pantheistic Greek, in his sculptured demi-god or hero, saw enshrined not merely an image of nature, or the embodiment of a natural principle, but "an object of pious interest and pleasurable worship."

I have, thus far, apparently wandered from my subject, in order to pave the way for the assertion, that among us art can never rise to its pristine dignity and influence, even if it may not have culminated in its perfection and splendor. America is not the field, nor are we the people, nor will the future be an age, for such a school of art as Italy and Greece have furnished. Religion, with us, has divorced itself from the material. The tree has outgrown the vine which encircled it, and in its progress has torn it up from the roots.

Mrs. Stone unconsciously gives the reason, when she says that our Puritan fathers divested "natural" as well as "revealed religion of all those softening poetries and tender draperies, which forms, ceremonies, and rituals, in other ages and parts of Christendom had thrown around them."

But it was not wholly the work of Puritanism; Luther and Calvin had already made many a goodly rent in the veil, which they have wholly torn away. Religion now soars only in spiritual regions, while art in its highest flights can only skirt along the borders. Men no longer worship nature, or their fellow-men. In the head of a Madonna we see, not the image of an object of adoration, but only the shadow of a pure and kindred humanity. We admire the art which could steal upon nature unawares, and catch her great and most secret expression, but we are always mindful that it is only nature; hence we admire, but do not adore. In this fact we discover the total lack of a principle, without which Raphael or Michael Angelo never could have become immortal. Perhaps the greatest conception of art is "The Judgment," of Michael Angelo. To us that seems a masterly expression of an almost superhuman imagination; but to him it must have been the shadow of a possible reality.

But there have been many who have thought that art among us needs only to become historic to become popular; I cannot fully, however, accede even to this view. Americans, as a race, are not hero-worshippers. We are not prone, like the ancient Greeks or the modern Frenchmen, to run mad with enthusiasm after heroes of brilliant achievements or grand adventures. Not even the name of our peerless WASHINGTON can sweep away our mental outworks by an inward gush

of feeling; and even in historic painting itself, the "Muse of Art" must be in some measure cramped and hindered from her highest flights.

But it seems to me that the chord which is destined to awake the Americans to a just appreciation of art, and to call forth whatever of artistic genius lies sleeping among us, has already been touched. The spirituality of our religion has narrowed "the cycle of subjects in the School of Christian Art." Our enthusiasm is restrained from hero-worship by the strong mentality which is dominant in our character. But our love of country is still strong, and furnishes a clew by which art may yet find passage to our hearts. We have learned to appreciate it for what it is, and what it possesses. We appreciate it for the magnificence of its unrivaled scenery. We are proud of its noble rivers, its magnificent mountain ranges, its mighty cataracts. We love its placid lakes, its murmuring rivulets, its quiet valleys, and its happy homes. It is through the landscape, then, as I conceive, that painting is to be revived among Americans. Art, as "symbolical," we may not appreciate, but as "imitative" it must remain.

There are, however, some few practical difficulties in the way of art in this country. The first is want of concentration of wealth. This is incident to a new country, and especially to one which is free. High art requires munificent patrons, both to safely undertake to establish numerous and large collections of art, or even to encourage it by extensive patronage. The only means remaining for such encouragement, is in public institutions of learning, and endowments for establishing "Schools of Design" and Public Galleries of Art. And we are glad to know that the few already established have shown practical results which foreshadow better prospects for art in the future.

J. U. T.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

On Wednesday evening, October 18th, the following officers were chosen by the Linonian Society:—

President—E. A. CASWELL.

Vice President—J. BRAND.

Secretary—F. M. SPRAGUE.

Vice Secretary—D. MCGREGOR.

Jubilee Committee.

Brothers in Unity.

1866—J. K. CREEVEY, T. A. LORD.

1867—J. M. ALLEN, T. HEDGE.

1868—G. MANIERRE, T. C. SLOANE.

1869—A. L. BROWN, A. H. EWING.

Linonia.

E. B. BENNETT, W. W. FARNAM.

L. L. PALMER, G. A. ADER.

S. PARRY, R. L. READE.

J. C. ENO, W. S. BISSELL.

Yale Literary Prize Essay.

The undersigned Committee, think the Essays on "Thoreau" and "Napoleon's Life of Cæsar," entitled to the Yale Literary Medal.

NOAH PORTER,
CYRUS NORTHROP,
HAMILTON COLE.

YALE, November 4th, 1865.

The accompanying envelopes contained the names of CHARLES H. ADAMS and LOVELL HALL respectively. To them, accordingly, the Medal is awarded.

Temperance Society.

A large and enthusiastic temperance meeting, of Yale Students, of all Classes, was held in Linonian Hall, on the evening of October 30th, for the organization of a *Yale Temperance Society*. Professor NORTHROP was present, and addressed the meeting in a telling speech. After short speeches by members of the different Classes, the pledge was presented, and received about 150 signatures. A permanent organization was formed, and the following gentlemen were chosen as officers:—

President—JAMES BRAND, of the Senior Class.

Vice President—JAMES T. MERRIAM, of the Junior Class.

Secretary—JOHN M. CHAPIN, of the Sophomore Class.

Treasurer—Z. S. MARTIN, of the Freshman Class.

Base Ball.

As Base Ball is peculiarly our national game, we are extremely glad to see it exciting attention among our Students. The facilities for boating, afforded by good boats and the proximity of New Haven harbor, have, for the past three or four years, been so excellent that the Students have almost entirely neglected this truly delightful game. But now, there seems to be a general enthusiasm in favor of it springing up throughout our principal Colleges, and the Yale Students, having achieved at Worcester such distinguished successes, are now earnestly aspiring, and with some prospect of success, to win for their College new laurels in a new field. A game was played at Hamilton Park, on Wednesday afternoon, November 1st, between the Yale and Waterbury Clubs, resulting in a victory for Yale with a score of 35 to 30. It is just to say that our chosen nine have had very little practice together, and the absence of our regular pitcher rendered us yet more weak. The material in our Club is good, and we venture to predict for it eminent future success. The score is as follows:—

<i>Yale Nine.</i>	<i>H. L.</i>	<i>R.</i>	<i>Waterbury Nine.</i>	<i>H. L.</i>	<i>R.</i>
Edwards, p.	3	4	Terry, p.	2	5
Reeve, c.	4	4	Commerford, s. s.	3	4
Newell, c. f.	3	5	Greenman, c.	3	2
Taintor, 1st b.	4	3	Baldwin, 1st b.	5	2
Jewell, 2d b.	2	4	Foster, 2d b.	2	4
Condit, s. s.	4	2	McCarty, l. f.	3	3
Brown, l. f.	3	3	Cate, r. f.	5	1
McLane, 3d b.	1	6	Adams, c. f.	2	4
Sheffield, r. f.	3	4	White, 3d b.	2	5
	<u>27</u>	<u>35</u>		<u>27</u>	<u>30</u>

<i>Innings.</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale Club,	12	6	0	1	1	2	3	10	0
Waterbury Club,	2	3	8	3	0	0	7	1	6

Home Runs—Yale 1, Sheffield; Waterbury 0.
Fly Catches—Yale 12, missed 4; Waterbury 14, missed 9.
Passed Balls—Yale, 3; Waterbury, 7.
Umpire—S. M. Knevals, of Quinnipiac Club.
Scorers—Yale, H. T. Rogers; Waterbury, Frank J. Ellis.

The return match between the Waterbury and Yale College Base Ball Clubs, was played on the grounds of the former, Wednesday, October 8th. No comment besides the score need be added, to show the complete victory of Yale. After the game was concluded, a generous entertainment was provided, of which the Yale Nine and their friends were invited to partake. It is but just to say that the deportment of the Waterbury Nine, throughout the entire game, was gentlemanly and courteous. It is hoped that at some future time their generous hospitality may be requited. The score is as follows:—

YALE NINE.					WATERBURY NINE.				
	H. L.		Runs.				H. L.		Runs.
l. f. Brown,	1		1		7	p. Terry,	4		3
3d b. McLane,	4		4		5	s. s. Commerford,	3		3
2d b. Jewell,	4		4		6	r. f. Cate,	1		4
c. Reeve,	2		2		7	l. f. Thompson,	3		3
r. f. Sheffield,	2		2		6	c. Greenman,	4		3
s. s. Condit,	3		3		5	1st b. Baldwin,	4		3
p. Coffin,	2		2		7	c. f. McCarty,	3		4
c. f. Newell,	5		5		5	2d b. Foster,	3		3
1st b. Edwards,	4		4		4	3d b. White,	2		4
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	6	19	2	9	4	2	7	0	3—52
Waterbury,	1	5	3	0	1	6	3	8	3—30

The "Bacon Cup" Races.

The long-talked-of Races for the "Bacon Cups," occurred on Wednesday afternoon, October 25th. The Cups offered were for Shells, Gigs and Wherries, subject to the Regulations published in the last LIT. Mr. HERRICK, Captain of Glyuna, officiated as Commodore, the latter gentleman pulling the Stroke on "the University." We give below the names of the crews, and their respective times.

SHELLS.

Varuna.	University.
G. P. Davis, (Stroke,)	Com. E. B. Bennett, (Stroke,)
B. Vincent,	A. D. Bissell,
W. E. Wheeler,	I. Pierson,
I. C. Hall,	J. R. Holmes,
J. Coffin,	S. Parry,
C. F. Brown, (Bow.)	G. A. Adee, (Bow.)
Time—Varuna, 19.14.	University, 19.48½.

GIGS.

Glyuna.	Undine.
L. L. Palmer, (Stroke,)	D. C. Haskell, (Stroke,)
G. W. Bingham,	T. Skeels,
F. S. Thompson,	P. H. Grove,
H. W. Walker,	J. K. Beeson,
T. McKinlay,	G. D. Coit,
A. C. Walworth, (Bow.)	J. T. Whittlesey, (Bow.)
Time—Glyuna, 19.52.	Undine, 20.55.

For Wherries there were entered boats by G. A. Adee and C. F. Brown. Mr. Adee was the winner. Time not taken.

The day was all that could be expected, in consideration of the blustering weather of the previous week. There was, however, a considerable swell in the harbor, which materially affected the time of the boats.

The contest for the "Shell Cup," was the most exciting. Both crews got well under way at the given signal, but an ugly "crab," caught by Varuna, gave a decided lead to the University. The lost ground was soon regained, however, and Varuna came in an easy winner, in 19.14. The Glyuna Gig also won handsomely, in 19.52. The Wherry Race was something of a failure, and we trust will be repeated with more enthusiasm.

Thus ended one of the pleasantest Races of the Yale Navy, which will long be remembered as due to the liberality of one who has done so much to bring out the boating spirit in our College.

College Songs.

We are advised that the "Wooden Spoon Song" and Lanciers—the latter arranged from College Songs, by Helmsmüller—will be out in a few days. The ready commendation which these pieces of music have received from all critical musicians, together with the wishes of many "Yalensians," constrained their publication. Their intrinsic merit must secure their popularity.

Lecture.

On Friday evening, November 10th, Rev. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT delivered to the students of Yale College his interesting Lecture on "France and her Emperor."

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class of Yale College, of which HENRY SAUNDERS TIMMERMAN was a member, held on the evening of October 28th, 1865, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from life our esteemed and beloved classmate, HENRY SAUNDERS TIMMERMAN, therefore

Resolved, That in his death a great calamity has befallen his classmates, and that in him we have to mourn the loss of one whose character was replete with every Christian virtue, whose amiability had gained for him our esteem and love, and whose rare talents destined him, had he lived, to a life of honor and usefulness.

Resolved, That in token of our profound sorrow, a Committee of his classmates be delegated to attend his funeral, and that a badge of mourning be worn by the Class for thirty days.

In behalf of the Class.

JOHN M. CHAPIN, BENJAMIN M. WILSON, RUSSELL W. AYRES, LE BARON B. COLT, ROBERT A. HUME,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
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Editor's Table.

Again we find ourselves seated around the jolly old Table, with the task before us of writing something that will suit the taste of our readers. While the spirit is willing, the flesh is so weak, that we cannot always accomplish what we wish. We beg of you to look for no such brilliant poetical effusions as you found in the last Table of the Lit. Our Melpomene has never yet dared such lofty flights. Her pinion is more humble. But genius "will out." Like the winds of Æolus, it rages to burst the prison bars, that it may wander free and unrestrained in lofty courses. Its eagle gaze is bent upon the turmoil and strife below, where it searches out the thread of human destiny. It bends its ear to catch the sweet music of the murmuring brook, the plaintive rustling of the autumn leaf, and the solemn strains of old ocean, while it hears from on high the grander music of the spheres. From such sources as this the Muse of poetry draws her inspiration. She is too sacred for our touch. We behold her with reverence and awe, while her pure presence forbids a near approach. Adieu, Melpomene.

What shall we say of our College world. Everything seems quiet, except of course now and then a patriotic Sophomore. His development is surprising, amounting sometimes to suspension. According to the common course of College life, he, keeping in high spirits, makes noise enough for an ordinary life-time. This is to be expected. But how is it with the Freshmen. They are now fully initiated into College customs, and are quite at home in the enjoyment of life at Yale. With them the race is just begun. Many an aspirant already dreams of the Wooden Spoon, and other Class honors; while he clutches, in imagination, the prize of his ambition. This is all well enough, if he does not squander his time and opportunities, in seeking for honors. Listen a moment to the calm and honest review, which we hear so often repeated by graduates. They tell you that many have left College disappointed, not only in their foolish ambition, but also in the progress they have made. Society matters, or more properly, perhaps, College politics, have stolen away their time, the most precious of all things, and at last they experience the bitter reproofs of conscience. Here is one great evil to which you are exposed. Every Class before you have experienced it. Guided by their experience, avoid it. Then you will be more successful, and can look back upon your course with greater pleasure than you otherwise could. Now for the Juniors. Yours is an easy path, from which you can find time to stray, and pluck the choicest flowers. They bloom on every hand, inviting you to gather them as they pass. Yes, we have seen them, full of beauty and of splendor. The Seniors, however, have few moments left from study and dignified labor. This term, we have been permitted to behold the wonderful mysteries of Nature. Chemistry has unfolded to us great natural truths, and presented to us phenomenon, vast and interesting. The scales have fallen from our eyes, as we have witnessed the complete metamorphosis of matter by chemical reaction. These transcendent and beautiful transformations, so long un-

known to the human mind, are alone sufficient to inspire every honest lover of Nature. Toil on, gentlemen, and it will be yours to see, with your own eyes, what we cannot undertake to show you. We assure you that your labor will not be in vain. Then again, the Seniors give extemporaneous discussions on moral philosophy, which are truly novel and interesting. Correct morals are just what all of us ought to have. Now, as a general rule, the Seniors are moral. What a blessing it would be if moral philosophy came in Sophomore year!

The Jubilee is close at hand, when we anticipate a rare treat of fun and wit. Let no pecunia be spared to make it a complete success. The Committee are a jolly set. If the Freshmen will only treat them well, they will witness a *rare* exhibition.

The back seats will be reserved for delegations from abroad. The Sergeant-at-arms will, without respect to age or color, eject all those who bear carnal weapons for the purpose of self-defense. All attempts at laughter will be carefully noticed by the monitors. The actors will be fined for exciting the emotions of the audience. These regulations certainly speak well of the Committee.

It will not do to close without giving the Muffins at least a passing notice. Since our Dictionary fails to give the meaning of this word as we use it, it may be well to add that its most recent use is simply ball players. This name, becoming more and more famous, is destined to take its place not only in our language, but in our history, with its present signification. Although some of the Muffins are not "tempestivus," as Horace has it, yet their feats beggar all description. Many have already covered themselves with earthly distinction, and then risen to higher posts of honor. Those gigantic strides especially on the home run, and the skillful spiral evolutions of the fielder, must eclipse the Greek at his Olympics. All these ought to be seen by one who would appreciate them. "*Clamabit enim Pulchre! bene! recte!*" Certainly it can be said of them that familiarity does not breed contempt. The heroes of Virgil, whose contests and triumphs are so exciting, are thrown into the back-ground, while in front stands a row of lusty Muffins, among whom Rotundus, Procerus, and Pupus, least, but not last, are especially notable. With the hope that the genial presence of those who first made the number nine immortal, will attend you, we wish you success.

Kind reader, we have already wearied your patience. We again bid you farewell reminding you to support the LIT., and to spare us in your criticism. Then, as far as we are concerned, will you have a clean record.

"Joy, joy forever, my task is done."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Several articles lie in the "drawer," awaiting our next publication. The size of the present "No." has prevented their earlier appearance in its columns.

[illegible]

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. DECEMBER, 1865. No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

HAMILTON COLE, CHAS. M. SOUTHGATE,
GEORGE C. HOLT, L. CLIFFORD WADE,
HENRY O. WHITNEY.

Wearry Feet.

THE weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad, last, gray hairs;
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
And Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them, beyond to-morrow.

You remember wondering at Horace's "Philosopher and good Cobbler?" I found him the other day. My work was hardly done, when I went in to his little shop, and I waited awhile, watching him. The old man

sat with his wax and leather,
And lapstone over his knee,

his bare pate gleaming in the scanty light, with a trimming of soft, white hair all around. His few words were strangely thoughtful, and his face had a sort of far-off expression, that set me dreaming on my stool.

I looked at the stout sole he had put to my boots, and thought how many a mile I must walk before those wear through; how weary my feet will grow so many a time. I looked at the pile that awaited his restoring care; how many, many weary feet they told of. Each one

had its own story. What little romp has scampered about all day in these wee shoes, and could scarce pull them off at night, " 'cause I's so tired ! " Mother's care and housewife's labor gape from the holes of that slim gaiter. Rough paths and sharp rocks tore these ; endless toil of pickaxe and spade ; in gravel, and mud, and snow ; how many a heartless task they stood under before the tough leather gave out !

As if to fix my random thought, a laboring man came in with weary feet to rest awhile. With his crony on the bench he fell a-talking, till it seemed I rarely heard a sadder strain. ' It is endless toil, from dawn till dark ; and all the comfort left a poor man is a good night's sleep, to rest him a bit before another day of work ; to weary, to rest and to worry. But in these winter nights frost makes a cold bed-fellow. Oh, it's better to be resting clear down in the earth, where cold can't reach, for the flower-roots keep warm and living, and there's no more getting up to work, work, work. '

I could not wonder he saw little in such a life to make it worth the toilsome having. I see long lines of men and women in the cold twilight shrinking along to work, and sometimes follow them after early lamp-light to homes whose best happiness is enough to eat, whose sympathy is hopeless despair. Every where this life—no ; being, seems, like all foundations, crowded down into the earth ; do they rise higher ? others fall into their place.

For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.

Yet I know not if theirs are the weariest feet. We envy men who rule by gold or power, more yet those whose learning or eloquence reaches down to control the life of nations. We place such on mountain-tops, and strain our eyes up to them, thinking how near they are to God. We cannot know how cold it is up there, nor see that the gorgeous clouds that settle so gently around them, are but chill, driving mists, that hide all beauty, as they sweep by. Do their feet never weary ? Can they ever rest ! They never climb so high as not to see an utmost yet beyond.

But yet it is not work that tires most. Though one look forward, along a path ever rough and steep, till it disappears at a sudden brink, with nothing beyond but a dead, gray mist, unanswering, unfathomable, can he fairly envy him who lolls on the edge, twirling his thumbs and dangling his legs over eternity, till he slips in, but leaves no trace ? Better wear out, than rot out.

And, oh, the weariest feet are those that wander at random, finding no road to walk therein ; seeing no light, but blindly groping in doubt ;

hardly dragging through sloughs of despond, to be torn by thorns, tripped by roots, and bruised against rough-barked trees. These are the restless feet; weary unto death. It's body, and mind, and soul, such travel wears out. These sad ones stray across our path at every turn, though we see them only as idle good-for-nothings, as careless jokers, as reckless revellers, or gloomy misanthropes. If we could catch a glimpse of the soul-life, could know the heart-hunger that gnaws eternally within, we must shudder, rather than sneer. It comes over us now and then, when we know of swollen corpses floating down smooth currents, or dragged from soft river-beds wrapped about with oozy, green slime. "Unaccountable suicides!"

It may come nearer home.

And where's the help? Have all our civilization, and learning, and metaphysics, done any thing to lift the despair? Was it any worse four thousand years ago? Will it be any better four thousand years to come?

So my walk was haunted, and weary in body and soul, I climbed to my quiet room. Twilight, that I love so dearly, wrapped its arms about me, and hid me from all the world. My heart strayed back to that "dearest spot on earth." I knew it would be so; she was sitting there, as I most wished, and touched caressingly "the beautiful, cold keys." First, "Untrue!" Those rich, low notes told the miller's story, without need of words. 'His love was false, and the little ring she gave him snapped in twain; he grieves so sadly: his should be a homeless life, seeking no joy; no, it were better to die now, then he and the mill-wheel shall both have rest.' The rush of the stream and roll of the wheel, which have carried along the tale, grow slower and fainter over the keys, till it dies out, you know not when. That brings it all back! Do we not well to die when life loses its beauty and strength?

My heart can welcome now those sad chords that throb like slow-tongued bells; the roll, too, of muffled drums: wild despair, passionate joy, intense relief startle, they so mingle and blend. If this Funeral March tells what Chopin read in death, who wonders he died in a madhouse?

But she leads me out of this dark mood with that stirring, subduing Sonata Pathetique. Clinging to every passing note, longing for each next strain, I feel it all, till through the Adagio Cantabile, I could almost cry, I am so weak.

Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought.

She opens a song written just for weary hearts,—Flee as a bird to your mountain. Its strong contralto notes of warning and entreaty, and the soul that speaks in the voice teach a new thought. She leads still, and I follow, now taking up the moan of that lonely, weary man, “O that I knew where I might find Him!” and twined around it comes the answer, every note full of love and trust, telling the spirit before you catch the words, “If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall surely ever find Me.”

And now, as I catch sight of that grandest Oratorio of all, the walls stretch back; far away as I can see, one huge orchestra and chorus, and, risen from the dead, that unapproachable leader, whose very glance was inspiration. At his motion they begin. It is all fresh; its suffering, its promise, its joy; tender solos and ringing choruses, all leading up to that mighty Hallelujah Chorus, “And He shall reign forever and ever, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.” Mounting higher and higher, it lifts all with its rising ecstasy, proclaiming the worship of the universe.

In that supreme burst, the Holy Grail comes to me as to weary knights of old. I bow before it humbly, joyfully, and arise strong and trustful.

C. M. S.

Song.

GRANDLY the ocean surges
And breaks upon the shore,
In deep and mournful dirges,
In loud, exultant roar.
A flash upon the billows,
A jewel in the spray,
With luster evanescent,
Our hopes shall pass away;
But still the grand old ocean
Swells out in melody;
Still flash his waves in motion,
His jewels upward fly.

So, when the hopes held dearest,
That filled our lives with light,
That shone upon them clearest,
Have left the splendor night,
New, brighter hopes we'll gather,
New jewels will we wear,

With bright, fantastic sparkles,
As vanishing as fair.
As dear old father ocean
Swells out in melody,
While glistening in its motion,
He sends the spray on high.

But yet more bright and golden,
With sunshine more ablaze,
Seem joys and pleasures olden,
The hopes of bygone days.
So here to-night together
In genial friendship met,
We'll greet the days departed,
Then part without regret.
And while old ocean surges
And breaks upon the shore,
New friends and hopes we'll gather
For those we loved of yore.

R. B. S.

King Arthur.

THAT the tale of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table is worthy of uncommon attention, may be inferred from the fact that it has been the theme of nearly all our best English, and even some foreign poets, no less than from that other fact,—and one which reviewers seem to delight to refer to and make the most of,—that Milton once intended to have given it to us in a grand epic.

Until a few centuries ago, it appears to have been universally believed that most of these stories of Arthur were true; but as early as the fifteenth century certainly, doubts arose, which have been so well founded, that many have denied his real existence, and such assertions as that of Mr. Owen are adopted to account for the tales of the old poets, romancers, and pseudo-historians. He says:—"The Arthur (of the romances) is the Great Bear, as the name literally implies; and perhaps this constellation, being so near the pole, and visibly describing a circle in a small space, is the origin of the famous Round Table." Certainly it is a curious fact, that that constellation is also called Arthur's Wain. But most, and certainly the best, critics and antiquarians, agree in considering him a prince reigning in the South of Wales and the neighboring counties of England, during the

earlier part of the sixth century. Little more than this do they agree upon.

As, however, even this is disputed, it may not be inopportune to sketch here a few of the arguments in favor of this belief, which almost every candid reader of the tales themselves will find himself possessed of. First, there are many places that, bearing the king's name, are also connected with him by *local* traditions, independent of all written accounts of him. A mound in Westmoreland, called Arthur's Round Table, Arthur's Seat—a cliff near Edinburgh,—a fortress, on the shore of Cornwall, and at present standing in the water, and many cairns and mounds in that county are of this class. Secondly, there is a great improbability that the writings that celebrate his name, could all be baseless fabrications, especially those pretending to the character of veritable history. Thirdly, there are many isolated facts related, that agree with what are known to be the truth. For example, the rough monuments that render Stonehenge famous, are said still to show evidence of arts, that must have been learned from the Romans; and we know by history that the Romans had occupied this part of England, and when they withdrew, many Britons crossed the channel with them, and established themselves by conquest, in a land to which they gave the name of Little Britain, or Britany. But those monuments are reported to have been placed over the remains of Britons massacred by Hengist, a Saxon invader of the fifth century, while Layamon says of Arthur's successor, that "his folk brought him to Stonehenge, and laid him by his dear ancestors;" and Arthur himself is continually found fighting in Britany or in intercourse with the Romans. These instances of coincidence of real history and the accounts we have of the British King are numberless.

On the other hand, the chief argument against Arthur's existence, is derived from the silence of some of the early writers of England, and particularly of Bede. Yet that silence seems to be satisfactorily explained by the fact, that Arthur was a Briton, and belonged to the conquered race, and that, therefore, he was naturally very little thought of by those historical writers who sprang up among the Saxon victors, and who lived centuries later than these forgotten events, yet somewhat before the story of Arthur, preserved in the traditions and annals of his Welsh countrymen, was introduced into England to become an important part of her popular history and heroic legends.

Let us now briefly sum up what is known of his life, if we take for granted his existence and nothing more. Arthur, a prince of the Silures, a people of South Wales, Cornwall, and Devonshire, becoming king, probably at an early age, soon after the end of the fifth century, by his success in war, checked for a time the advance of the Saxons, and fell at last by treason, the end of his life embittered by his queen's unfaithfulness. Probably the chieftains about him, by their warlike achievements, which tradition did not lessen, gave rise to the first of the marvellous tales which the old romances tell of Arthur and his knights, whom he excelled in character and prowess, and who rendered notorious his court, whether at Cærlleon or Camelot. Hardly more than this does Ritson seem to believe or record in his "Life of King Arthur," and, indeed, there is little more for which there is any plausible argument.

But if we now turn from the Arthur of truth to the Arthur of romance,—from the real to the ideal,—we find ourselves entering a realm of fiction wonderful for its beauty and diversity,—we begin a series of tales, such as poets delight to renew, and antiquarians love to discuss,—which are remarkably complete and numerous. For the old romancers, and even before them the unreliable historians, have given us an Arthur, who though in *being* the same king of the Silures, is yet in his deeds and character an ideal, almost as truly as Lancelot or Galahad, who are probably mere fictions. The chief writings on this subject are, beside the romances, a series of free translations from a Welsh original, as is generally supposed, though Warton calls it "fabulous." Craik thus speaks of them :—"First, a Welsh original, believed now to be lost; secondly, the Latin of Geoffrey, of Monmouth; thirdly, the French of Wace; fourthly, the English of Layamon. The Celtic or British version is of unknown date; the Latin is of earlier, the French of the later half of the twelfth century, and Layamon would appear to have been completed in the first years of the thirteenth." With these we also have the Mabinogion, the Welsh Triads, and various ballads, metrical chronicles, and romances, while (according to Warton) Nennius, living about three centuries before Geoffrey of Monmouth, gave nearly the same story. But by far the most popular and (so far as the interest of the story goes) meritorious of all writings about Arthur and his Knights, is the last of the old romances—the "La Mort D'Arthure" of Sir Thomas Malory, which was compiled about the year 1470, and printed by the noted Caxton. Bulfinch has recently given us a volume, of which the first part is a not very judicious series of selections from it, while the last part is

Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the Mabinogion. Whoever desires a full knowledge of the Arthurian tales will read Malory, and those who wish a short sketch of the truth and fictions related of the king, will find a good article on the subject in the Harvard Magazine, (Vol. I,) which, however, displays too strong a belief in the statements of Gerald Barry, with regard to the discovery of the tomb and remains of Arthur and his Queen. It is, therefore, intended to give here, in a sketch of these stories, no more than is necessary for the explanation of a few considerations based upon them.

Arthur was taken from his parents, Uther Pendragon and "the fair Igrayne," and in his childhood was placed, by the advice of Merlin, under the kind and watchful instruction of the "good Knight, Sir Ector." His foster brothers, as well as himself, were kept in ignorance of his greater nobility, and he was known only as Sir Ector's son. Some, however, have given him the character of foundling, and say that he was found on the shore of the lake where, in later times, he obtained his sword. This sort of tales was very popular among the northern nations and abounds in their poetry and legends. On his father's death there was great doubt concerning who should be king, and on one occasion the Archbishop prayed for a miraculous sign. Immediately before the door of the church was found a sword imbedded in a large stone. No one could draw it till one day Arthur, searching for a weapon for his foster-brother, seeing it by chance drew it out, whereupon his real parentage was disclosed, and he was made king, in accordance with the inscription on the stone, "*Who so pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvile, is rightwise king borne of England.*" He also received another and more famous sword Excalibur or Caliburn, from the Lady of the Lake, for when he had lost his own, Merlin pointed out to him where

———"an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword,"

and Arthur "rowed across and took it, and wore it, like a king." He did wonders of valor, slew many giants, and defeated the Saxons in twelve battles, of which the last and greatest was at Badon mount, at or near Bath, where he is reported by Nennius to have killed nine hundred and forty men with his own hand.* He then wedded Guen-

* In the neighborhood of Bath there are still remains of ancient fortifications.

evere, at Camelot, and established the Round Table, and soon commenced the conquests by which all civilized Europe was brought under his empire. The Queen, in the midst of this, by her guilty love for Lancelot made the King attack that famous knight, with whom, on the first discovery of her guilt, she was supposed to have taken refuge, and a war arising from this was transferred into Brittany by the departure of Lancelot to that country. Arthur, about to follow him, committed his kingdom to Modred, who, in his absence, seized the Queen and attempted to hold the kingdom, or, as Layamon says more simply, Modred seduced the Queen, and then took up arms against the King. Arthur returning, fought with the traitor, (who had procured aid from the Saxon Childeric,) first near the shore, then at Winchester, and thirdly at Camlan, or Camelford. This battle, brought on by an accident, he entered knowing his fate, and fell by his nephew's hand, mortally wounded, while Modred was killed outright. The numbers engaged in this battle are given at two hundred thousand, and only one knight survived to bear the king to the ship that awaited to bring him to the island of Avalon, where he should heal him of his wound. The descriptions of this event, as given by Malory and Tennyson, are almost if not quite unsurpassed by anything else of the kind. Of the death of Arthur the most varying reports prevailed. Some said he was not dead, but should come again, as Merlin prophesied; others, that he died, and was carried away so that his tomb was never found; and some assert that he was buried in Glastonbury, which, says Girald Barry, (Giraldus Cambrensis,) "was anciently called the Isle of Avalon; for the whole island, as it were, is beset with marshes." This author records the discovery of the tomb containing the remains of the king and queen, in the reign of Henry the Second, and he says he saw the inscription, which was on a leaden cross inserted into the coffin. This inscription is given in a variety of ways; the most common is,—"*Hic jacet Arturus rex quondam, et rex futurus;*" and another beautiful one is given by Ritson,— "*Hic jacet Arturus, flos regum, gloria regni,*

Quem mores probitas commendant laude perenni."

The Triads mention Guinevere as "bad when little, worse when great," and her history is another Helen's, in beauty, in falseness, and the misfortunes brought thereby on all about her. The orthography of her name is peculiarly variable. We find Gwenhuyvar, Gwenhuyfar, in Welsh; Wenneria, Guanhumara, in Latin; in Layamon, Wenhaver; elsewhere, Genievre, Geneura, and almost a score of other ways, while we have in modern times the same name, Winifred.

In this connection, it may be interesting to mention the places where the king held his court. These were chiefly three,—Cærlleon, Camelot, and Carlisle. Of the former, the “Brut” says that it was first called Kair-Uske, from the river on which it stood; then, from its occupation by the Roman Second Legion, Kaer-legion, (hence it is often mentioned as the city of Legions, for Kair, Kaer-Caer, means city,) and later, together with various Latin names, it is called Kair-liun, and usually, at the present time, Caerleon. Although a place of this name remains, the city of Cardiff is supposed to be the one referred to. Camelot, said by some to retain the name, Camel, is thought by a few to be Winchester, but the former is more probable, and extensive “entrenchments of an ancient town or station are still seen,” near it. Carlisle is, perhaps, the same as a place still bearing that name, near the boundaries of Scotland.

Although Guenevere may have been a real person, and the crime that made hers “ever a name of scorn,” was a fact, yet Lancelot was wholly a myth, and the “Brut” seems really truthful, in making Modred her paramour. Yet Lancelot is a fascinating character, and any one who reads the story of his deeds, cannot fail to admire him. His is “the firmer seat, the truer lance,” and he has a desperate and dashing bravery, and, in many respects, a noble nature, but all marred by sin. He is the ideal of the purely chivalric writers, Galahad, of the romances of Crusade chivalry, and Arthur, of both the early Britons, and, with some modifications, of later times.

Merlin was a mighty magician, who guarded and assisted both Uther and his son. He lived to a great age, and was destroyed by Vivien, during Arthur’s reign. He originated the Round Table, and built Stonehenge, and, according to the story, commenced to build the place that certainly bears the name to this day, Caermarthen. Merd-hin, or Merlin, is also given as the name of an old poet, whose works are asserted to have been written in Welsh, about the time which the romances assign to him. His prophecies, his might, and his worldly wisdom, were held in great repute. From the Brut we have, “whilom was a sage hight Merlin; he said with words,—his sayings were sooth,—that an Arthur should yet come to help the English, (*or Britons.*)”

Galahad, the son of Lancelot and Elaine, is the embodiment of purity, and his story is worthy of a more full relation than Tennyson has given, although that is unsurpassed, and after him no lesser writer should touch it, if he have any regard for his own reputation. Gawaine is another famous knight, and although his character is disputed

in various authors, he is in the main true and brave. Many other less famous knights there are,

“All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.”

Malory gives us, at a distance from Arthur's court, a parallel tale of the king of Cornwall, his subject. Marke, indeed, is not much like the “blameless king,” except in position, but Tristram and Isoude are a reproduction of Lancelot and Guinevere, both in merits and faults, save that there is no story of their repentance. It seems as if they had been invented by the romancers, to please their readers merely, and the story was imitated from Arthur and his Queen, because, being like theirs, it might share their popularity, or, perhaps, the similarity was unintentionally produced by some one who was full of the older tale, and having been strongly impressed by it, naturally wrote like it as most unpractised authors would do. The influence of the Crusades is shown, in the story of Tristram, more intimately, if not more extensively, than in those relating strictly to Arthur, by the introduction of names which had become familiar through those great expeditions, and by extending the field of the king's conquests all over Europe. Thus Arthur is found marching to Rome, and in a certain battle, “many lords and knights of Lomberdy and Sarasins were left dead on the field,” and we find *Alexandry, Affrike, Milan, Tuskaine*, mentioned by a pleasant anachronism of only a few centuries, as places from whence came soldiers to fight with Britons, in the neighborhood of Rome.

Yet the wildest and most monotonous romances are interesting. Some of us have heard that the Monkish legends were once the *novels* of Europe; these, also, at another time, were even more properly the novels of Chivalry, and there can be no difficulty in seeing how they could have had a great and fascinating interest. Both the romances, and, still more, the old ballads, like to bring in Arthur's name, as if it were an additional attraction. Some curious instances are to be found, where he is hardly mentioned, except in the title, as in the ballad called “*The noble atchievements of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table*.” The ballads give always a somewhat original story, and those in Mr. Child's first volume are worth reading, on that account.

Throughout the whole range of these stories it is so easy to convert them into allegory, that one can sometimes almost believe that such was their intention. There is often in Malory's book, a moralizing vein, that is very closely allied to it. Tennyson's “Idylls” may be

interpreted as such, with very little difficulty ; in fact, they can hardly be read without appearing to have that character underlying the story, just as if he unintentionally allowed it to creep into his verse, as it had been present in his mind ; and the same seems frequently true of other writings on the King and his Knights.

As was previously said, Arthur now belongs almost entirely to the heroic legends of England. His existence was already practically unreal, before the romances and poems celebrated him. Some one has said that a novel should not be written on historic incidents, within half a century of their occurrence, and they often wait longer for a poem. Homer did not write his Iliad until Troy had become an unremembered, though storied city of the past. May it not also be, that no great epic can be expected until the great events of a nation's life have faded from the ordinary thoughts of men, and the poet can have the opportunity of renewing them ? If so, the abundance of printed histories is unfavorable to epics, and as few poets will choose other than a national topic for them, America will have long to wait.

K. C. S.

Our Choir.

Do you call this music ?—*Common Saying.*

READER, were you ever the leader of a church choir ? If you never were, let me, while grasping your hand, congratulate you with much warmth and not a little envy. If you *have* fallen so low, let us take one another by the arm and repair to some lonely grotto, there to discuss our mutual griefs. Secure from interruption, we may there uncork our vials of wrath. Let no one smile while perusing these lines. Let no unseemly levity be manifested, as the black funeral procession of my wrongs passes before the eyes of the "college-world." But let all carefully observe, and then walk away, excited with mingled feelings of wonder and alarm at the extraordinary spectacle which has been witnessed.

You will notice that I am frank. Ah ! there is no use in trying to dissemble. I *am* a chorister. I do not make this humiliating confession in order that I may bring the minions of charity-dispensers about my ears ; but that, by honorably assuming my dishonor, my narrative may gain credence.

Eighteen months ago, I was a merry, happy elf. The sun seemed brighter to me then than it has of late, the stars twinkled more energetically, the birds sang more constantly. Nothing disturbed my Freshmanic peace.

"O, days of my childhood,
I'm dreaming of you now!"

Oh, why should the goblin of ambition have crossed my path? Why did a Nemesis hasten to pursue me? I cannot imagine. But, nevertheless, at about this time, a desire to become a "leader," did take possession of my soul. To accomplish this desire, I lent my best energies, (that's the phrase, isn't it?) I toiled, I struggled, I conquered,—and was victorious only to find myself victimized.

How distinctly I remember the first Sunday at ——— Church. There was the organ. Directly in front thereof was the choir, an unpaid one, of course. Nothing short of an earthquake, a comet, or similar portent could induce some of the city churches to pay their singers. Scattered over the benches and chairs, many hymn and tune books appeared. A dozen men and women, of sedate aspect, eyed the new-comer askance. But hark! The bell has stopped, and the organist begins his work. With soft and mournful cadence the Prayer from the Overture to Fra Diavolo, issues from the throats of the many pipes. So far all is well. Soon the first hymn is read and sung. *Sung?* No, really it is too bad to joke upon a serious subject. Let us rather say, moaned. The second hymn is treated in a like scandalous manner, and the third. The organist is disappointed, but not discouraged. "We haven't had a rehearsal yet, you know." Thenceforward rehearsals are regularly held, and thenceforward no improvement is seen. Every Saturday night, as you pursue your unattended homeward walk,—oblige me by personating the chorister for a moment,—you are fain to pour forth upon the innocent zephyrs many emphatic expressions of dissatisfaction with the whole establishment. "The choir will not, cannot, sing. The tenors are weak, the basses false, the altos tremulous, the sopranos harsh." It is also too plainly evident that Miss Smith "flats."

In general, the musical part of the Sunday service is performed without any hisses being heard from below, but there is, after all, extensive room for improvement. How well you remember that Sabbath morning, a month or two ago! The moaners all had colds. So, apparently, had the organ; for, besides being wretchedly out of tune, the bellows creaked, and, in your imagination, every hinge and valve

sent forth discordant shrieks. As the voluntary commences, every individual is "off the pitch," and Miss Smith is decidedly "flat." As the voluntary proceeds, a *crescendo* passage occurs, and stop after stop is pulled out, till the church rings with the peal of the full organ. But lo! the supply of "wind" ceases. A dying away from all that noise to a profound stillness! Twelve blushes above, and three hundred frowns below! A rapid journey is taken by yourself to the innermost penetralia behind the organ, where the genius of that locality is found puffing and perspiring most pitifully, with shame and anger depicted upon every feature of his diminutive, red face. A few words of hasty "advice," and you return to your post. So the weeks pass on. Occasionally a fearful struggle arises between the Misses Smith and Jones, both wishing to sing this or that solo. Sometimes the tenors are absent, and sometimes the sopranos. Every once in a while the minister confounds the choir, by giving out an unusual metre. The gas frequently refuses to burn, and Miss Smith *invariably* flats.

Suppose now that you think it barely possible that that same bad habit of that same soprano may be wholly or at least in part broken up. Fired by a laudable desire of benefitting both her own self and the whole choir and congregation, you gingerly offer her a very gentle admonition. "Miss Smith, ah, won't you please to try to take that B flat a little higher this afternoon?" A pause, by all; a look of withering indignation, by her; ditto of abject humility, by you; ditto of towering scorn, by Miss S.'s particular friend, out there among the tenors. You hasten to explain, but only confuse matters, and the young lady, in a highly choleric mood, declares her intention of leaving the choir forthwith and forever. You express your astonishment. So does she. You command. She smiles. You entreat. She assumes a stony mien. You try strategy, and in a dark whisper tell her how much better she sings than any of the others. No use. You change your tactics, and laugh. "How you did frighten me,—I really thought that you were in earnest!" She goes into a fit of hysterics, and departs, sternly followed by the infatuated tenor. The thunder-stricken remnant gaze vacantly after the resolute pair, while you are seized with an uncontrollable desire of creeping into the very tiniest flageolet pipe. Ah! isn't it a perilous thing to laugh at an incensed female?

Then comes the general and final collapse. Miss Smith is popular; she is a "darling" with the young folks, an "exemplary sister" with the old. Her influence is great. Her vocally-inclined suitor is a

shining star in the congregation. *His* influence is great. There are a thousand and one powers working against your not very enormous weight. The minister "likes your playing, but decidedly objects to your sleeping during sermon time." The deacons dislike your operatic selections. The ladies dislike your selections which are not operatic. The youths curse you for being proud. The girls sneer at you for being humble. The sexton has quarreled with you once or twice. The artist at the bellows hates you. Therefore it is not surprising if you are shortly called before the conclave, and ignominiously dismissed.

And then, after the last service is over, and after the postlude is terminated, you lean forward, it may be, upon the manuals which have resounded so often to your touch. Your hands *will* wander over the rows of ivory stops. There they are, all of them,—Hautboy, Trumpet, Cornet, Principal, Flute,—that is the stop that you broke a while ago, and mended with your own hands; see, the crack is still there. You peer through the well-thumbed Dulcimers and Shawms; "Anvern," "Dedham," "Pleyel's Hymn," and "Dennis" seem to chime through the gloomy church. You cannot help thinking of the good old sacred songs. And then, perhaps, you pencil "Vale, vale," right beneath the broken organ mirror, and lock the little door,—oh, how gently! And then, as you pass out of the sanctuary, and lose sight of the dear old organ, which, amid a host of faithless, has proved your one faithful friend, is it *very* odd if you drop a tear or two, as you go away;—is it?

C. S. E.

Immortality.

[ONE OF THE PALMER MARBLES.]

"SHE began to mark
The weary insect spin itself a tomb;
The swallows pluming for their southern flight;
The short day dropping into sudden night;—
All life seemed closed with death, all light with gloom.

When the first dawn flushed rosy in the skies,
Against the blackness of the dreary night,
It lit man's face with the same glorious light
Which the first thought of life brings to her eyes.

Day from the night, from the black earth the flowers;
The insect's resurrection from its tomb;
The bird's glad coming from its winter's home;
The sunshine following close upon the showers,

Have charmed away the sorrow and the strife.
A glad, deep joy shines softly in her eyes,
And close within her heart the sweet hope lies,
That death is but the shadow cast by life."

These verses have been quoted because they describe so well the sculptor's idea, that it seems as if they ought never to be separated from this, his most exquisite production. And now, without pretending to criticize, without attempting to do justice to its artistic merit, I would simply remark upon the power of suggestion, which, in my opinion, is the secret of its wonderful effect. And upon this principle, that words never give power to a thought. They interpret and convey it, but the fewer we use, the stronger it is. They are, in fact, a necessary evil. Hence any study of style should be more for a correction of wrong, than for an absolute addition of good. This is why a well-timed figure goes so far to impress an idea. It gives the author a share in the advantage that the sculptor has, and, in this case, so well improves.

We have, here, a chance to contrast the idea in words with that in marble. In words, it is—

"The weary insect spin itself a tomb;
The swallows pluming for their southern flight;
The short day dropping into sudden night;
All life seemed closed with death, all light with gloom."

And then, a glad, deep joy "in the hope that death is but the shadow cast by life." In marble, it is the passing and then passed sadness, the coming and settled joy of hope, and after all, the deep, abstracted meditation. The words tell all their story, and are silent; and yet it is not wholly words, but more the figure which the words create. The marble tells its story, and the eyes, I might say, hear, and yet cease not to listen; but still the story is the same. After all, the heart learns more from that gaze than the intellect understands, or the lips avail to tell. We can almost love the man who will stay with us, and look, and sympathize, without his tongue. If one asks where is the beauty, you may tell of the exquisite expression, of its truth to nature, and the like; but it is a sorry task, that cannot be half done, for the perfectness must be felt, and may not be told. It is drawn from this, that it does without words. So, when ideas would be con-

veyed most forcibly, let them be expressed in sympathy, not words. Let other thoughts suggest them, and the listening mind receive them with spontaneous activity. It may be that this flatters vanity, that the receiver gives himself credit for the idea. But it is as if one saw his own eyes, and not another's. Words satisfy the logic of the intellect; but if the whole man, with his capacity for love and sympathy, his robe of beauty, is to be aroused, suggestions, putting words to silence, are best fitted for the end. This is where the sculptor and the painter are strong. They need no words. But they must do more than copy; they must suggest. This is well illustrated in two pictures by Church. One is his "Heart of the Andes;" the other a little gem scarcely ever noticed, hardly deemed worthy the name of an effort.

One may study the "Heart of the Andes" to satiation, because it is a copy of nature, and a copy only. It is nature in miniature. It lacks that vastness which would make it sublime. All there is, the canvass holds. You may study it for hours and days, and all the time find new points; or you may study its general effect, till the imagination flies away over the seas; but you come to the end of the story, for it is all on the canvass. The beauty there is for the eye. The eye may become tired and sated.

The other picture is just the opposite. There is scarce any thing on the canvass, hardly more than a beautiful silvery star, "The Star of Bethlehem." And yet, I think that those few touches of a true artist's pencil, tell more sweetly and vividly than even inspired words, the glorious story of the Shepherds' watch by night, the wise men's journey from afar, the manger-cradle, and the world's salvation. Not that it is the idea alone, and that another could have painted it as well; but that the picture shows the artist in his highest sphere, expressing ideas too great for words, and telling beautifully, tales which words but mar in the telling. The "Heart of the Andes" I cannot help admiring; this I cannot help loving. Its story never seems to end, or else it never loses interest. It is, to compare great things to small, as if it satisfied a thirst, and yet left a thirst to be satisfied and enjoyed. It is so in a greater degree with the "Immortality." This principle is illustrated well, too, in Hawthorne's idea of Donatello's bust, unfinished, but suggesting the form advancing to the higher development of a soul.

Perhaps we should rather cite the whole of "The Marble Farm," as expressing the idea, for it is illustrated in literature as well as art;

in the multitude of figures which orators and authors, excepting, indeed, those who aim solely at logical sequence, are so fond of using ; but more, perhaps, in the fact that the most effective result is produced when the author carries us with him only so far as is necessary, and then leaves us to find the way for 'ourselves. In this lies the strength of Coleridge's "Christobel," if it have any. He leaves us just where we would be inclined to close the book, and submit ourselves to the curious influence which it produces. This is the professed aim,—something weird. Now if he had finished it, we should have his words ; but the continued conception would have been more the author's, than, as it is now, each individual's own. Its unfinished state is, I believe, an accident. But Shakespeare seems perfectly to have appreciated this advantage. One of his finest effects is Mercutio, and yet when the character has been definitely expressed, it disappears, and we may fill it up for ourselves, without the cumbrous medium of words. We place it almost on a level with Hamlet, and yet its aim is not nearly so high.

It is true, indeed, that we are often deeply interested in watching with what consummate skill an author will do away with the difficulty that words present ; but the passages that we impress on our memory, are the ones that are not all upon the page. The verse in the New Testament that tells how the Saviour stooped down and wrote with His finger in the sand, as though He heard not the accusers, seems to me to lay down the doctrine of the Incarnation more explicitly than even St. John or St. Paul, though they set about it directly. At such a place we can stop, and feel as well as believe. An author gains one of his greatest triumphs when he can throw down pen for a while, and draw his readers on by sympathy alone.

This is where lies the strength of poetry as opposed to prose. It annihilates words, by making music of them, and conveys ideas by arousing the sympathy till the mind acts, as it were, independently. And so when the author, the orator, the poet, and the artist, do without words, they speak longest, and sweetest, and loudest.

The man who has not studied the "Immortality," has a new admiration to know, a sweet, earnest story to hear, and another sympathy to be answered.

J. S. D.

Modern Languages at Yale.

WHY is it that so little time and opportunity are afforded for the study of the modern languages at Yale, and our other Colleges? Why are they not included in the regular course of study at these institutions? We have often pondered on this question; but as yet, we are unable to arrive at any satisfactory solution. It is now universally acknowledged that some acquaintance with one or more of the modern languages is essential to the completion of a young man's education, whatever is to be his future occupation. Yet here, in a place devoted solely to training the minds of young men, and fitting them for usefulness in after life, this department is almost wholly ignored. The mind of the student is directed to the study of the Latin and Greek languages. Mathematics and the various sciences all receive more or less attention. The languages in use at the present day seem to be the only branch that is neglected. We say neglected, since the short time granted to the study of them seems hardly better than none.

While here, we search into the writings of men who for centuries have lived only in those writings. We become acquainted with their modes of thought; we notice their peculiarities; we read of their deeds and their wisdom. Doubtless this is of great benefit. Yet the thought will occur to us that the opinions, the deeds, the writings of men who have lived during the past few centuries, whose tastes and feelings are more in sympathy with our own, have more influence in forming the characters of men of the present day, than have the works of those who existed two thousand years ago, and whose every language has passed out of use and is "numbered with the dead." If this be so, it would certainly be beneficial to be able to read modern books, in whatever language they may be written; to discover the changes and improvements which time has wrought in the ideas of men; to profit by the experience of different ages and nations; and, if nothing more, to compare modern and ancient systems of philosophy. If, then, we could in reality gain improvement from being conversant with the modern languages, why are not opportunities offered us for becoming so?

It is absurd to say that by means of translations one may learn all that is requisite. No one, who has carefully compared a translation of any work with the original, needs to be told how vast is the differ-

ence between them. All who have the ability will prefer to read a book in the language in which it is written. There are, in every language, idioms conveying peculiar shades of thought which can not be brought out in a translation. There are words in each to which none in any other exactly correspond. In short, to fully understand a work, one must peruse it in the original. Besides this, there are many very useful and valuable works which have never been translated into English.

But the being able to read books which would otherwise be sealed to us is not the only advantage which would accrue from an acquaintance with the modern languages. Many young men, at the conclusion of their college course, turn to Europe to pursue their studies in the older countries. The aspirant for honors in the medical profession, goes to Paris; Germany attracts those who are desirous of becoming what are technically called "scientific men;" while Italy has ever been the school of all who wish to perfect themselves in the fine arts. To all of these, an acquaintance with the language of the land they have chosen as their temporary home is necessary. True, it is easier to learn a language when in the country, surrounded by the natives, hearing no other spoken. But to the one who is studying abroad time is an important consideration, and if he has, when at home, studied the language, he gains the time he would otherwise be obliged to spend in its acquisition when abroad. Besides a language is more readily acquired at an early age, than at the time when one would be most likely to travel. And, moreover, with a *good* teacher, by which we mean a native of the land whose language one desires to learn, almost all the advantages are gained which would accrue from a residence in the country itself.

But there are many also who, before entering upon the more active duties of life, travel abroad for pleasure—to enjoy the scenery, and to gain some insight into foreign manners and customs. These would find it a great convenience, to say the least, were they able to read, speak and understand the languages of the lands through which they pass.

It has been our aim to show, in some slight degree, the importance of an acquaintance with the modern languages to a young man, at the time of his graduation from college. Let us now consider for a moment, the length of time devoted to the studies in this department at Yale. Out of a course of four years, only twelve weeks are allotted, during which instruction in them is furnished to the student. There would be about fifty recitations. In this time, one could not

more than acquire the first principles of a single language. We are told that "Rome was not built in a day." The experience of each one of us will show that six, eight or ten years are not considered too long a time in which to acquire the language of that once famous city. Nothing can be accomplished without sufficient time. And assuredly twelve weeks are not sufficient for obtaining a knowledge of any language.

If one has studied these tongues long and thoroughly while at school, he yet needs more than the allotted time to revive his former knowledge. Without constant practice as all will readily allow, the ability to read, write or speak in any language is soon lost, only to be regained after much study. Even one's native tongue, after long disuse, would seem strange and new. How much more then would this be the case with a foreign one! Hence, if one had studied at school, as thoroughly as possible, either French or German or both (we particularize these because they are now considered as the most important) the four years of the college course would amply suffice to obliterate much of what he had learned. He would have little opportunity for making any advancement in it, and at the end of that time, he would be obliged to recommence, almost at the very beginning. It may be supposed that a student can pursue his studies in this branch by himself. But a very little thought, it seems to us, will clearly show the falsity of this idea. Consider how little time there is, particularly during the first two years of our stay at this institution, which *ought* not to be devoted to the regular studies of the course, from day to day. And even that little time might be more profitably employed in the perusal of standard English works.

It is by no means our intention to advocate the teaching of the modern languages at our colleges, in preference to the ancient. That would be truly a Quixotic attempt. But it seems to us that the former are of more *practical* benefit to men in general than the latter; and as such, in consideration of the length of time devoted to the study of the latter, the former should receive some attention worthy the name. May the time come when they shall be included in the regular course of study at our Alma Mater.

W. B. B.

The First Ode of Anacreon.

I.

Si cupiam Atridas,
 Si Cadmum et laudare,
 Mox Barbitos cum chordis
 Amorem vult cantare.
 Testudinem jam totam
 Et nervos renovavi,
 Et carmina, nequidquam,
 De Hercule paravi.
 Valet vos, heroas
 Non fides mea canet,
 Sed dulcis amor sola
 Mihi lyraeque manet.

II.

Gin Cadmus an' Atrides
 I wad my harp sud sing o'
 Wae's me, for maids sae bonnie
 An' luve alaine 'twill ring o'.
 Sae tho' the thairms I've bracken
 An' put new i' their places;
 They sing o' nae auld heroes,
 But Annie's luve an' graces.
 Sae fare ye weel, ilk hero,
 The een an' smiles sae cannie
 Of maids I'se harp an' sing o',
 An' ma true luve to Annie.

Mother Goose.

WE have no hope of fathoming the whole depth of thought in the writings of this reverend old lady. There are, indeed, surface ideas, which are evident to any one, but this is not all. Her words offer as many changes as a drop of dew in the sunlight. From every point of view, you see new colors and new glories, but if you attempt to appropriate them for your own, or transfer them as gems to a setting, the form, and brilliancy, and substance are gone. Very carefully and reverentially must she be approached, who is but one phase of many

formed by Nature. And Nature, like poesy, is timid and hard to be won. She draws a veil of immobility before her, and you do not know that behind that cold, hard face there is love, and hate, and burning passion. Still she longs for recognition, and to those who see her as she is, like Numa, the Sabine, she speaks unutterable words, and gives ineffable bliss.

In the first place, I wish to be understood that I make no attempt at history or criticism of Mother Goose. The first would be futile; she is as old as the world, and as young as the children, her companions. For the second she is too grand and perfect. I will only repeat her words, and suggest some thoughts that she imparts to us.

In "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," many things have been well interpreted; but those interpretations are, of course, not the only possible ones, or even the best. They are in general the most evident. But the deeper you draw from the well of Nature, the colder and purer is the water. And the more far-fetched (so to speak) the meaning given, the more true and beautiful it will be. Even those poems which attract, but leave no evident and open meaning, are not studied in vain. Believe that there is meaning some where, and at length it will flash over you, clear and bright as the sun.

The book, I think, in one of its aspects, is like Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, a complete panorama of the education of man. There is malice in it, and sin, and ignorance; yet, withal, a strange, weird wisdom and super-human love beams from its pages, the nature of childhood, the higher nature of man. One noticeable thing is, that the effect produced on the mind by many of these songs, is different from that which would naturally follow the idea. Some sad occurrences incite to cheerfulness, some mirthful ones to grief. This can only be owing to some under-current of feeling, which often we cannot define, even when we are affected by it. But these melodies are really all things to all men. Every thing is prophecied by them, and the world moves in them, in course, like that of old Greek Mythology. We can cull a complete history of the universe from them. First, chaos is typified, as has often been noticed, by,—

"Hi, diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon."

This is the very carnival of unreasoning life and inanimate matter. Nothing can be predicted of the future. To-morrow the cat may

have forgotten her musical abilities and have taken to making shoes, the cow may have remained on the moon, and taught a colony of calves the art of printing, the dog will have sobered down into a country schoolmaster and, with the dish and spoon for pupils, will be teaching the higher mathematics. All things are now possible, for this is an age of chaos. Certainly humanity may not be admitted here. A little later things had improved. No longer did beasts and dishes usurp the promise of man, but still the laws of nature were not exact, else how could

"The man in the South
Have burnt his mouth
Eating cold plum porridge."

In this age, however, men and women were no romancers. Ballooning may be something, but who will realize the idea expressed in,

"There was an old woman went up in a basket
Seventy times as high as the moon
And what she did there I couldn't but ask it
For in her hand she carried a BROOM.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, says I
Whither, O whither, O whither so high
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky
And I'll be back again by and bye?"

Were such exploits reacted now-a-days, we should need a new code of witch laws; but they were all proper enough then, and not at all surprising. In fact there is no room for surprise in the whole book. Improbabilities must be implicitly believed or you will make but little headway.

After these ages—those of chaos and magic—comes one in which all things are yet a little *unfitted*, though the general laws of nature reign supreme. To this era belongs the song,

"There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they lived altogether in a little crooked house."

Imagine the misery of mankind in those days! Tact was yet to be created. Every one was rasping and grinding against the feelings of every one else. Time moves on. We become more definite. Behold the classical epoch.

" When good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king.
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding."

These were days of primal simplicity. The times were yet a little violent, nor were the rights of property fully understood. Yet these failings were more than compensated for, by the general good fellowship and the weakness of hereditary rank.

Society still progresses. The Queen feeds on dainties, still however in the kitchen, while the king counts his vast pile of ill-gotten wealth in the parlor. The court, however, could not have been very large as they keep but one servant in the palace. This is the mediæval age, in Mother Goose history.

Lastly comes the era of perfect civilization, of intelligence, of refinement and luxury.

" Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Imagine the bliss of his manly soul, as the foaming bowl stood near him, the smoke curled around him, and the strains of the soothing music fell on his ear.

" Every fiddler he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
There's none so rare,
As to compare
With King Cole's fiddlers three."

The instruments were good and the players masters. What more could be desired?

In these quotations I have followed a special line of thought, not the only one however, for they may be considered in a theological or scientific or purely literary light.

For instance the statement of Darwin, that the quantity of cats in the village increases the quantity of clover. For clover in order to thrive must be visited by humble bees, who scatter the pollen of the flowers. The mice destroy the combs and young of the bees, and are in turn destroyed by the cats. So the more cats, the fewer mice, the more bees, and the more red clover there will be. But how simply Mother Goose expresses this,

"The cat came fiddling out of the barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm.
Merrily grows the red clover,
Naught could she sing but hey diddle dee
The mouse has marred the humble bee
Sing ho, for the dances are over."

We have not time to consider more extracts. The book is an inexhaustible source of mirth and wisdom. I have sometimes wondered what very wise person could have so fully comprehended the minds and hearts of children, and whether this verse making was possible at the present day. I think however it is only to be found in those early days which produce epics, where simplicity and power of expression, go together.

Recitations.

We had learnt our first lesson.

Our destiny was determined—no longer visionary, it was embodied. Of that college, of which we had read and heard so much—whose existence, as a pedagogue, had assumed, in our imagination, dimensions akin to those of Gog and Magog—we were verily members incorporate.

Feelings exultant, thrilled us of greatness. Already we had despatched our budget of letters, announcing the important fact to friends and relatives. How glad mother will be, thought we, and Mary and Ella, &c.—some tears would trickle down our cheek. But the great bell rings out in the air and rings out our remaining tears. Away we scamper, nervous indeed, as if Yale, that body incorporated, like a Nelson, was calling upon each nerve to do its duty. Others we join on the way. The spinal cord stirs our being, our windpipe labors, our organ of a heart palpitates with a loudness that increases with pedals moving.

Up that old staircase so worn and homely we go ; mounting thereon the first round in the ladder of Fame, the round of Duty. We are

all strangers, with youth's guilelessness and simplicity; streaked is each countenance with a smile of sunlight and good feeling.

In the small recitation room of early memory, we are gathered. As *compagnons de voyage* we feel, embarked upon the sea of life in this little cabin, and good humor diffusive covers everything with appropriateness and respect; even the littleness of the room we regard not but as consistent with the greatness of Yale.

Our tutor, behind his desk, we consider a great man. He is, of figure, large, with an impressive German aspect; his head is towering with a clear, broad, projecting brow under which move earnest blue eyes; he has a nervousness of action as if from anxiety to do right; and when he speaks his tones are deep and guttural musically sent from the heart; our respect, if not love, he readily obtains.

As he calls upon one after another to recite, dread creeps over us. The greatness of Yale is embodied in the tutor; how shall we meet the requirements of so much greatness? We are in a pretty mess. Our mates about us become so many sentinels on the *qui vive*, ready to shoot any one, who does not answer, with inquisitive glances. With admiration akin to wonderment we watch each reciter. Rising in turn, the dread that has taken hold of us shakes us most pathetically—we tremble, murmur, collapse. The Rubicon is crossed, however, when we are done; no longer are we aliens, but naturalized citizens.

Left thus at liberty, Fancy, that playfellow of youth, leads our thoughts into all the nooks and crevices of the room—at hide and seek—exploring and picturing. Musingly we gaze. The imagination, even more daring, will create a picture gallery; it figures to itself those who, having gone through this room before us, have departed this life. There is a consciousness of their Manes hovering around us, and the thought will intrude that we are Freshmanes. *Requiescimus in pace.*

The four bare walls and three rows of benches soon acquire, in our eyes, a traditional sanctity when we remember that upon the seat on which we were sitting the great men of Yale rested ere they leapt into Fame. Readers! have you not after an abandonment to Fancy departed from the scene of your revels with an impress of development and pleasure of recollection and affection. Blame us not, if, in a similar mood, we left our first recitation.

In the succeeding recitations we are more at ease. Shyness no longer hinders us from fraternizing with our left and righthand neighbors; we whisper together, even exchange invitations. In

time when either is in the lurch in reciting, a word from us is sesame to his memory ; rarely must he "cave" in. All of this, of course, makes us the best of friends : perhaps, it is no exaggeration for me to say, many such friendships continue through our college course into the Hereafter ; if there is no similarity of tastes there is yet an association with time and place and word that serves as a bond of union.

When these friends have become familiar to us we have leisure to extend our range of acquaintances. Soon we find ourselves no longer with spine stiff and vertical, but chin upon hand and elbow poised upon the back of the bench, we are in a position, combined, of gravity with relaxation. In an insensible way, we scrutinize those about us ; we notice first their faces, endeavoring to calculate what sort of a fellow that one is—whether he will be a friend of ours—from whence he came—the amount of abilities he has, &c. Secondly, we notice their dress and habits, wherein we find much to interest, divert, or repel us. How often in Junior and Senior years, have we not turned and beheld a pair of eyes, in a like position, fixed upon us searching, criticizing.

In time we become aware that we are in a transition period ; that the chrysalis is changing into the butterfly ; that old fashioned and shabby clothes are exchanged for the latest styles, bouquets fresh from the greenhouse greet our gracious gaze. New clothes are followed by new habits ; instead of the calm blue eye we notice the one exposed, dull and hazy ; as Horace has it, the person—

——— stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem.

Seats are often vacant, and, by and by, as if conscience was relaxing its hold only gradually upon the old habit of rectitude, slips in the new habit of "skinning," or learning ones lesson during recitation.

A few words on the subject—1st. It is wrong from principle. When we enter College it is as well understood between us and the Faculty as between any two parties of honor, that we are to learn our lessons in the time set apart, or receive no mark and in the end be expelled. As a general thing students never act contrary to this understanding at the beginning of the course. By studying in recitation we act falsely to agreement, deceiving the Faculty, and principle rules us no longer.

2d. It is wrong as regards the end subjective. We come to college to discipline ourselves. Knowledge we can acquire outside. In "skinning" we wrong, 1st, ourselves, because we forego the discipline ; 2d, those related to us, who, send us here, support us

here to receive that discipline; besides they may expect to see us excelling men. How can we be such if we discard the means,—discipline.

3d. As regards the end objective. The Faculty, as a prize to our labor of studying out of recitation, gives us a “stand;” if then we obtain the prize in an underhand way we are dishonest, 1st, to the Faculty, 2d, to those who seek to obtain it honestly. Reader:

“This above all—to thine own self be true:

And it will follow as the night the day;

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

————— “Hic umerus alneus esto

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.”

When our acquaintance with our fellows becomes more intimate, we take a higher view of recitations. Exhibitions of manhood are there revealed to us. Then, as statues of Greatness, as statues of the Victor, do certain men become in our eyes, compelling the homage of respect. To see a reciter ready, calm, and self-poised; to know that this condition is the result of the power of the Will over the Passions, of Duty over Pleasure, arouses our noblest feelings. Grand to us is the result, for we know that the conflict was hard. We have at some time undertaken the conflict.—*we* yielded.

Nor is Self-denial without a bust for a niche in our memory. Candle lighted, pale-browed, vigorous with a soul-animated form, is the man for the soul's rewards. Side by side, different in station, yet how similar in character, is he who, discarding his companions, rejects the pleasures wealth might procure, to seek in regular recitations his happiness of mind. Ah, Reader! of the conflict we know nothing—of the toil we know nothing that is theirs who will Duty for Pleasure—we who sluggish, decrepit, grow old in a life of palsyng ease. Honor then the faithful reciter. And thou, faithful reciter, persevere. On the battle-ground of Truth art thou. Day by day are thou shattering the prejudice that has armored many against thy character. In the wrestle, principle will supplant prejudice, admiration succeed to scorn.

In this sketch I have endeavored to place before you some feelings of which we all are conscious; to show you why, in our four years' course, recitations are such a fruitful source of conversation among us; why, in the Hereafter they will be classical grounds whereon have occurred most of the circumstances which shall be to us recurrent and historical.

[At a meeting of the associated Sweeps of Yale, last Saturday afternoon, a member was chosen to defend that body against the rash and unprovoked assault in the last Lrr. He deposesh as follows:]

The Sweep's Defense.

Sine Pulvere non Palma.

I FIND a deep and widely-spread opinion
Which puts our guild beneath the public ban,—
A College-sweep is nothing but a minion,
A small-type man.

Now one of us, at least, is no dependent,
But of a noble stock and old and good;
Aquarius' star was high in the ascendant
Before the flood.

I brand as false that base insinuation
Which wise men smelt out, ere they came to warn us
That in Aquarius' sign the constellation
Is Capriocornus.

If old Aquarius Divus heard of this,—
And if he reads Astronomies, he'll know it,—
Wouldn't he vow he wouldn't fill the place,—
Wouldn't he go it?

What madness strange those editors has hit,
That they all flap their wings and chirp and twitter?
Their business is to manage the YALE Lrr.,
Mine the Yale litter.

My honest heart could never have mistrusted
That folks would be so insolently free,
That when they found their sofas were not dusted,
They'd sit on me.

Of malice none am I the guilty hider;
My kindness bides the universal ebb;
I would not harm the cruel, sinning spider,
Nor yet his web.

Know that a sweep has other obligations
Than to remove a little paltry dust;
The great affairs of waiting states and nations
Are in his trust.

Shall he, where embryo men are fashioned
To shape the destinies of all mankind,
Give up the speech on politics impassioned,—
Neglect the mind?

Was not his eagle-eye the first to scan
The dawning policy of confiscation?
Did he not take from each disloyal man
Coal in vacation?

None of those traitors who live uncondemned,
Whom hesitating lenity enlarges,
Could meet, though all things else they've safely stemmed,
His sweeping charges.

The blatant, unrepentant South he'd strew
With ashes thick, before you'd scarce begin it;
He'd fix that hot-bed of secession so
None could live in it.

Young gentlemen, when you complain the sweep
Takes absolutely no dirt from your room,
One sad and mournful fact you overleap;—
He swallows some.

Think, when his open mouth in counsel sounds,
Whole clouds of madly driving dust rush in't;
Then next to dress his painful inner wounds,
He swallows lint.

Helmsmüller's dust-choked lungs and throat
Excite the sympathy of New York beauty;
Have sons of Yale no tears for suffering got
In doing duty?

Our case looked hard; a strike was then proposed
For higher pay—we put it off for one day;
As one of us, on principle, opposed
Striking on Sunday.

Endow for us some new professorship;
Before our eyes set some bright expectation,
For always better far than spur or whip
Is emulation.

If they could make a Doctor Musculus,
To keep his talents great from rusting,
Why can't they choose a new D. D. from us,
Doctor of Dusting?

One with his jingling keys and hurrying mind,
Sweeps organ-boards,—for other boards sweep we;
The difference, still, is not at all in kind,
But in degree.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Base Ball.

THERE has been plenty of playing through the rich fall weather, and many quiet matches. First, the "MUFFINS" of '66 perpetrated one between nines of the two divisions. Sadly for history, the score is lost; but when darkness put an end to the game during the last half of the seventh innings, the glorious old second counted about sixty runs to some twenty of the first.

'66 has played three matches with the Scientifics, losing the first and winning the others. Dates; Saturdays November 11th, 18th, and 25th.

A week after, Dec. 2d, the first division of '66 beat the second, 25 to 20.

Mathematical Prizes.

The DeForest Senior Mathematical Prize has been awarded to Eugene Kingman. The 1st Junior Mathematical Prize has been divided between H. T. Eddy and J. M. Spencer; the 2d given to L. T. Brown.

The Beethoven Concert

Was given on Monday evening, Dec. 4th, in Music Hall. We give the

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Praise of the Soldier, - - - - - BOIELDIEU
Greeting Glee, - - - - -

GLEE CLUB.

Toast, - - - - - ZOLLNER
Piano Duett,—Ojos Criollos, - - - - - GOTTSCHALK
Pro Poco a me—Solo—Lucia, - - - - - DONIZETTI
Lauriger, - - - - -

GLEE CLUB.

Robin Ruff,—Duett, - - - - -
Spoon Song, - - - - - OTTO

PART SECOND.

Opening Chorus,—Ernani, - - - - - VERDI
Evening Bells, - - - - -

GLEE CLUB.

Serenade,—From "Spanish Student." - - - - -
Piano Solo,—2d Tarentelle, - - - - - MILLS
Solo,—The Wanderer, - - - - - SCHUBERT
Day Slowly Declining, - - - - - WEBER
Bagpipes. - - - - -

GLEE CLUB.

Parting Song, - - - - - ABT

S. SPIER, Director.

Nearly every reserved seat in the house was taken and the entire audience select. If we may judge from the applause, the concert was very successful, nine of the pieces being heartily encored. As will be seen, the "Yale Glee Club" "assisted" the society.

There are whispers of another concert next term, with an entire change of programme and, if possible, no weak spots.

Thanksgiving Jubilee.

This periodic spasm of fun, this sole really College frolic, came Wednesday eve, Dec. 6th, in Linonia hall. The Seniors and many Juniors had their usual reserved seats in front; Sophs., Fresh, and outer barbarians pushed and squabbled in the rear; "peppergrammes" were spicy and abundant; the music unusually good. Mr. Elliot's Operetta "The Old, Old Story"—was highly appreciated, as it well deserved; both melody and harmony were beautiful and will linger round College many a day. 'Twas almost unexceptionable in character and execution.

Between the scenes we renewed most vividly some past acquaintanceships under the interpretation of Mr. W. H. Morse. We did wish he could show us some friends he will meet Senior year.

The Censor's report might have been wittier and cleaner. Mr. Linn's Oration was the best of the kind we ever heard. "That Nose" was certainly up to the average of Jubilee plays, and excellently acted. Every one praises Mr. Hedge's poem. It was full of real wit and humor as all expected, and had many a word of truth we need.

Of the last farce we have merely to say that it had ought to have been hooted off the stage. It is good to find how unanimously it is condemned. College is true, say what you will, though not always honest and prompt.

Editor's Table.

Oh boys! isn't this glorious, this sparkling, snapping winter weather! What fun it is to live now. Though not a flake fell and the ice would not bear, these rushing, rattling Northeasters are a delight in themselves.

Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play.

That man has a fresh, rugged heart. But we've snow and ice again. I haven't slipped down once yet, but I would a dozen times a day rather than lose this. Got my feet wet the other day, who cares! dried 'em again and didn't catch cold either, though she said I would. Wait till we get the dirty black roads covered a little thicker, then

Chime ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow!
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!

Tuck the furs closer and watch the eyes flash and cheeks glow and little wavy locks dance round; then wish for summer if you can! Bring out your rockers, tighten the screws, try the straps, or the ice will be ready before you are. Herbert Spencer says gracefulness is the economy of exertion. Watch a couple I can point out and see if he is not right. The great sweeping curves, the glorious freedom, the complete abandon of that long roll are just the poetry of motion. The very honesty of stout boots makes a woman truer and touches off the "aliquid divini" more clearly. There's a friend of mine knows all about these things and tells them in such a pretty way that I have persuaded him to favor you.

Over the crackling ice we flew,
And her strokes were free and clear,
And the skies seemed tinged with a deeper blue
When her footfalls sounded near.

And it was to me the joy of a day,
Of a day or a month or a year,
To watch the curves neath her feet at play
When her footfalls sounded near.

I saw her afar and I longed to come,
And take her hand in mine
Amid the skaters' rolling hum;
But I looked and gave no sign.

Now if she were mine and only mine
Our joys would be ever new.
We could skate away the livelong day
Through the heavenly fields of blue.

I would crown her head with a crown of stars,
We would talk with the angels above.
For nothing heaven's blessedness mars,
And love communes with love.

This is the season for sport and for work too, bracing nerve and sinew, freshening the brain.

What a true idea it is to keep Thanksgiving in this weather. Waking up with funny remembrances of that splendid moon, I didn't like the clouds till I saw how

daintily beautiful they were making the world. All the day was better for the snow, if that were possible. Half of you aren't Puritans enough to love the day aright. You may perhaps hear better sermons, possibly find a table as exquisite, faces as bright, lips as thankful; but there is more than this in our Thanksgiving; something stronger, deeper, tenderer. You can claim it only at Home, but found elsewhere it is wondrously touching. What it is I could not tell, would not try, but I hope that some day before you die you may catch the spirit that broods over a true New England Thanksgiving.

A sad list of widowers we make just now, though we all hope our wives will be back before you read this. Some pitiable boys have no chums, some more pitiable have worse than none; but ours—we have been hiring friends to sit in the room but not speak, to cheat us with the feeling of a presence. Don't you like to look up through the dark and find a light in the old room; to step into an atmosphere so different from the formal parlors just left; to snuff the wreathing incense, take the special place with that other special place filled too, and talk for hours after you ought to be in bed? Folks that know say quarrels are necessary to lovers' bliss; if this is true—and we think it may be—chum life is a step higher, for it needs no such spice to season it.

No College boy must be told Beethoven is alive again, more harmonious than ever. Is there an entry or floor that hasn't wrung with its choruses? Haven't we shocked the Temperance men by setting teetotalers shouting drinking songs? Didn't we give a concert?

The chorus is full and evenly distributed; the soloists equal to any College has known; the officers capable and energetic; it represents every department of the University, is supported by the leading institutions (three Lit. Editors). Witness the start it has given to music throughout the College, or if you can't see it, come up into our entry to hear the three flutes, two guitars, two melodeons, piano, cornet, jewsharp and fiddle here abiding; to say nothing of the many-toned warblers that chaunt and carol so endlessly; then shout hurrah for Beethoven! Knowing such to be the prestige of our society, of course you attended the concert; and she came too and thought of you all through that beautiful serenade; perhaps dreamt a bit afterwards. You told her you had heard a rehearsal or two, which proved they were doing most sad injustice to some of their best pieces.

Taking the choir as a standard, which of course is rather above par, our performances are exquisite, magnificent. And, by the way, should you like to hear the fifty sing the Christmas Anthem next Sunday morn, or do you think the aforesaid choir is fully equal to that "impetuous ran"?

How much better we shall enjoy the Anthem when Christmas really comes, even though a worse than College choir sing it. Perhaps I pity you boys after all, for you haven't had the work and trial of getting out a Lit., and cannot so well appreciate vacation's rest; your Thanksgiving wasn't the rose between the two thorns of a Leader and a Table.

If I ever have the time to think of you, my heart will ache for those who stay here and work on prize debates. I know some sensible youths who will take rest in resting time, foregoing the delights of a dreary vacation, two weeks of misery and flunks next term, and the calm satisfaction of much good gotten, though no prize. I wonder if some won't wish they were opposed to emulation from principle.

We have just returned from a raid upon a delinquent contributor, and what do you think we got? One stanza, L. M.

I have tried with pipe and flagon
To provoke my muse to squeak;
Smoking incense, warm libation
To arouse her prove too weak.

We excused him.

We have a comrade now in our literary work; how do you like our new friend? When we heard of its appearance we naturally looked for a rival, and, as we impersonated the venerable Lit. just then, drew back in dignified horror, much as the old Senator must have done when that saucy barbarian plucked his beard. But long before this chance of braining him with our official mallet, we were persuaded into quite a liking for the reckless youth. We say reckless, because our experience suggests discomforts in an editor's chair, which only its trial can teach. If we find a monthly issue drag heavily, what must it be with a weekly! The prospectus in the first issue showed no design to interfere with us, but rather to supplement our labors. The great value of the reliable data it gives in regard to College work and play, especially in the Literary Societies, is a strong recommendation. Its general matter is pleasant, not heavy, as it would wish. An independent critic is much needed, and we sincerely hope and believe no personalities or party spirit will be suffered. The editors have given us the strongest proof of good will in several capital contributions to this Lit.

Friends, we wish you all manner of good success, which means, live up to your principles and you will get it.

There is one thing we envy the Courant, a genuine sanctum. We can imagine the air of complacency it gives one; the pleasurable definiteness of a fixed habitation for the intangible muse; the grand chances for welcome relaxation in the midst of work. We mean to profit by the example and apply immediately for a room in the Art Building.

We have heard objections to the appearance of advertisements in the Courant. We have tried it and don't blame the paper. There is need of both Lit. and Courant here, and if subscribers will not support them the funds must be eked out by advertisements. You will notice there are none in this number. The board determined on their abandonment before the first issue, but the prospect of an ugly debt frightened us out of it. We shall try it now, depending on your honesty and promptness.

We were meaning to say something about Mr. Welch's gymnastic classes, but can only tell you all to test the system thoroughly and we know you'll like it.

Now good-bye, friends. This is the last chat with you, we, personally, shall have. You will find pleasanter entertainers in those that remain, but we shall miss you. It is with real sadness that we close these talks, the happiest part of all our literary life. Good bye.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

No. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

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Hamlet.

AMONG plays, perhaps none is more celebrated than Hamlet; among characters, none more familiar. "This is that Hamlet; the Dane," says Hazlitt, "whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after years; he who made that famous soliloquy on life, who gave the advice to the players, who thought 'this goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory, and this brave, e'erhanging firmament, the air, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors;' whom 'man delighted not, nor woman neither;' he who talked with the grave-diggers, and moralized on Yorick's skull; the schoolfellow of Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern at Wittenberg; the friend of Horatio; the lover of Ophelia: 'he that was mad and sent to England;' the slow avenger of his father's death; who lived at the Court of Horwendillus five hundred years before we were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to know, as we do our own, because we have read them in Shakspeare."

The plot is not entirely new, nor is it at all strange that this is so. Dunlap, in his history of fiction, says, that in all the novels and plays extant, there are not more than one hundred and fifty distinct stories or plots, and although disposed to question the precise truth of this statement, it must be admitted, in the present instance, that as a leading idea in many popular works of all countries, Retribution has been

so often employed, that to give it new form and outfit seems impossible. Therefore we are not surprised to find that Shakspeare, in his play of Hamlet, and Sophocles, in his Electra, built upon similar, almost identical foundations. In both of these plays we have given : a king, having been slain by treachery, the murderer consorts with the queen, and shares the throne. In both, the son of the murdered man becomes the instrument of vengeance.

The parallel goes no further. But it is a fortunate one, enabling us to compare, with fairness, works of the great tragic masters of England and Greece, built upon nearly the same foundation, in the fashion and out of the materials of times and of countries widely separated, but each with genius unmistakable and lofty. I would not be understood to say that these poets wrote wholly in the set manner of their times. Sophocles modified, Shakspeare revolutionized the Drama ; but different fashions, current modes of thought and speech, had their natural and not insignificant effect upon both of them. Sophocles was a tragic radical, when he introduced woman in her natural, ordinary character. In the Greek Drama, previously, woman had no part, or, if she had, it was only so far as she went audaciously in the face of man, propriety, and law. Sophocles represented her in "his divine tragedies," as obedient to law, observant of propriety, and confiding in man ; the best example of which is the character of Ismene, in the Antigone. And Shakspeare violated, with magnificent boldness, the rude unities of Action, Time and Place, which the Chinese have brought to such ultra perfection, and established those loftier, grander unities which all succeeding English poets have striven to attain.

But it is not my purpose to discuss the nature or amount of the influence of these mighty masters upon Dramatic art, only to observe the more marked differences between the Electra and Hamlet. Sophocles deviates very little from the regular, Grecian method. With only two incidental characters,—with only one counter-plot, the play hurries, rather than moves, to its climax. Through it all, the Chorus, with explanatory, moral and prophetic utterances, sometimes helps, and oftener interrupts, but the legitimate Greek Drama demanded the use of the Chorus, and Sophocles complied. Electra laments her fate ; rebukes her mother's levity and her sister's desertion, and deliberately resolving upon bloody vengeance, longs for the return of her brother, Orestes, whom she supposes far away. But he, near at hand, wishing to allay all suspicion on the part of Egistheus and his wife, Clytemnestra, that he may better carry out a 'similar

resolve, sends a messenger, bearing in an urn his fictitious remains, and narrating the story of his false death, and while his mother rejoices and his sister weeps, returns stealthily to his home. The meeting between Electra and Orestes is short and joyous; they "waste not the night in words," but proceed at once, without any misgivings, without feeling a compunctious throb," to the execution of their revenge. The sister waits at the door, while Orestes murders their mother within the house. For the Greeks carried to a refined excess the principle laid down by Horace:—

" Multaque tolles
Ex oculis quæ narret facundia presens."

The death-cries of Clytemnestra bring no tears of pity to her daughter's cheeks, nor force from her any speech of grief; only a few words to justify the unnatural deed. Soon Egistheus, who has been absent, re-appears. Orestes meets him at the door, and bids him proceed to the spot where Agamemnon was slain, and there, as we are left to presume, the last bloody act of the tragedy was accomplished.

But Shakspeare handles this common theme in a far different manner, and with greater art, attributable in part to the superior progress and fashion of his age, but most essentially to his daring and perfect genius. He commingles in Hamlet a greater variety of incident and scene. The characters are of that nature and of that number which would be expected in like circumstances in real life, and they are managed with that exquisite art which does not allow them to be slighted, and does not insist on them so strongly as to withdraw our main attention from the story of the hero. Hamlet's religion and philosophy alike forbid rash suspicion or quick purpose of revenge. The charge is given to him by his father's ghost; his own successful strategy with the players, satisfies him of the truth on which it is based, and it takes in his mind the shape of a service required by Heaven; of a duty which he dares not shun, and can hardly endure to perform. His love for the gentle Ophelia is overbalanced by the sterner thoughts that have possession of his mind, yet along with love for his mother, whom he tries to dissuade from evil, maintains some influence upon his conduct to the end. His gentler feelings, his speculative tendencies, and circumstances which favor them, bring infirmity of purpose, and again his father's ghost appears,—to his mother invisible,—and urges him to the action. By mistake, he has slain the father of Ophelia, but his soul is already filled with conflict,—he is as one in a dream—and no new horror can enter. His soul is not always in the words and deeds of the moment;—it is elsewhere,—and he goes on, to

outward seeming, without the control of reason; fostering in others the idea that he is mad, to ensure his safety and prevent suspicion; feeling that he must sometime kill the murderer of his father, yet undetermined when and where to strike.

But, after all, he does not take vengeance deliberately, as did Orestes. He hears the death-cry of his mother, poisoned by the misdirection of his uncle's treachery; dying Laertes reveals the conspiracy against his life; his own death-wound rankles in his breast. Before him he sees the author of all these woes, the murderer of his father in his sleep, the poisoner of his mother, of Laertes, of himself. All these horrid wrongs, at the same instant, crowd upon him; rage overcomes Religion; he forgets to speculate, and knows only to act. Poison hangs in the air, and with the cry, "then venom to thy work," Hamlet plunges the fatal foil into the body of the king. Thus was the divine vengeance perfected; not by cool resolve, deliberately put in action, but by the passions of the human mind, worked upon by "bloody incitements," till aroused beyond all firm control.

Love and friendship, diplomacy and simplicity, mining and counter mining, mingle in the under-current of the play. The little world in which Hamlet moves has its ordinary occupations, its joys and its sorrows. The strolling players remember their old auditor, the student of Wittenberg; Laertes goes upon his travels with a light heart; the grave-digger sings and jests at his work. Polonius, the "Petticoat Blair" of the Danish Court, pays with his life for his meddling folly; his daughter, Ophelia, "Beauty's gentle queen," loses her reason, in excess of grief, and the grave mercifully closes over her sorrows.

Neither all the incidents nor all the characters are absolutely necessary to the crisis of the plot, (for the Greek has given as distinct and accurate an idea of Nemesis as the Englishman,) but they are the natural means, agents and accompaniments of any such action in the real world. The Electra seems to be a single, magnified thread of human life, but Hamlet is a pattern, woven of many threads, subordinate to one effect. The cumbersome nature of the Chorus; the meagre resources of the Grecian stage, with its single scene; the peculiar cast of the Grecian mind; can be fairly taken into the account, when we speak of the genius of Sophocles, and the speculation is not unfair, as to what kind of plays he would have written, had he lived in England in the Elizabethan era. All these points have been insisted upon, and the Universities of both continents have fostered the study of Greek tragedy, to the partial neglect of the English, but the

significant fact still remains, that while never naming Shakspeare the English Sophocles, we think to compliment Sophocles by calling him the Grecian Shakspeare.

The character of Hamlet rightfully demands our more careful attention, and the critics being much at variance about what Shakspeare intended to depict in his character, I shall quote the views of several of the more distinguished, and, to the best of my ability, examine the evidence of the play,—and for lack of room, I must defer this to the succeeding number.

L. C. W.

A Comparison between Lucian's "Charon," and Addison's "Vision of Mirzah."

"This daie's ensample hath this lesson deare
Deep written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortal men."

Spencer's "Faerie Queene."

"Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—
They fade and die;
But in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom—
Eternally!"

Coplas De Manrique, translated by Longfellow.

HUMAN life,—with its desires and pursuits, its aims and its end, has ever been an engrossing theme of meditation to the philosopher and the poet. In some it has awakened ridicule, jeers and merriment, in others it has excited pity, sympathy and tears. To *all* it has proved a puzzling enigma, which human reason, unaided by Divine revelation, has never yet solved. Antiquity furnishes us in Lucian's "Charon," one of the ablest efforts of heathen philosophy, to penetrate this mystery, by the sole force of human reason, independent of any firm belief in the supernatural. In modern times, Addison, prompted doubtless by Lucian's unsuccessful groping in the dark, has attempted, in his "Vision of Mirzah," to show to what results philosophy may

possibly attain, when human reason is aided by a satisfactory faith in some supernatural guide, though not illumined by the Divine beams of Christian revelation. Let us critically examine both of these remarkable productions, for the purpose of contrasting the peculiarities of each, and the different results to which they lead. We will begin with "Charon."

Two gods are represented as transient "lookers on" upon the affairs of mortals. The Stygian ferryman has left his boat and come to the upper world, to see what men do in life, and what there is in it that engages their affections and renders them so loath to cross death's river,—“for no one of them sails over without a tear.” He prevails upon Hermes, the messenger of Jove, the divinity most conversant with mankind, to be his guide. The satire with which the dialogue is replete is seen even in its beginning. Hermes hesitates to oblige his friend lest the mighty Zeus, whom he represents as “quick-tempered” and peevish, punish him with malicious spite, and by hurling him from heaven, lame him as he did Vulcan, and thus render him an object of ridicule to the celestials. Here we see human infirmities attributed to the sovereign god, and in Charon's reply we find Hermes described as a selfish, lazy, talkative fellow,—a just slur upon that religion which assigned to its deities characters, which, when belonging to mortals, excite in us loathing and contempt. Lucian next, by a burlesque imitation of Homer, ridicules the Greek mythology, showing that it is wholly *poetic fiction*. The two gods, in mockery of the fabled giants, pretend to build an observatory by piling up mountains. With quotations from Homer, “the bible of the Greek,” and following his plan of architecture, they put Ossa upon Olympus and place Pelion on Ossa, and still finding themselves much below heaven, they roll up Oeta and cap all with Parnassus, the mountain of the poets. Charon, carrying out the supposition of the reality of their proceedings, pretends to see nothing distinctly from so great a height, whereupon Hermes, to remove the difficulty, jocularly takes as a charm, a verse from Homer, in derisive imitation of the use made of this poet in spells and incantations. Having thus indulged in sarcastic merriment at the absurdities of a belief originating in poetic imagination, the two begin to survey and criticize the affairs of mortals.

The first object which attracts their attention from this lofty eminence, is Milo, the wrestler, who is receiving a nation's plaudits for carrying a bull over the race-course. The vain glory of the athlete and the praise lavished on him, evoke a sneer at the folly of man in according greatness to mere brute force, and they leave him with the

reflection that, though he now "thinks much of himself" and is little mindful of death, he will soon furnish cause for laughter, when, having embarked in Charon's skiff, he shall "no longer be able to carry even a gnat." They then overhear a conversation between Solon and Croesus, in which the former declares death to be the judge of life, reproves the latter for priding himself on his wealth, and ridicules his offering gold to a deity.

Lucian, in the fates of Cyrus, Croesus, Cambyses and Polycrates, now shows the fickleness of fortune, and the uncertainty of the continuance of happiness. Reflection on these things seems to excite in him a sort of misanthropical feeling, for he makes Charon exclaim, "I admire the spirited Clotho. O! most noble one, cut off the heads of some and crucify others, that they may realize themselves to be men. I shall laugh hereafter, when I shall see all of them in my boat, carrying neither their purple, nor tiaras, nor golden thrones."

Hermes then points out to his companion a confused mass of mortals—"some sailing, some fighting, some going to law, some ploughing, some lending money at usury, and some begging." Charon says that he sees a "varied kind of life and a life full of trouble," and likens the cities of men to hives in which each stings his neighbor. Fears, pleasures, follies and the various passions, "which descending, cause men to cower," are seen hovering overhead, also hopes, which "flying away are gone," whenever any one thinks to seize them. On closer view, men appear also the puppets of fate; for a slender thread connects each with the spindle of Clotho. The threads are interwoven, for so are the destinies of men.

The folly of setting affections on things in life, is then shown by an exposure of its fleeting and uncertain tenure, and the emptiness of its pursuits.

The lives of men are beautifully likened to bubbles, "all swelled up with air, some larger, some smaller. Some have a short and brief breath, and others perish at the very beginning of existence. But it is necessary for all to burst." Lucian jeers at the follies of mortals, but declare it *useless* to attempt to reform them. And useless, indeed, would it have been in *him* to do so, for though he represents philosophers as removed from the puerilities of other men, and insensible to the vulgar fear of death, yet neither they nor he can point to any satisfying object as the real aim of life; unless the vague expression of "*living prudently*" can be considered such.

The dialogue now turns on burial places, and Lucian ridicules as absurd, the possibility of intercourse between the dead and living, and

plainly evinces a disbelief in a future existence. After a few words on the perishableness of the works of men, and their folly in slaying one another for possessions which must be left "for a spot of ground but a foot wide," which Eacus will accord to each, he closes with the exclamation—"How wretched are the affairs of these unfortunate men—kings, golden ingots, hecatombs, battles; but not one word of Charon (Death.)"

Man, according to Lucian, is either the sport of accident or the puppet of fate. Impelled by selfish desires into deadly hostility with his fellows, and yielding to delusive hopes which are never realized, he becomes himself the prey of his own passions and the victim of his own folly. Life with all its pursuits is fleeting, frivolous and aimless; as Shakspeare styles it,—“a thing that none but fools would keep.” Death, which is the only thing real and certain, is a blank without a future.

“Known were the bill of fare before we taste;
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board,
Prefer the eternal but *oblivious* fast
To Life's frail-fretted thread and Death's suspended sword?”—(COLTON.)

Such is the teaching of the philosophy of Lucian. Suicide is its legitimate fruit, as evinced in the wretched fate of the gifted author of the above lines.

As a literary production, the dialogue deservedly ranks high. It is written with much vivacity and spirit, and yet with classic grace and purity of style. The characters are well chosen for his purpose. The figures by which he illustrates his ideas are appropriate, and the interest excited at the beginning, is well sustained. The satire throughout is of the keenest kind, and every sentiment is expressed with clear and striking terseness.

Let us now turn to a philosopher of modern times, scarcely inferior in literary excellence, and contrast his views with those of Lucian. Addison has chosen for his “*dramatis personae*,” not two deities with whom we can have no fellow feeling, though we may admit the justness of their irony in regard to human affairs; but he has selected a mortal like ourselves, one united to us by a common humanity, and he brings him for instruction to one of those good genii, who figure in Eastern story, and whom the devout Mussulman believes to be ever near him though seldom seen. The “vision” is pictured in conformity to the Mahometan religion, which, in common with our own, recognizes an all powerfull and all wise Creator, and a future of reward and punishment.

Mirzah, who, in contrast to the skeptical, morose and misanthropical Charon of Lucian, is represented as a devout, sympathetic and humane man, ascends the high hill of his native Bagdat to pass in meditation and prayer, a day which, according to the custom of his forefathers, he always kept holy. Whilst he is here musing upon the vanity of human life, he discovers upon the summit of a rock, not far distant, one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand, on which he plays a variety of tunes "inexpressibly melodious." It is the genius of the place. Having, by those transporting airs which he played, excited a desire in Mirzah to taste the pleasures of his conversation, he motions him to approach the place where he is sitting, and telling him that he has overheard his soliloquies, bids him follow him. How dissimilar in character is the good and benign genius from the Hermes of Lucian, and how different is that charming philosophy, symbolized by the instrument in his hand, from the sneering disbelief of the Greek satyrist. It attracts us by its genial influence and we feel it is

"Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute."—(MILTON.)

His guide leads Mirzah to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and directs his attention to the scene before him. The same "machinery" is here and in several other places made use of by both the ancient and modern writer, but is not by Addison, as by Lucian, overstrained to ridicule an existing belief. Mirzah beholds "a huge valley" and "a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." The valley is "the vale of misery," and the tide of water is that part of the "great tide of eternity" which is called time. It flows out of a "thick mist" at one end of the valley, and loses itself in thick mist at the other, for finite beings cannot account for or understand a stream without beginning and without end.

In this sea there stands the bridge of human life, originally of a "thousand arches," but a great flood once swept away a part, and it now consists of but "threescore and ten entire arches," with several broken ones, making the whole number about one hundred. A black cloud rests on each extremity of the bridge, and from the one at the farther end continuous throngs of people are emerging. The cloud from which they issue is that mystery which shrouds the origin of man. Innumerable "*trap-doors*" lie concealed in the bridge and are especially numerous at its entrance; for the majority of the human race die in early years. They are "thinner towards the middle," but

closer together again towards the end of the arches which are entire. Through these trapdoors the passengers are continually dropping. Some few persons, indeed, continue a "kind of hobbling march on the broken arches," but "weary and spent with their long walk" they fall through, one after another, into the waters below. Mirzah is grieved to see many "dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity," catching at everything by to save themselves. Some in the midst of meditation, while looking towards heaven, and others, while in pursuit of glittering baubles, suddenly miss their footing and disappear. Some, too, are thrust by others on trap-doors which are not in their way, and which they would otherwise escape.

"Vultures, harpies, ravens," representing envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life, are hovering about the bridge and settling upon it from time to time.

Thus far, though differing in tone, the general scope and bearing of the two pieces is the same. The mist still hiding futurity from view, the compassionate Mirzah gives utterance to the same mournful sentiment as the ironical Charon, and sadly exclaims, "Man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life and swallowed up in death!" But here the resemblance ends and the great contrast strikes us forcibly. In the belief of Lucian, as far as we can judge from his writings, he who crossed the Stygian wave of death drank of Lethe's waters, and, when the body became the prey of corruption, the mind, matter likewise, though more subtile, was lost in eternal oblivion. Life was to him a waking *dream*, death a *dreamless* sleep. All the departed were "alike dry and withered in the asphodel meadows." No wonder then that man's brief life, with its unsatisfying pleasures, its numberless cares, disappointments and sorrows, was to him inexplicable; for philosophy is as unable to determine its purpose as science to discover its origin.

Addison, on the other hand, though he causes Mirzah, unguided, to come to a similar conclusion, now explains the mystery. The good genius bids his companion to look no more "on man in the first stage of his existence," in his setting out for eternity, but to view more attentively the "thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

In Lucian we saw a burlesque of the pretensions of Homeric divinity, but we here in Addison see true faith in a supernatural power, which strengthens mortal sight and enables it to discover the future.

Part of the mist, before too thick for eye to penetrate, is dissipated.

The stream of time, flowing through the vale of misery, is seen emptying into the immense ocean of eternity, which "a huge rock of adamant running through the midst," divides into "two equal parts." Clouds, black and heavy, still rest upon the one half, but the other appears "planted with innumerable islands," which are "covered with fruits and flowers," peopled with happy beings and vocal with the "confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices and musical instruments." These the genius tells Mirzah "are mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants." To these blest abodes there is no passage except through the "gates of death" upon the bridge. The genius turning to the enchanted Mirzah exclaims—"Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him." But not all, who fall through the bridge, arrive at these blissful islands. Many are borne into the dark and forbidding cloud which conceals the dread mysteries of the unseen waters upon the other side of the adamantine wall. These secrets Mirzah desires his guide to disclose. But the genius by silence presents to imagination the awful horrors of the great deep more effectively than the most labored description of them could have done. Mirzah turns to repeat his request, but the genius has vanished. He turns again to the vision, "but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands," he sees "nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep and camels grazing upon the side of it."

The vision is written with even more than Addison's usual remarkable perspicuity and elegance. The imagery is simple, yet expressive; the thoughts chaste, and clothed in language of Attic euphony. In conception it is highly poetic, and has been well said to have "all the merit of the finest canto in *Spencer*."

The meditations of these two great philosophical writers, upon human existence, both please and disappoint us. The one, brought up under the influence of Paganism, justly derides a faith which he shows to be both frivolous and debasing, yet miserably fails to point out anything better to satisfy the cravings of the soul.

He leaves us groaning "twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth." The other, living in the full effulgence of Christian light,

seems to disregard the beacon which is at hand to direct his steps, and reaches no further than a heathen philosopher might be expected to possibly attain. The heaven he describes resembles more the Musulman's than the Christian's. Like Lucian, moreover, he takes a too gloomy view of life.

He appears to ignore the possibility of pure and noble joys, which are not truly baubles that elude the grasp; and in the face of revelation, and the exquisite loveliness of nature, he represents man as *designed* for unhappiness on earth.

The aims of the two writers, however, are widely different, and their effect upon the mind of the reader differs correspondingly. Lucian, cynical and sarcastic, applies his keen satire to the religion of his time, and, in a pretended conversation between two deities, derides the credulity of mortals and the frivolity of their pursuits. He scouts mythology to exchange it for an equally unsatisfying belief in Chance, and, sneering at the idea of a future state, he makes life appear worse than useless. The early Christian Fathers called him "the scoffer," yet, by dispossessing the minds of men of ancient prejudice, he must have acted as an unconscious pioneer of the new religion. We can scarcely help regarding his writings as the first blush of morning after a long dark night of superstition; faint, it is true, yet preparing bewildered mortals for the dazzling splendor of revealed truth. His philosophy, however, is without a moral. For though he makes Hermes affirm that, "if men would consider from youth that they are mortal, and that wandering a little while in life they will depart as from a dream, leaving all things on earth, they would live more wisely, and would grieve less when dying,"—his *σωφρονεστερον*," implies merely a ceasing from those things which disquiet life, and add unnecessary miseries to the many that are unavoidable. If death is everlasting unconsciousness, what sager advice can be given than that of Horace—

"—Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero."

Lucian differs from the vulgar only as to *how* the greatest sweet may be extracted from life's bitter flower. *They* seek their happiness by acting out the impulses of their nature. *He*, with the Latin poet exclaims,

"Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?"

And thinks with him, that "revenues" may be best increased "by contracting desire." He lives "more wisely" than they, only in this—that his sensualism is the more refined.

Addison, on the other hand, cavils not at religion, but shows by a beautiful allegory, that life is not a fantasy, a mere bubble, blown about by the varying winds of fortune, and soon to burst into nothingness. He approaches the truth as near as the faith of his "Mirzah" will permit; explains what to the Cynic was inexplicable on the hypothesis of a future state of rewards and punishments, and shows that our pursuits need not be aimless, but that according to the tastes we here form, and the capacities for happiness we here acquire, will be our enjoyment hereafter.

He follows out the train of thought, suggested by Lucian, and by the light of revelation, as it glimmers, faintly, it is true, through an Oriental Creed, is enabled to behold what the light of reason did not disclose.

We arise from reading "Charon" with a feeling of dissatisfaction. Life is more than ever an enigma. We arise from "Mirzah" refreshed; the enigma is solved. Though "full of vanities," life is not meaningless. Henceforth we have a purpose in "this *first* stage of our existence."

D. B.

A College Legend.

1710.

By careful nursing, long ago,
 (At least the record tells us so,)
 There grew a fine moustachio,
 In Number —, South Middle.
 The face this graced was full of care,
 Though what mishaps had placed it there,
 Around that bunch of twisted hair,
 Was long an unsolved riddle.
 But a Dryad, living in the elm,
 That overhung the private realm,
 Where our hero was wont to dwell,
 Peered into his soul with so keen a glance,
 And into his thoughts did so far advance,
 That she fairly discovered his secret grief,
 And thus to the writer she did, in brief,
 The following story tell:

" One winter, when this old elm tree
Did share its youthful blood with me,
At sunset hour, I've often seen,
Moustache and tutor, with thoughtful mien
Walking, in dignified composure,
About the College inclosure.

Wisdom of sages was writ on his brow,
Before him the Freshmen did reverent bow,
And oft did his thoughts on humanity turn,
And he sneered at the fires that unceasingly burn,
In the hearts where the altars of Venus are reared,
And the arrows of Cupid are longed for, yet feared.

Now once, as twilight, hurrying on,
Was chasing the reluctant sun
Over the chilly hills to rest
In his couch of white clouds in the West,
Our tutor, on his usual walk,
Thus to himself did plaintive talk:
What fools are men! to waste their powers,
On what's unfit for leisure hours.
Ere yet the down upon their chins,
 Betrays a thought of growing,
They strive to swell the stream of blood
 From Venus' altar flowing,
Flowing ever, evermore,
From noble and from yeoman,
 Who all infatuate adore,
The seeming charms of woman.
 Alas, Eve filled this infant sphere,
With toil and woe unceasing,
 Which evermore her sex appear
To strive to keep increasing.
 Helen crossed the trackless seas
To fair and famous Troy;
 One woman's presence there sufficed
The city to destroy.
 Tarpeia oped the gates of Rome
To hosts of hostile spears,
 And many women nearer home,
Excite my anxious fears,
 Lest all that's good they overturn,
Ere man their perfidy shall learn.

While thus his thoughts from Euclid turned,
And Greek and Latin phrases,

To paths, so devious and strange
Their subtlety amazes,
With tripping step and trancing eye,
A conscious maid went witching by.
So oft before she'd past: but now
She offered him a smile and bow!
Our hero was astounded! pale and red
His face alternate grew! His head,
With measured tick, backward and forward went,
As if he strove to make acknowledgment.
An effort vain: the whole affair was over:
The passing moment changed the student to the lover.
As a hen without feathers, in dusky dawn,
Shivers on some snow-covered lawn,
Or like a sheep deprived of fleece,
When cold, spring rains disturb its peace,
The tutor stood on the frozen ground,
Chilly, astounded, and staring around.

Long stood he there; until, at last,
Conscious of time so idly passed,
He hied him to his work, and there
Ensconced himself within his chair,
And resolutely bent him o'er
His musty tomes of ancient lore,
A very sorry bachelor.

Not long he studied: all the while
That smile, that sweet, that witching smile,
Was in his thoughts. 'Twas half disclosed
Upon the open page. Exposed
Dimly to view in vacant air;
In fact, he saw it everywhere.
He strove to drive such thoughts away;
Alas, vain hope! as well might they
Whose empty maws proclaim a dearth
Of grosser elements of earth,
Exorcise dreams of jolly hosts,
And tempting, tantalizing ghosts,
Of nice fat pigs, that round them squeal,
Whetting their stomachs for the meal
That circumstances sadly prove
Unsatisfying as tutor's love.

He fidgeted within his chair,
Put up his books with martyred air,

Then took his Bible, pious man,
And Adam's early life began.
He mused upon the wondrous story
Of God's amazing love and glory;
How man and woman were created.
And by God's command were mated;
Then with a mournful, heaving sigh,
The famous order, multiply!!
His lonely heart beat faint for grief,
His Bible offered no relief.
So night-gown donned, and frowzy cap,
He quirked himself in Morpheus' lap.
His half-made bed repulsive seemed,
But notwithstanding that, he dreamed.

He thought himself brought face to face,
With all of Adam's recreant race.
Each human being since creation,
In token of disapprobation,
Gave him an aching cuff or kick,
And first the jolly Benedick
Administered reproof, and then
Came widows and divorced men
In countless crowds; and women too
Shook the scared Bach till he was blue,
And then, to aggravate his fears,
Babies squalled about his ears!
Nude Cupid too, mischievous brat,
Upon the trembling bedpost sat,
And tweaked his nose, or pulled his ear,
Till the poor wretch was faint with fear,
And one old maid was there beside,
A dried-up kiss personified.

What other deeds these urchins did,
The Muses from my mind have hid,
But when the morning dawned, he rose,
And tremblingly put on his clothes,
And to himself in terror swore,
He'd be a bachelor no more!
The promptings of his dream obeyed,—
Took to himself that smiling maid.

And now, O strange! O wondrous strange!
That life should suffer such a change,
About the ears that once did quake,
To hear an infant squalling,

A dozen rattle-boxes shake,
His senses not appalling.
His moustache, coaxed by loving hands,
In large and glorious twists expands ;
Joy beams from out his loving eyes,—
He's in an earthly paradise."

The Dryad closed her aged eyes,
As if denying more replies ;
And 'twixt the bark and seamy tree
Was slowly creeping wearily ;
But by my earnest prayer arrested,
The moral finally suggested :

" There's a something sadly lacking
In a College tutor's life:
To soothe the brain with studies racking,
There is nothing like a wife."

A. B. D.



Gale College Cabinet.

THE Yale Museum of Geology and Natural History, is undergoing rapid increase, through the liberality of friends of the College, and the labors of those interested in science.

During the summer of 1864, Mr. Frank H. Bradley, of the Class of 1863, now Curator of the Cabinet, was off on a very successful three-months collecting tour among the fossils of the state of New York, the expenses of which, five hundred dollars, were generously defrayed by a citizen of New Haven, a graduate of the Class of 1832.

The past summer, Mr. Bradley has made a second excursion of three months among the rocks and fossils of the States farther west, for which the College is indebted to Mr. Geo. J. Pumpelly, of Owego, New York, of the Class of 1826.

In all, nearly 20,000 specimens were procured on these excursions, and over 1,000 species of fossils.

The past season, the Cabinet has been enriched also, through the equally generous gifts of Professor Silliman, consisting of collections of fossils, rocks, gold and silver ores, and furnace products, from California.

Besides the above, the Museum has also received the following recent donations :—

From the Smithsonian Institution, a valuable collection of birds' eggs, a large part Arctic; also a collection of fishes; also a very valuable one of Cretaceous fossils from the upper Missouri, and others from the U. S. Exploring Expedition, under Capt. Wilkes. From the Chicago Academy of Natural Sciences, a collection, consisting of over 200 species of birds and birds' eggs, many of them Arctic species, collected by Mr. B. Rennicutt. From the Boston Society of Natural History, a beautiful collection of corals and echinodorms, numbering about 200 specimens. From the Essex Institute, of Salem, Mass., another of corals chiefly from the East Indies, of about the same number. From Walter S. Church, Esq., of New York City, a collection of rare fossils and silver and copper ore from the Andes of Peru.

From Dr. W. C. Minor, of this city, over 900 specimens of shells, and other objects of interest, from Ceylon.

From Mrs. Wooster Hotchkiss, a large number of shells, collected in China by the late Mr. C. W. Bradley, of this city. There are about 650 specimens, many of them varieties. Mr. Bradley had previously presented to the Cabinet his large and valuable collection of oriental reptiles, fishes, insects, &c.

From Dr. W. A. Clapp, of New Albany, Indiana, a collection of fossil corals, containing 2,500 specimens. From Dr. Thomas H. Totten, a valuable lot of shells and corals, from Aspinwall, numbering about 700 specimens. From Prof. Jeffreys Wyman, of Harvard, specimens of fishes and reptiles from South America. From Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Portland, Me., a fine suite of land shells, from Maine.

Nor have individuals connected with the College failed to take an interest in the increase of the Cabinet, for liberal donations, both of specimens and of money, have been contributed. Prof. D. C. Eaton has given upwards of 1,200 specimens of shells, besides corals, insects, &c. Prof. Silliman, in addition to the collection alluded to, has given others of insects, radiates, &c. Prof. Dana has made important contributions to mineralogy, topology and zoology. Prof. Verrill has presented upwards of 3,000 marine invertebrates and fishes from the Bay of Fundy, besides collections from the coast of Massachusetts, Lake Champlain, and northern New York. Prof. Brush has added largely to the Cabinet of Minerals, and also many specimens to that of fossils; and others of the Faculty are among the contributors.

A very large and desirable addition to the Cabinet was made last spring by the Zoological Class of the Scientific School, during their

excursions with Prof. Verrill. In this way, over 2,000 specimens, belonging to 200 species of animals, were obtained. From Mr. S. J. Smith, now a student in the zoological department, over 5,000 beautifully mounted specimens of insects have been received, collected by him during two summers past in Maine, together with a large number of shells, reptiles, birds' nests, eggs, &c.

Mr. F. H. Bradley has also contributed a large number of specimens, in addition to the zoological collections before mentioned. Mr. F. M. Dudley, of the Scientific School, has given a collection of insects. There are also other additions, some of them equally important with those mentioned, though not so large in number of specimens. Among these are collections from Dr. A. S. Packard, Jr., and T. G. Sanborn, of Boston, E. Sufferth, Esq., of Cuba, Amos Shepard, of Plantsville, Conn., Prof. E. G. Pickett, Mr. J. M. Way, Mr. W. W. Denslow, and O. M. Brooks, Esq. The Cabinet has also received some additions through purchase.

The whole number of specimens added to the College Cabinet within two years, is estimated at upwards of 100,000. This highly satisfactory result is the more encouraging, when it is considered that to sustain the departments of Geology, Mineralogy and Zoology, the College appropriated annually only \$300, (it was made last year \$400,) while the Museum of Harvard has an annual income of \$15,000, besides large contributions in money from the friends and Alumni of the College.

But few of these extensive additions are displayed in the Cabinet, for want of room. A much larger building is at once needed. Yale ought not to be second best in this or any other respect. Many of her numerous graduates have contributed, from time to time, to the Museum, and there is reason to believe that these contributions will be greatly more abundant in the future.

Within a few days, Mr. F. H. Bradley has started for Panama, to be absent between two and three months, collecting shells, corals, and other oceanic species, besides fossils, etc., for the Museum. He went without a prospect of remuneration beyond the pleasure of laboring for science and for the College. He had a free passage ticket both ways, due to the friendly interest in the College of Mr. Hoadley, the President of the Panama Railroad, and Mr. Bellows, Vice-President of the Pacific Mail-Steamship Company. The general expenses of the expedition have been, for the greater part, paid by a few gentlemen in New Haven and Boston.

✱ The College Bell. ✱

"Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells."—EDGAR A. POE.

The present College bell that swings over the Lyceum has been in use now twelve years. How many predecessors came before it, or where they have all gone to, history saith not. It may be interesting to the readers of the Lit. in these latter days, to hear how the Editor, twelve years ago, welcomed this bell.

"We have one point yet to touch upon, which affords us great pleasure. We refer to the new bell. What a luxury! Some good genius—some good genius of acoustics must be hovering over us. We thought when the old bell was cracked, we should 'ne'er look upon its like again.' But we are wandering from our text; we ought to have said, we feared we should ne'er *hear* 'its like again.' But never mind about that. Acoustics and optics are not more than a term apart. And well we might have entertained such fears, for a while, because the second bell was not acquainted with the first principles of College duty. Why, the good-for-nothing old *tinnabulum* (at the same time, we don't wish to insult the bell by calling it a 'door-bell,' or a 'cow-bell,') couldn't 'even turn over.' What a *Katatropē*! But what should occur in the 'winter of our discontent,' but a new bell arrival!"

With such execrable wit was the advent heralded. The complete brass with which the Latin is robbed of half its *tin* and the Greek spoiled of every accent, would put the Editor of the present times to the blush. What more distinct proof could we wish of the rise in Yale scholarship within the last decade! And then the bold familiarity which pervades the whole passage, as well as the disregard of all analysis of the organs of sense-perception, bear equal evidence of the lamentably low state of the moral and mental sciences. That old bell had a bad effect upon the College. And indeed it must have been a miserably poor one. In comparison with it, the present substitute is pronounced "a luxury," even though unable to turn over; and when the grateful Editor beheld it with his ears, as he seems to have done in his "wanderings," he acknowledged the presence of at least two good genii, hovering o'er him up in the Lyceum dome.

When one first comes to New Haven, there is nothing that confuses him so constantly as the number, variety and continual ringing of bells. There are the bells of all the churches round the city green, which ring on every conceivable occasion whenever anything is to be done or not done. There is the bell at the depot, which rings every time a train is expected to come or go. There are the numberless shirt factories and carriage factories, each one of which has its own particular bell, and its own particular time for ringing it. All these bells besides chime in the hours according to their own peculiar chronology, so that noon is any time between 11.45 A. M. and 12.15 P. M. And to swell the harmony, there is the College bell, which warns the Student when in the morning to turn over for his last nap; when, an hour afterward, to go to breakfast, and in three minutes again, to come back to prayers; which rings every half hour for the time, and every half hour for a recitation; which proclaims the anniversary of every meal; and after the shades of night begin to fall, calls alike to prayer-meetings or large society—the revival of religion, or the decay of eloquence. One would almost think Mr. Poe was a Yale student, when he sang his “tintinnabulation,” except that he makes no allusions to the bell of Alma Mater, unless it be in those misanthropic ones, which

“In that muffled monotone,
Feels a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone.”

I say it is hard for the new-comer to learn the peculiar note of the College campana, on which alone he must depend for punctuality at College exercises. Does one object, “Why depend upon the bell alone? Are watches and clocks impossible to the Student?” My friend, there be watches many and clocks many; there be those that go by springs and those that tick to the swing of the pendulum; there is time solar and sidereal. But he that would carry College time, must swear

“By the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes,”

not only, but also several times a day. It is hard at first to distinguish the College bell, but the power is acquired at last; and before he ends his course, provided that end be not premature, the Senior knows by heart, not only the moments when the ringing must commence, but the proper succession of every stroke, and even the number of times the tolling will be continued. He knows the worthy ringer tolls on the average 125 beats for the “last bell” before prayers;

that he rings on the average 50 at 10.30 A. M.; 140 at 11.30; 40 for dinner and supper; while for service on a Sunday, he pulls till he is tired, and then, his cheeks all rosy with the exercise, and his whole soul filled to overflowing with the melody of the ringing, he hies away to the Chapel choir to rid himself of this superfluous music.

So the bell rings us to Chapel. Here, I know, I touch a tender point with some; they are the few, however, who have not become callous, not only in body but as regards conscience, to every thing that emanates from within those hated walls. And yet the fault cannot be found in the preaching. The Chapel pulpit is filled by Professors who are welcomed by other congregations and not unhonored by calls to positions of the oldest ministers of the city; while those who occasionally preach, are of the most prominent of our College graduates. Still, it is a just criticism that little benefit is derived from Chapel attendance. It has been my good fortune throughout my course to occupy a seat with the best of companions, who settle down to their napping regularly and quietly, leaving me undisturbed for the most devout worship; and yet I must confess to profiting little by their kind opportunities.

No one, educated to the fastidiousness of civilized life, can worship regularly in a barn. Religion does not appeal to the reason only, but depends in great part on the feelings of reverence and awe, and holy sentiments. Stand on a bleak and barren plain, and you can reason out the doctrines of theology and expound the way of salvation; but you feel little attraction to worship there. The circumstances do not mould the feelings into the proper shape.

"The groves were God's first temples."

The arching roof, the graceful curves of everything of Nature's handiwork, the glancing light and solemn shade, the delicacy with which the grass, the limbs of the trees and the leaves merge and mingle in one harmonious whole—quiet the soul, and lead the thoughts inevitably to dwell on perfectness in spiritual things. Let one sit out under the elms, amid the noble pillars of their trunks, while his eye follows up the faultless curves of their branches to the gothic peak and leafy finial, and revels in the frescoes of the foliage upon the clouds, the clouds upon the sky; and his soul within him will move in sympathy towards the faultless in imagination. Art can imitate the circumstances and so repeat the effects of Nature. But when the taste is disgusted by a blank vision of dullness, and every sense of the truly and beautifully article is outraged, the mind too sees nothing to inter-

est. Add the discordant jars and gratings which overwhelm him from the rear of the building, and try to imagine any situation more unlikely to call forth the sentiments of reverence and pure resolve, or any inclination to worship, which is indeed only the rousing of the soul to appreciate the beautiful and artistic in the imagination. The old Puritan iconoclasts tore from the churches all but their gloomy, bare walls, and piously ascribed all music to the Devil. Would that some such storm of fanatical vandalism might sweep through our institutions and clarify the atmosphere for a brighter day!

At 11.25 A. M. the college campus is undisturbed, save by some wandering footstep; within five minutes the old bell is pealing its loudest clangors, and troops of votaries press from every quarter to the various outcroppings of the "pierian spring." It is easy to recognize the Student, all ungowned as he is, among the townspeople, by that classic air that always will surround him—that *otium cum dignitate* he wears like a garment. But no less surely will you here distinguish the various classmen from each other; whether it be the "grave and reverend," as he calmly strolls along, or the Sophomore, for the time being awed by a presence greater even than his, or the neophyte, with hurried foot stumbling through the unused paths, while his anxious eyes become inflamed over the Greek-fire of Prof. James Hadley, M. A. It is astonishing with what suicidal haste these underclassmen rush to the torture. The poet has manfully noted it:

"One more unfortunate
Sophomore wight,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to recite."

Yet you are right, gentlemen. Delay not. Procrastination is the thief of time, and punctuality a saver of marks unto matriculation.

But not always has this College bell pealed for such peaceful summons. The very next month after its mounting, it rang to another tune. Twelve years ago the feeling between Students and the town boys of New Haven ran very high. The papers state that a Student could not go even from College to the Post Office, without meeting direct insult from the remarks of rowdies in the street; and strange to relate, these remarks were seldom resented. But not always was it so; and when a collision did take place, right generally went with right, for New Haven at that time was guarded by a squad of only nine policemen.

A riot of this sort took place on March 17th, 1854. The evening before there had been a slight disturbance at the theatre, which New Haven then supported, in the Exchange Building. One of a little company of Students sitting in the front, rising to take off a shawl, a rowdy shouted to "put him out," whereupon the Student knocked the rowdy down; but after the play was over, the party from Yale was soundly pummeled by the friends of the defeated bully. The next evening the College boys went down in a body of fifty. A rabble two or three hundred strong, collected on the street, and just about the time the performance was over, raised the cry of fire to increase their numbers. The Students, waiting till the rest of the audience had left the building, formed in ranks four abreast, and proceeded to march up Chapel street, on the sidewalk next Trinity Church, the town boys filling the middle of the street and following them with howls and insults. At Temple street corner, a pile of bricks had been left for building purposes; and when opposite it, some spirit moved the Students to strike up "*Gaudeamus igitur*." Excited by the song, the crowd armed themselves with the bricks, and began pelting across the street; and a number of them, headed by one O'Neil, made a direct assault with clubs and knives upon the Student column. These, driven at length to the last resort, drew their pistols and fired, some over the heads of their assailants, but some into the crowd, by which two men were wounded; while O'Neil staggered back into the street, killed by a stab in the side. The dimensions of the wound show the kind of knife used, for it was 8 inches deep and $1\frac{1}{2}$ wide. The cry of "some one shot," being raised, the crowd, mad with rage, rushed to the assault; and the Students retreated hastily to the College Campus, where they gave three cheers, and fortified themselves in South College.

The baffled crowd ran to the arsenal of "The Blues," and seized two cannon; and some of them breaking into Center Church and the Church on Court street, wakened the city by the bells. But the College bell replied defiantly, calling out the boys to the old cry of Yale, Yale. They barricaded South College till, a paper of the time says, "it resembled the fortification of a town expecting siege. Fire arms were distributed among the different rooms, the neighboring pavements were torn up and carried into the building, and all conducted with a system and order truly astonishing." The mob meanwhile brought up the cannon which they planted opposite the College, one in College street, the other in Chapel street; and loaded them to the muzzle with broken iron, stones and pieces of chain. The Faculty and city authori-

ties, however, by this time, were on the ground. The Captain of Police mounted a cannon carriage and addressed the rioters, clinching his unavailing words with an adroit spiking of the cannon. The Mayor followed with a conciliatory proclamation; and the Faculty promising to submit the offenders to a full civil trial, the crowd finally dispersed.

At the Coroner's inquest held over the body of O'Neil, every Student who was examined, either declined to answer every question, or swore he knew nothing of the matter. Pres. Woolsey deposed, "I know nothing whatever in relation to the matter before you." Prof. Larned, "I know of no circumstance which can possibly throw any light upon the question." Prof. Thacher, "I have no personal knowledge, nor do I know anything from the confession of any one, how, by whose hand, by what means, or at what time, this man came to his death." Consequently the Jurors returned a verdict, "that Patrick O'Neil came to his death from wounds received at the hands of some person or persons unknown to them." And that was the end of it in a legal point of view. I have it from the mouth of one who claims to have been prominent in the commotion, that the knife was first buried at dead of night, in silent earth under the flagging of the walk; but not being considered safe even there, was afterwards taken up, the wooden handle burnt to driest dust, and the iron thrown into the deepest well of the vicinity.

And later yet, ourselves remember the times of the riots of 1863, when a mob ruled New York for three days, when lesser horrors occurred in many other of our Northern cities, and there was every appearance of their re-enactment in New Haven. City militia slept at their arsenals; Students armed themselves and barricaded the College buildings. But the alarm carried its own cure; the precautions intimidated lawlessness; and the College bell struck the hours of night in peace.

And so, day in and day out, it swings, telling in never varying intonation, the placid progress of our Student life. Seldom it peals for any stirring call, for few excitements mingle in the monotony of Yale.

"Even the course is and the waters still
Of rivers bearing great ships to the ocean."

A.

What Decided the Battle of Cressy.

On the morning of Saturday, August 26th, 1346, the army of Edward III. was drawn up on the plain between Broye and Crécy, in Ponthien, waiting the approach of the French. Pursued by the vastly superior army of Philip, in a hostile country, and with the Somme in his rear, Edward had, on Thursday morning, forced the ford, after an obstinate conflict with a detachment of 8,000 French, sent to hinder his passage, and continued his march, burning and ravaging. On Friday morning, being in the county of Ponthien, his own land, since it was part of the dower of his mother, Isabella of France, he determined to await here the attack of the French, and accordingly spent the rest of the day in calling in his detachments, and choosing a favorable ground for battle. On Saturday, the army rose with the sun, heard Mass and received the Sacrament, and Edward, riding joyously through the ranks, exhorted them to do their duty, as Englishmen. Edward placed all his wagons and horses in a park, in his rear, and drew up his army in three divisions. The first, consisting of 800 men at arms, 2,000 archers, and 1,000 Welch, was commanded by the Prince of Wales. The second, 500 men at arms, and 1,200 archers, was led by the Earls of Northampton and Arundel, and the third, of 700 men at arms, and 200 archers, the king himself commanded. In all, 6,500 men.

The archers were drawn up in the shape of a harrow, in front, back of them were the men-at-arms, supported by the other divisions; and so, having taken a meal at noon, they wait, on this rainy afternoon, sitting on the ground, their helmets and their arms before them. Philip had spent the night at Abbeville, six leagues off, with his army, estimated, at the least, at 8,000 horsemen and 60,000 footmen. He set out from Abbeville late in the morning, accompanied by all the noblesse of France, not so much an army, as a herd of great lords, each wishing to show his power, and each pressing to the front. At two leagues from his quarters, his scouts came back, telling him the order and perfect preparation of the English, and advising him to camp in the field all night, and rest the army. Philip accordingly gave orders to stop, but to stop such a caravan of feudal lords as his army was, is easier commanded than executed, for those in the rear exclaimed, that they would not halt till they were in advance, and accordingly, forced on from behind, the march proceeded. So, in

rain, mud and weariness, the great column struggles forward, until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the advance suddenly come upon the English, inspecting the performance, we may suppose, with much curiosity, and some astonishment. Of course they halt, and of course those behind come up, one after another, and much waving of banners, and shouting of war-cries, and lordly cursing of the infantry and bowmen ensues, until Philip himself comes up. Now were displayed the prominent faults of Philip's character; brave, but rash, impetuous, without knowledge of war or cool judgment, and in his fits of rage disregarding everything but vengeance. At sight of the English he could no longer restrain himself, for, says Froissart, "he hated them," and he ordered his Marshals to send the Genoese to the front and begin the battle. These Genoese were cross-bowmen, variously estimated at from 6, to 15,000. They seem to have been both Guelphs and Ghibellins, and were probably those exiled, when the Genoese, tired of their eternal factions, drove out both, in 1339. Tired with a march of six miles in armor, and carrying their arbalests, without food since morning, and the strings of their bows slackened by the rain, the unhappy Genoese in vain remonstrate. They are pushed to the front, set up a shout, and commence firing, the French men-at-arms, now drawn up in some kind of order, looking with profound contempt at the whole operation. Then uprose the English archers; they had covered their bows from the rain, and taking one step forward, began such a constant and accurate discharge, as completely routed the Genoese, so that some threw down their bows, others cut their bow-strings, and all made for the rear as fast as possible. But they are stopped by a wall of French horsemen, and Philip's wrath again getting the better of his judgment, he gives the command, "kill me all this rabble which obstructs the way to no purpose." So the French horsemen ride in among them, hacking and hewing, the Genoese flying and falling, and it soon becomes one mass of whirling confusion, on which continually fall the English arrows, like snow, transfixing men and horses, and overthrowing these grand "seigneurs," who, once down, lay like lobsters in their shells, unable to rise without help, until kindly relieved by certain Cornishmen and Welshmen, who crept in among them, with large knives, and poniarded them through the interstices, great lords though they were. The battle is lost already. In vain certain great counts of Blois and Alençon, and dukes of Lorraine and Flanders, turning their own flank, pass through the checkerwork of archers, and have to do with iron-clads like themselves; in vain the blind John of Bohemia, ties his bridle to his knight's, and

makes in, to strike one stroke; they, and numberless other counts, dukes, and archbishops, are slaughtered around their banners, the English never breaking their order, but receiving them in such sort, that few go back alive. Finally, at dusk, Philip is forced off the field by five remaining knights, and flies with the relics of his army, leaving behind him 11 princes, 80 bannerets, 1,200 knights, and 30,000 soldiers.

This battle of Cressy is most noted as the commencement of the era of gunpowder. Froissart makes no mention of it, but Villani says, that Edward had certain "bombards, which made such a shaking and report, as if it thundered, with great slaughter of men, and overthrow of horses." That the French, tired by a march of eighteen miles, weakened by want of food, and soaked by the rain, would have made a better fight without the Genoese, seems highly probable. Still, careful preparation and prudent courage might even then have prevailed over undisciplined numbers and headstrong valor.

Without speculating on possible chances, the victory was owing to the immense superiority of the English archers. But the question naturally arises, in what consisted this superiority? The Genoese were considered the best cross-bowmen of the age, and far outnumbered the English; in fact, were as numerous as the whole English army put together. Why then did they offer such a feeble resistance? The reason is, that the English used the *long-bow*, the Genoese the *arblast*. The difference between the two weapons is great. The extreme strength required to bend a bow able to send an arrow with sufficient force, was obviated, by making the bow of steel, placing it on a stock, and retaining the string by a catch. They were sometimes, too, wound up by a winch. All this makes a clumsy weapon, good at point blank range, for it shot a square-headed steel bolt, but heavy, unmanageable, and continually liable to get out of order. The English bow, on the contrary, was six feet long, shot a cloth-yard shaft, and was drawn, not to the eye or breast, but to the ear, by which the whole strength may be exerted, and a proportionably stiffer bow used. The long-bow never became popular out of England, because it required strength, intelligence and constant practice, advantages possessed by the peasant of no other country in the middle ages. The cross-bow had been introduced into England,—Harold and Richard I. were both killed by a *quarrel*,—but its use had always been discouraged. There are extant, statutes of John, Edward I., III. and IV., Henry VII., VIII., and as late as Charles I., encouraging its use.

In particular, there is one of Edward III., Anno 1342, ordering his sheriffs to have in readiness "500 white bows, and as many bundles of arrows," for this very war with France. The battles of Neville's Cross, Halidon Hill, Shrewsbury, Poitiers, and Azincourt, were won by this very superiority of the English bowmen. Robert Bruce at Bannockburn charged the archers with his cavalry, and once among them, sabered the light-armed bowmen with the greatest ease; had Philip done as much, the great hindrance to his victory would have been removed.

Not only does the well-known fact of the English use of the bow, point to its employment in this battle, but it was a better weapon than the cross-bow. It could be fired quicker, more accurately, and at longer range, while its power was sufficient to pierce the joints of any armor, as may be ascertained from numberless sources, not only of "lying ballads," but reliable Chronicles. Besides, if the English had used cross-bows, their strings would have been as spoilt as those of the Genoese, for a clumsy arbalest could not be easily covered. The truth is, the long-bow man could and did always, when not in use, carry his bow in a leather or canvas bow-case. Villani expressly makes the distinction, for he everywhere calls the English "*archieri*," archers, and the Genoese, "*balestieri*," or men who use the cross-bow; in monk-latin, "*balista*." Froissart, too, calls their arrows "*sagettes*;" the Latin name for an archer was "*sagittarius*," in distinction from "*balistarius*," whereas, if they had been cross-bow bolts, he would have called them "*traict*," or "*quarreaulx*," the technical name. In fine, we say with Froissart,—“Thus you will say, that on this day the archers of England gave great comfort to their country, for by their arrows most men say that the work was done, though many valiant knights there were on their side, who valiantly fought, hand to hand, and accomplished many a splendid deed of arms, and great exploit. For you must well feel and understand, that the archers there did a great thing, for by their arrows in the beginning were the Genoese discomfited, who numbered full 15,000, which was a great advantage to them; for a great number of men-at-arms, richly armed and equipped, and well mounted, as was then the fashion, were discomfited and lost by these Genoese, who stumbled amongst them, and so embarrassed them, as they could neither rise nor get in order again.”

J. W. B.

The idea of a Gentleman in a Country without an Aristocracy.

To begin with a definition seems rather inauspicious. Yet the distinction between the idea of a gentleman in a country with an Aristocracy, and that in one without, is such a radical one, that I may be pardoned in presenting, not only a definition, but an explanation and a proof. For other purposes other definitions would be preferable; for the present, I shall accept this. A gentleman is one who obeys the *unwritten* Law. If this seem intangible at first, consideration will make it less so.

Whenever anything is due from man to man, the expressed fact that it is due is called law—*jus*. All law is at first unwritten. By degrees, so far as the mass becomes competent to understand it, language to express it, power to enforce it, it is reduced to practice, then to statement; becomes obligatory, compulsory. This boundary is constantly extending; technically, “Lex,” encroaches upon, and includes more and more of “Jus.” Many things that were once binding upon Gentlemen only, are now by enactment binding upon all mankind.

The gentleman, then, stands in the same relation to other men, as the Christian to the Jew; he fulfills the law, but from a different motive; a spirit which makes him go beyond the law. Gentlemen constitute a society within society itself. It is tautology to say that a gentleman will not lie or steal, but there are other offences against society in general, and against particular members of it; civil and criminal cases as we might say. But while it is not necessary that every good citizen should be a lawyer (for he can read and obey the published statutes) every *Gentleman* must understand for *himself* the law of honor, which, from its very nature, cannot be reduced to such explicit statement. A *disposition*, which constitutes what is called the natural gentleman, is not enough; it must be supplemented by a nice discrimination, to constitute the finished gentleman. The finished gentleman then must have an almost perfect knowledge of human nature, so far as it has developed itself in the age and place in which he lives. He must observe its motives, wishes, tastes, feelings in others, and must experience them in himself. All surroundings and opportunities necessary to this knowledge and observation are absolutely

indispensable. This shows why a cosmopolite may become the more perfect gentleman, as acquainted with every phase of human nature. Every one must feel and think, knowing his generous disposition, that Shakespeare must have been one of the most polished gentlemen of his time. The man is born; the gentleman cultivated.

Now, where an Aristocracy exists, hedged in and sedulously guarded by every conceivable form of law, though the proper disposition, which is accidental, may spring up in any person of the mass, the means of cultivating the tastes necessary to a gentleman are possessed only by the privileged few. For though a gentleman, whose tastes and feelings have already been educated, may remain a gentleman still, though laboring all the time, and clothed in rags, his *children* must fall below the standard; for one laboring all the time, and clothed in rags, is little likely to *become* a gentleman. In such a country the gentlemen are almost wholly included among the aristocratic wealthy, and almost wholly excluded from the common laboring mass; or at least, this is so far the case, that the former furnish the standard. Mark then the result. As an aristocracy, supported by law, is a standing *injustice*, and as injustice always saps the very foundation of honor, the standard falls lower and lower. Heartless forms and ceremonies are multiplied without number. *Gentlemen* are licensed to run at large, by the king, as dogs with us; the sum is paid, the badge attached. It is not strange that the end comes to be confounded with the means; the essence with the substance.

Now, in a country without an aristocracy, the first idea of a gentleman (as indeed the name) is borrowed. There is no permanent class in the country itself to furnish a standard; consequently foreign ones are imported. To be sure the circumstances are slightly different; but if diamonds are wanting, paste is plenty; if kings are not allowed, tailors, etc., are willing to exercise the same authority at a much less expense. (This last remark is stale; so much so that its deluded victims have made it one of their common places, but it is still true.) Superciliousness is mistaken for dignity; swagger for commanding self-respect; assumption for merit; profuseness for taste. The art of heraldry is wanting, but town-criers are plenty, of that class which can be paid with an occasional good dinner. It is marvellous how long, in a new country, this borrowed, infantine, rudimental idea of a gentleman can prevail; an idea abnormal to its society, ungenial to its government and laws. Though perhaps necessary in an accurate historian, I can but admire that pains taking officiousness by which it has been established that there was an English Du Wessyng-

ton family, some five hundred years ago ; by which the modern bearer of the name has been gallantly rescued from a plebian's reproach, and the honest but incomplete admiration of patriots, supplemented by the adulation of flunkeyism. Cannot some ingenious man devise an ancestry for Daniel Webster, with only the slight detraction of a bar sinister ? I rejoice that all such attempts have ignominiously failed, and that as he did not wish to *survive* the downfall of his country, so his high birth cannot be traced beyond its origin.

I am of opinion, then, that the title of gentleman, in a country without an aristocracy, should be given as soon as it is deserved, and when it becomes undeserved, withdrawn. Worth should not be compelled to wait in the ante-chamber of appreciation until it meets with the recognition of kings ; nor should the lifeless cocoon boast of its age and silken covering, which was built at first by a grub, and from which the butterfly has long since escaped. Much was said, not long ago, about the shoddy families of the country, and justly ; yet, if I understand the process of shoddy making, it consists in revamping that old material, which is valuable for what it has been, rather than for what it is. After comparing standards, I think we must conclude with the lucid schoolmen of old, that a gentleman is a gentleman because of his gentlemanliness ; especially in a country where such strange changes of fortune and external appearances preclude the application of any other criterion.

I have thus far attempted to draw the inherent distinction between the ideas in different countries ; let me now allude to one or two incidental modifications which occur in a free country :

In the first place, the quality of gentlemanliness includes more persons, both to whom it belongs, and toward whom it is exercised.

As the written, so the unwritten law favors equality. By the former the means of culture are more evenly distributed. Equally want and excess are less liable to dwarf or corrupt men's natural good qualities. Still, like many others, this fact has its disagreeable phase. When the means of culture are produced to excess, they often fall into unworthy hands. Good taste itself is caricatured, and almost compelled, as it is complained, to resort to an otherwise unreasonable expense in very self-defence. However, I think a gentleman can always sufficiently distinguish himself from the vulgar (who are notoriously anxious to strain a point) by his unwillingness to even possess or seem anything which is not what it appears. This, at least, is a kind of taste which cannot be bought at the wholesale.

It is in a country of equals that the principle ought to meet its full

development, that *every* one's feelings, tastes and sentiments ought to be respected, so far as he is capable of any. It is no excuse for stealing a poor man's all, that it is little; for outraging the sensibilities of a fellow creature, that they are few and obtuse. Steeped in the Styx of Poverty to callousness, in every point but one; that one point, though least suspected, may be capable of receiving a death-wound. I never could bring myself so thoroughly to despise the grossest act of the merest boor, as that kind of gentlemanliness which basks in its own sunshine, and glitters in its own reflection. As in a doubtful business enterprise, it seems to invest no act of courtesy when it is not sure of a safe and speedy return; or perhaps not to issue its doubtful bills, when they are not sure to pass current. It is needless to say that such courteousness evinces essential meanness of breeding, and is not becoming a country of equals. *There* each should fearlessly cast his bread upon the waters; not only upon the deeper channel, but on the shallow overflow.

Lastly,—In a country without an aristocracy, there are but two classes who do not work. They are called the scum and cream of society, but whether this distinction is the sign of any essential difference I cannot say. But the fact being that almost every man must do some kind of work where aristocratic robbery does not exist, I wish to say a word about how this work should be done. As is often said, such is now the division of labor, that each is as it were, but a part of that great machine, society. The man may be almost lost to view, but the gentleman never. From the shoveler, who can talk of nothing but shoveling, down to the astronomer, who can talk of nothing but stars, all are alike essentially vulgar; though the gentleman by profession, whose sole business is to dress and attend parties, and who can talk or think of nothing else, is a little worse than either of these. They are all like that country merchant, who, going to New York to replenish his stock, bowed thereafter to the astonished boy who blacked his boots in the morning, and calling on a semi-acquaintance, sent up his business card, announcing, substantially, that Hezekiah Peters, who supplied the village of Squantum with cod-fish, nails, ribbons and fresh veal, waited below. No one should intrude himself upon society in his laborer's dress, except those military men whose equipage has never been soiled.

To gather up the scattered threads of what I have said, the gentleman in a country without an aristocracy should exact from himself in small things, what the law exacts from him in great—*justice* to every one in his rights, tastes, feelings; which implies a knowledge of the

things which he knows, and culture in the things which he has cultivated. The external habits, etc., of a gentleman, I have omitted to consider. They are the same everywhere, except in regard to conventionalities. What is common I have neglected, what is *peculiar* to a country of equals, endeavored to present.

L H.

A Complaint of Colleges.

It is the first impulse of a Yankee, when he sees any invention, to question whether he cannot better it in some way. I suppose it is this trait in our characters that makes every College student of an inquiring mind, at some time before he reaches his Senior year, find fault with the College system.—At any rate, almost every Masters' Oration betrays a desire to patch and mend our Alma Mater. Of course, it is conceded that there is room for improvement here, as in everything human; but where the remedy is to be applied, is the question.

If we had time to compare the various systems of University education in detail, we would find that in spirit the American College most nearly resembles an English University. There, it is true, the private tutors have almost superceded the daily recitations, and College standing depends entirely on three or four examinations. But the objects aimed at are nearly the same. A study of classics and mathematics, in their dryest form, seems to be the sole end of Oxford and Cambridge, and the great end of all American Colleges. It is true, that while we are far behind them in this, we have introduced a superficial study of some of the sciences, and so have partially met the demands of America for practical knowledge. But everything is bare knowledge, and tends to make a race of pedants and sciolists.

Now, if we turn to the Continental Universities, and especially those of Germany, we shall see that they leave the most of this elementary knowledge to be learned in the preparatory schools, and take the student, too, at rather a maturer age. They busy themselves with ideas. Several professors compete with one another on the same branch, and

the students flock to the one who is richest in ideas. The result is, that a professor in Germany earns his daily bread, or, at least his spending money, by downright hard study and deep thought. The students carry away from the university not only a liberal allowance of their professors' ideas, but what is worth more to them, an impulse, that keeps them thinking all their lives. It thus happens, that while in England and the United States, College professors have had very little influence upon the literature or the thought of their country, in France, men like Guizot, Renan, Taine, and Michelet, all university professors, head the present literature of France; and in Germany, except a few poets, there has been scarcely a writer of note in this century, outside the walls of some university. Count the College professors out of Boston, which has an exceptional literary atmosphere, who have ever achieved a place in American literature, and I will set against every one two self-educated men, who have done at least as much for the progress of thought. The leaders of English thought at present, though most of them university men, did not get the impulse to their work at their universities, and the greatest of them all, John Stuart Mill, never attended so much as a boys' school.

Now, here is the fault I have to find with our Colleges;—not that they are superficial, not that they try to do six year's work in four and fail, not that they have too low a standard of scholarship, but that they do not try to make their graduates thoughtful men. When we take our places in professional life, we can dispense with a critical knowledge of the classics; we need not know the bare rudiments of every science under the sun; people may even forget whether we have taken the valedictory or not; but our patients, our clients, our parishioners, our readers, *will* ask whether we are thoughtful, intelligent men, or mere machines, to repeat what some one has said or written before us.

If ever America is to take a high rank in scholarship and literature, besides the favoring circumstances of freedom, public education and general wealth, we must have in addition, a reform in our universities. This reform may be by regulating all elementary studies to their proper sphere—the preparatory school—or, by establishing a super-graduate course, or, by lengthening out the four years to six or eight. The form is not of so much consequence as the spirit. In any case, living ideas will be the object, and not a treadmill “discipline of the mind.” The study of Greek, for instance, under the guidance of a man who is both thinker and scholar, will be informed with life. The true philology of the language and its connection with other lan-

guages, the art, the literature, the physical and mental training of the people, their political and social history, the origins of their mythology, and the influence their religion exerted on them, for good or for bad, the part Greece has played in human history, and the influence her ideas and her actions have had on modern society—would all be learned. Philosophy, instead of being limited to the bare outlines of psychology and ethics, would take its true place as one of the most important branches of human knowledge—nay, as the sum and substance of all that we know from human reason about ourselves, our relations to the universe, and our future destiny. History would cease to be a mere series of events, and would become the record of the life of nations; a record that we ourselves help to make, a record in which the play of ideas and forces, the whole life of man upon this earth is seen in all its varied forms. The history of literature and of language would be studied in some detail, and the true principles of criticism in poetry and art would be treated of.

But to do this, we must in some way secure that mere text-books hold a subordinate place; the teacher must himself be a specialist in his branch, and enthusiastic for it; and the students must be compelled, in some way, to think for themselves, to read understandingly and much, and must have the advantages of large and well-selected libraries, and the instruction must be mostly oral. In some way, the students must be set to thinking, and kept thinking. And it is only when many young men are set to thinking with an impetus that shall last a lifetime, that we shall have many great thinkers, or much thought in the nation at large. Our intense material development needs everything of this kind to counterbalance it.—*Beloit College Monthly*.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Election of Officers.

LINONIA. Feb. 14th.		BROTHERS IN UNITY. Feb. 21st.
	<i>Presidents.</i>	
LOVELL HALL,		C. H. ADAMS.
	<i>Vice Presidents.</i>	
M. D. COLLIER,		D. P. SACKETT.
	<i>Secretary.</i>	
C. D. ALLEN,		T. GREENWOOD.
	<i>Vice Secretary.</i>	
J. M. VARNUM,		R. A. HUME.
	<i>Censors.</i>	
	<i>Orators.</i>	
C. H. ROYCE.		E. COFFIN.

Prize Debates.

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	SENIORS.	
Jan. 17th.		Jan. 16th.
First.—L. C. Wade,		E. Y. Hincks.
Second.—E. B. Bennet,		Edmund Coffin.
Third. { H. W. Bennett,		Hamilton Cole.
{ E. E. Goodrich,		
	SOPHOMORES.	
Jan. 18th.		Jan. 15th.
First.—C. B. Brewster,		{ R. W. Ayres,
		{ S. A. Davenport.
Second.—J. Lewis,		{ R. A. Hume,
		{ A. P. Tinker.
Third. { G. H. Lewis,		{ E. A. Lawrence, Jr.,
{ J. M. Varnum,		{ W. C. Wood.

The Senior Class, at a meeting held in the President's Lecture-room, Saturday, January 20th, elected,—

GEO. C. HOLT,	- - - - -	<i>Orator.</i>
JAMES BRAND,	- - - - -	<i>Poet.</i>

On the same day, the Class of '67 elected—

W. BRUCE,	J. W. HARTSHORN,
J. J. DuBOIS,	R. W. WOODWARD,
A. E. DUNNING, (chairman,)	

to edit the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE for the ensuing year, and also the following
VOL. XXXI.

whole for pennies, have learned a new accomplishment. As I went out of South College last Friday, one of them hailed me with:—"Mr., gin me three cents and I'll wash my face in the mud." I didn't give them to him.

The Freshmen and sophomores have probably, by this time, learned a good deal about the nature of mud, in their beaver and bangor rows, which, as usual, have given great dissatisfaction to the Faculty, and, to say the least, reflected no real credit upon either party. Both "the frogs and the mice" seem to be quiet now, and the Sophomores, having stoutly carried out an old College custom, can settle down upon their dignity, and allow the Freshmen to carry the bangors and wear the beavers which still remain, and for which they have struggled so hard.

The great political hash of the Junior Class having been settled, with nothing before them but the campaign presidencies, which are yet some distance in the future, the members of '67 are, to all appearance, quietly enjoying a jolly Junior year. The Cochlaureati give complete satisfaction, and it requires no prophetic power to foresee a glorious Wooden Spoon exhibition next Summer. For the New Lit Board, I can only say, what I think to be the unanimous opinion of the present Editors, that we have no hesitating fears in entrusting the conduct of this periodical to their energy and ability.

The Seniors have of late given up many of the frivolities and *divertissements* once their delight, and seriously betaken themselves to study. A few months more, and we shall sit on the fence no longer. Peck & Hoadley will grieve over our departure, but soon will they dry their tears, and perfect their penmanship by charging as of old. No more will the Freshmen and Sophomores stave each other's hats, bespatter themselves with mud, and tear their clothes for our special amusement. No more will the infant Milesians run before us the swift race, or contend in the wrestle for the nickel reward. Yet their occupations will not be wholly gone; others will crowd into our places and gaze upon these dear old follies with new delight. But we shall be scattered far and near, reading reverently the works of the Christian fathers, poring over the musty books of Law or Medicine, trying to gain the advantage in "mutual exchange of services," or, it may be, trying to pay the National debt, by developing the agricultural and mineral resources of the country.

The pleasures of Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, have been often sung, but the joys of our Senior year, and they are many to any one who will look upon life with common sense and a thankful heart, are too deep and too real for the superficial nature of ordinary College poetry. If Senior year could only be prolonged, or rather if we could enter College with the lessons which the experience of the first three years have taught us, already learned, how much better and happier could we make our entire course. But such thoughts occupy the minds of us all, as they have done those who have gone before us, and it is idle to write them here.

I cannot persuade myself to believe that there is nothing lasting in the nature of College friendships. Time may temper their ardor, and other interests may supervene, but the evergreen lives under the snow. At all events, the joys of companionship which have been ours here, I feel assured that we shall never entirely forget.

"For memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year."

But I have no excuse to linger any longer. This is my valedictory. I must lay down my pen and leave, for the last time, the Editorial Sanctum.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

MARCH, 1866.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

HAMILTON COLE,

CHAS. M. SOUTHGATE.

GEORGE C. HOLT,

L. CLIFFORD WADE,

HENRY O. WHITNEY.

American Colleges.

THE spirit and enterprise of the American people, have led them to plant institutions of learning in every section of the country. In the haste and energy attendant upon the spread of education, many defects have crept into the system, and now reform, beginning in those States where education began, is gradually making improvements. Can any improvements be made in our Colleges? We have labored under many disadvantages in the past, for the work itself of founding such institutions, and bringing them into a working condition, is not soon or easily accomplished. Under any circumstances, the work requires time. Age, veneration, students, professors, libraries and endowments, all necessarily come into the reputation of a College. While many obstacles have been removed, others remain. Especially is this true of our recent Colleges. The great difficulty in the path of their success seems to be, poverty. Poverty is the bug-bear which haunts them at every step. Many of our Colleges have to go begging for students and money. Agents are actually sent around the country to solicit aid, as it is sometimes called. The College is in distress, money must be had. Good financiering is needed. Sharp bargains must be driven. The effect of all this is evident. The standard of admission and scholarship is lowered, examinations are a farce, and College discipline a by-word. When it is no longer a difficult matter to pass, a degree is but little better than so much blank paper.

The strength and energy of the institution is turned into the wrong channel, for the question is, how to survive, not how to instruct. The students are discouraged; or, to use a more popular term, demoralized. They show no manly earnestness in the great and important work before them. The honor, the respect and veneration which every College needs, to make itself a living and independent power, is sadly deficient. Many will say, is it not better to have three or four such institutions in a State, than to have them consolidated into one. The good seed is sown, they tell us, and in due season will come the harvest. But how is it? These Colleges linger on, a sickly existence, while mutual jealousies spring up between them. Instead of working together, as they ought, they strive against each other. Let them be united. Then will they be honored and respected; then will they be a living power; then from them, as from a perennial fountain, will a good influence flow upon all around, and many earnest sons will gather around their Alma Mater, to do her honor. No young man can afford to spend four of the best years of his life at a second or third rate College. The question, where shall I go to College? is one of great importance. Upon its decision often depends the future character, scholarship, literary worth and reputation of the student. Many would say, patronize the institution of your own State or religious denomination; as much as to say, there is contagion elsewhere. This is so frivolous, that it scarcely needs a reply. It is simple injustice. The benefit of the student is the main point in question. He may, if he chooses, bring up these minor points, and, other things being equal, allow them to turn the scale. But, in all cases, he can never conscientiously sacrifice his interests for such petty considerations. Such are the disadvantages of poverty; what are some of the advantages of endowments? In the first place, they put an institution upon an independent footing. Its energies are not distracted. In the second place, they help needy students, and promote good scholarship. Let men talk as they will about the system of emulation, a system of prizes, or scholarships, judiciously managed, is a practical benefit. Everywhere men work for pay. They work for their own improvement also, but when there is something tangible before them, it adds a new impulse. Being an additional inducement, it must call forth additional effort. Human nature is not yet perfect enough to make emulation useless. By means of this system of scholarships, many a student, who would find it difficult to complete his course in a second or third rate College, is enabled to do so in our best Colleges. Yale and Harvard offer superior advantages in this respect. Although

their endowments are the best of any institutions in the country, they cannot compare with those of Cambridge, or Oxford. These old and venerable institutions, possessing every advantage which wealth can procure, may well attract the American. Time will soon give us as many, if not more, advantages. American wealth, energy and genius, will bow to no superior. Yale or Harvard we can safely honor with the name University, although the English or German system is not in use. A student can, at either place enjoy all the advantages of the University, while he pursues any course of study he chooses. The students of every department share the reputation and enjoy, to a great extent, the common advantages of the College. Hence the advantages of the University system. It builds up a great center of learning, around which is gathered the cultivation and talent of the land. The greatest diversity of opinion, of character, and of ability, come into mutual contact. The rash are made more moderate, and the moderate are made more strong. A genial but powerful influence is exerted upon every student.

Now, what shall be said of our system of instruction? Are there no deficiencies in it? We know that it is quite different from the English or German. The former system is mainly by private tutors; the latter, by lecturers. The English mode of instruction possesses many decided advantages. No scholar is kept back to grow indolent, or hurried, to become more and more perplexed, as in our large classes. Among so many, of so varied ability, this certainly is a great advantage. Then again, the student, under a private tutor, has his personal acquaintance and influence. This, to most students, thrown as they are into the midst of a thousand temptations, is of the greatest importance. How many men will tell us, that they owe all that they are or ever expect to be, to the good influence of such and such a teacher. Besides this, oral instruction, conversation upon difficult points, upon practical questions, upon all subjects, settles and fixes opinions. What is heard from the lips of an instructor is remembered, but what is read is often forgotten. The motive, in the one case, is to get the idea, but in the other, it is often to get the words of the text-book. Ideas, not words, are to be sought. Whether such a system will ever be adopted in this country, is a question. The expense of it is something more, and the aggregate of instruction given is less. Of course these are important circumstances with Americans.

English students become masters of what they study. The beauties, the defects, the philosophical principles of the author, are by them sought out. Thus they will have a much better idea of a Latin

author, for instance, and be able to quote him more readily, and to tell more about his style, by reading a few of his works, than an American will by reading a greater amount. Their examinations are calculated to fathom their knowledge of the author. Different passages from those they have read are given them, with the most searching questions. This accounts for their thorough knowledge. But how is it with our system of instruction. It hurries us over, or drags us through something, we hardly know what. This is the tendency at least. I do not think that even our best scholars will claim a well-grounded knowledge of the classics. Who can give us a history or criticism of our familiar friend, Horace? If we choose to drop the classics, and for our consolation take up mathematics, what new principles have we mastered here. Principles and facts, remember, are what we seek for. Old Analytics comes up to be explained. What can we say about it? Well, this was a kind of a *γυμνασιον νου*, that is, something for mental discipline, about the principles of which, if it had any, we are supposed to know little or nothing. The supposition is admissible. Well, then, what is needed is thoroughness. One book or principle mastered, is of more use than twenty glanced at. While it is true that some parts of our College course are hurried over, it is more emphatically true that students slight other parts, for which they are allowed ample time. As an illustration of the former, we might take our instruction in some of the sciences; perhaps chemistry would not come amiss. The absurdity of acquiring a knowledge of this practical, interesting and important science in a few weeks, is manifest. We might perhaps get some idea, in that short time, of the object and the importance of the study, and the sources from which information can be best obtained, together with a few general principles. As an illustration of the negligence of students, we have but to mention translations. They show a disgust for study, in the student, and can, with no shadow of truth, be said to give him a knowledge of the author, either in style or principles. That they cannot be judiciously used, and that certain circumstances will not justify their use, no one will deny, but that they are so used no one will be so pretentious as to believe. Whoever shall be the means of banishing them from American Colleges, will be hailed as a great benefactor of education. Then College students will not complain that they do not know as much about the classics as when they left their preparatory schools.

Debates and compositions seem to be the order of the day in many of our Colleges. The beau ideal of an American student, is a pop-

ular orator or author. Well may they aspire to such honors, and be proud that they can put to shame a thick-tongued cantab in speech-making. The great demand in America being, practical men, the supply is regulated accordingly. Consequently, the tendency is to overlook the preparation, the *sine qua non*, and to jump at the end too soon. The English orator comes on to the stage later than the American, but he comes better prepared. What better foundation can be laid for a successful public speaker, than a critical examination of ancient and modern orators, and a thorough acquaintance with the principles of Logic and Rhetoric. This the English student aims at first. A vast store of facts, illustrations and principles, are also necessary. To obtain all these, much patient labor is required. Is not the American student too impatient? Does he not tire of careful study and research too soon, in his eagerness to launch out into the world? Perhaps we may say that none too much stimulus is given to compositions and debates, but that not enough is given to the study of the course.

In this desultory manner, some of the deficiencies of our Colleges have been noticed. In addition to endowments, to prizes and scholarships, to libraries, and to instruction in the various branches, there is needed thorough scholarship. All the rest is subsidiary to this. What can be the advantage of a great University, unsurpassed in wealth, in honor and veneration, if it does not promote and insist upon good scholarship. Its professors may be known the world around, if you choose, for their ability and attainments, yet if its average of scholarship is low, it will so far forth be a failure. The only ostensible object of the College is, to give instruction. Here is to be found its success. If large and prosperous Colleges have been advocated, it is simply because they are thought to be most successful. Let every student remember the great importance of a thorough and intelligent knowledge. Let him engage in study with enthusiasm, rather than through a sheer sense of duty. Then will he have the highest satisfaction and rewards of his labor.

While we find many deficiencies in American Colleges, we find much to admire and love. The jolly, frank, and cordial life of our student days, we shall ever remember. The earnest endeavors of our instructors for our welfare, will ever endear the name of our Alma Mater. Happy recollections of our toil, our strife, and our success, will ever be held in memory's embrace, to be lived through again and again, as often as we shall turn our faces, like the ancient Jew to his temple, to this grand old shrine of learning, or shall tread these consecrated

grounds. O memory, memory, what a blessing thou art, by which to span the years as they roll. To thee we commit a sacred trust. Keep it; keep it. Let it never grow dim by the lapse of time. And may it be ours to find in future years, at our old Alma Mater, better scholarship, nobler enthusiasm, and greater manliness. We will not blame thee for the remembrance of the past, but will rejoice in the superiority of the present.

H. O. W.

Our Antiquities.

THE natural wonders of our country have found admirers without number, and are becoming well known the world over. Our Californian mines, that have produced nearly one fourth of all the gold so far discovered; our coal fields, compared with which all others together are small; the grand scale of our geological formations, faults and uplifts, our Iron mountains, Salt Lake, "Father of Waters," Prairies, and "Great" Lakes, the Yo Semite valley, with its century-despising trees, where our future national Park is to be laid out, and Niagara itself out-done in the far West,—all these are to be famous soon, if not already so. But comparatively few are aware that spread over the same vast territory with these marvels of nature's skill, are to be found monuments of human effort that need not blush at comparison with the ruins of old-world grandeur. Were any one to say what we particularly lack, very probably he would fix his choice on antiquities. It is true that the painter who placed castle-ruins on the Palisades, was without warrant in facts. Yet, spread over a great part of American territory, are traces remaining of past races, which will amply reward a more accurate and systematic study than they have yet received. They may be properly divided into two great classes,—the remains of buildings, monuments and fortifications, forming one, and another comprising utensils, inscriptions, and human remains. The legends of now extinct or degenerate nations might form a third class for the study of the antiquary, but it will not be noticed here.

Whether the "Old Mill" of Newport is of Norse production, is questionable; and in fact it may be possible that we have, on the continent, no evidences of the repeated visits of the Northern adventurers of eight or nine centuries since, notwithstanding the discomfiture of Dr. Dubital by Mr. Norset.* And New England does not retain many vestiges of any other race, yet, even here there are some, and toward the Southwest they are more interesting and numerous. Of the important works, a large group lie in the vallies of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. They are apparently the oldest in the United States, and are distinguished from others by their forms, extent, and contents or purposes. Many are evidently fortifications, placed commonly in localities well chosen for defense. They clearly show a knowledge of geometrical principles, by the regularity of their forms. Sometimes stone is used in their construction. In Ross County, Ohio, are the ruins of stone works, which would make a wall eight feet square, and two and a quarter miles long. There are many of a class denominated religious enclosures by our antiquaries, but their nature is still somewhat doubtful. There are likewise mounds, made for some unknown purpose, in imitation of the forms of animals. Of these, the figures of the lizard, alligator, serpent, turtle, bear, otter, elk, bison, birds and man, are claimed to be recognized. They are most abundant near the western shore of Lake Michigan. All of the preceding monuments contain few, commonly no relics. Burial mounds frequently occur, and they contain, in Ohio, no more than one skeleton, buried in a sitting posture; but as many as seven have been found together, in Wisconsin. Their height varies, from one foot to seventy, and their diameter from five to hundreds. There are also excavations for unknown objects, copper mines on Lake Superior, and, near the Mississippi, are remains of stone houses apparently, certainly stone foundations, which may belong to the same period. Most of the above classes of remains grow less frequent toward the North and East. In the sepulchral mounds were found most of the skeletons, and copper, silver, and earthen articles, as yet known to us.

Another class, sometimes occurring among these older monuments, are extended much farther, and are attributed to the Indian races found here by our forefathers. They are distinguished by want of regularity, inferior size, different appearance, objects and remains. The great numbers of bone pits, as they are called, contemporary with them, are accounted for by the known habit of the Indians, in

* "Northmen in New England," J. T. Smith.

collecting the remains of their ancestors and burying them together thus. The mounds of bones, covered with a little soil, are probably on the site of some old battle-field. There are cairns of loose stones over other graves, and the more ancient mounds have been also pierced for interment by the later races in many instances. The remains of these later times sometimes are so recent as to show traces of arts learned from the whites, or include implements made by them. In Wisconsin there appears to be evidence of an intermediate age, in that rows of hillocks made for the cultivation of maize, which the Indians seem never to have planted in rows, extended sometimes over the old mounds, show that they were at least no longer used for their original purposes.

In some few places there are entrenchments remaining, that were made at different times by expeditions, or in wars, against the Indians, but they have readily been detected, and cannot deceive. Of late there has been several inscriptions in Hebrew found, which forgeries have misled few if any antiquaries. There are, however, sculptures on the rocks in some of our Atlantic States and in western caves, that were executed by the Indians, and stones having a rude likeness to the human figure, and sometimes painted to a closer one, are found standing as objects of their veneration.

But let us look at the utensils and other movable relics discovered. Among that course of fevers through which most boys pass, in which they collect birds' eggs, minerals, coins, flowers, insects and the like, perhaps many of us have gathered stone arrow-heads, and indulged in amusing reveries about the race that made them. These are, of course, numerous among other more interesting remains. There are stone hammers, hatchets, chisels, images, pipes, and in South Carolina was found a box containing a skeleton. From one of the copper mines were taken ten cart-loads of the hammers used by the miners. Clay pipes have been, in some places, found by bushels; masks of the same material occur, and pottery engraved with figures of animals readily recognized, such as the fox, the sea-cow, and many birds. There are beads, shells and pearls from the sea-coast, silver ornaments, a few wooden implements from the mines, which water has preserved for us, and copper chisels, arrow-heads, spear-points, knives, ornaments and axes; and skeletons, so decayed (except a single skull, which a combination of happy accidents has preserved) as to be of little use in determining the character of the race, are tantalizingly abundant. The mounds themselves are to be counted by thousands,—these smaller remains are very much more numerous.

That these monuments in the United States are of great antiquity is easily shown. The evidence from the laws of forest growth, and from the age of trees recently or even yet standing, proves an age of from five hundred to one thousand years, for many of them. This evidence applies to the mines as well as to the mounds. But so long since were they left, that the heaps of broken stone and earth from them were for some time not even suspected to be of artificial formation. The enduring character of earth works, the most lasting of human productions, gives corroboration to other evidence. The slow decay of bones, compared with the almost entire destruction of those found in these mounds, affords another argument. Another curious fact has been noticed in several places, which will perhaps be found generally true,—that the works extend only to the ancient shores of the lakes and the former river-banks, where they are very common, and sometimes at a considerable distance from the present bed of the water. In Ohio, also, are found sculptures of birds, of some thirty species, many of which do not now exist in so high latitudes, and the sea-cow which has been discovered in several places does not occur in higher latitude than Florida.* It may be, however, that this is accounted for by the same commercial activity that carried the copper of Lake Superior all over the continent, and that brought sea-shells so far inland.

The original design which the earthworks had in view is in many cases unknown,—sometimes no conjecture has been set forth that is at all satisfactory. Those intended for fortification are readily distinguished as such, but nearly all others are of doubtful character. There are very many called sacred enclosures, which we are tempted sometimes to think are thus named because the most natural and ready cause to which we can attribute any unexplained thing, is a superstitious use. Yet there is, perhaps, good reason to believe that this is really their nature, although it puzzles us to see what particular religious customs they could have been connected with. Some of the mounds too may be for similar purposes, and they occasionally bear altars, while many resemble so distinctly the Teocalli of the ancient Mexicans, that they give strong corroborative evidence on this point, while they also prove the builders of each to have been at least related, if it cannot be shown that the mound builders came from the same locality as the Aztecs, and moved slowly to the East and North. Whether the frequent mounds and occasional excavations in the shape

* New Englander, Vol. VII., p. 107

of animals, were for religious purposes, is uncertain. Though they have been found within the enclosures, they are by many believed to represent in a rude way the totem of a tribe or family. This idea is certainly most pleasing to the mind, and is perhaps supported by the pottery bearing figures of animals which is found in the burial mounds of Ohio, and by an inherited or borrowed use of family emblems, among the modern Indian tribes.

The hand and plow of civilization have already marred or obliterated many of these monuments, and the process is probably going on with continual acceleration. It is fully time that they received a complete examination. If to any one there does not seem to be sufficient field for research here, at least it will be enough to add to it the southwest corner of our continent, where there are ancient temples and cities more frequent and wonderful than almost any where in all the world besides. To us, at least, the antiquities of our native country ought to be familiar. The character, history and deeds of a former race have lain hidden in these strange hieroglyphics for unknown ages, awaiting careful and intelligent readers. They ought to be deciphered and their significance recorded in our own tongue, before they are still more defaced by time and modern cultivation. A great national collection of our antiquities has been proposed, and certainly some such means ought to be speedily taken to preserve and make them known.

S.

“The effect on American Character of the diversity of Nationalities represented in Society.”

LIBERALITY is the outgrowth of opposition. The Americans, from the nature of their government, are essentially a liberal minded people. Our fathers, having experienced the evils of persecution, forsook their native country for the purpose of enjoying freedom, and upon the inhospitable shore of this distant land, laid the foundation stone of a mighty republic. The government which they established, was reared upon a broad basis, and all classes of men have ever been allowed its protection, irrespective of national distinctions. To its borders men have flocked from the uttermost parts of the earth, and under its shadow

many victims of oppression and injustice have enjoyed the advantages of unrestricted liberty. Scarce a nation on the face of the globe is not represented in the American Union. This association of the representatives of so many different nationalities with the native inhabitants of the country, must of necessity have a marked effect upon the character of the latter. The Americans may be divided into two prominent classes, inhabiting the northern and southern sections of our territory. They differ as widely from each other in habits and dispositions, as the divisions of country which they occupy. The one descended from the strict Puritans, the other, in the main, from the roving settlers of Virginia. The former are cool and deliberate ; the latter, rash and impulsive. The former acknowledge the dignity of labor, the latter have degraded the condition of its free working class to a lower state than servitude. The former are generally informed, while among the latter, education is confined to the wealthy. The former are purely republican, the latter are tending toward aristocracy. Among these two important classes, are scattered in unequal proportions, representatives from every nation in existence, so that American society may now be said to be "a strange union of opposite extremes." The Americans, furthermore, as a body differ widely from the foreigners, who have sought a refuge in their country. The former are shrewd and cultivated ; the latter unpolished and ignorant. The former have been elevated by the influence of liberty ; the latter have been degraded by oppression. The one make religion to consist in cheerful obedience to the laws of God : the other in an unhesitating submission to the mandates of an exacting priesthood. The former are continually striving to elevate themselves ; the latter seem strangely indifferent to their condition. The only point in which the foreign part of our population seem to resemble the native citizens, is in their deep seated hatred of oppression, and unflinching devotion to liberty. Speak to the Irishman of the wrongs of his country, and he will denounce in the most indignant terms the tyrannical measures which have deprived his people of their national independence. Speak to the Hungarian of his fatherland, and his eye will light up with a peculiar enthusiasm, as he dwells upon the history which tells of her former glory. Speak to the Pole of the prospects of his people, and a shade passes over his face as he thinks of his native land, weighed down by an oppression, from which there is no hope of deliverance. Though the different classes of foreigners differ much from the Americans, and from each other, "all tongues meet when they speak the common word *liberty*." Freedom they value above

all price, and to this fact has it been owing, in no small degree, that these diverse elements have been united in one compact and harmonious nationality. What, then, is the effect of this foreign population upon the American character? It is impossible for one man to associate with another, without exercising an influence over him, and in turn being influenced, though in a manner perhaps entirely unconscious to himself. So when great bodies of people are brought in contact, they act and react upon each other, until finally they are assimilated. The influence which they exert upon each other being reciprocal, the tendency is for the several parties to be brought into a union by a kind of a compromise of their individual characteristics. Hence, while the Americans are continually moulding the minds of their foreign population, and bringing them more into sympathy with their own, they, too, are drawn towards the habits and peculiarities of the latter, by a secret yet irresistible influence. The rapidity with which they are thus led from the platform on which their fathers stood, will of necessity be determined by the proportion of foreign inhabitants. The effect of the introduction into our population, of these representatives of different nationalities, upon the religious character of the people is very perceptible. Our Pilgrim Fathers were preëminently characterized by their devotion to the service of the Great Master. "To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage, which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul." For their religion they became exiles from their native land; subjected themselves to the dangers of the deep, and amid countless perils and discouragements sought a home on this barren and unattractive shore. For their religion they endured the inclemency of the weather, and the whole train of evils consequent upon their difficult and isolated situation. Religion with them was the all important subject. This was their distinguishing feature.

"The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like a star in the blue vault of heaven;
A beacon-light hung in the mansion above."

Not three centuries have elapsed, and how changed is the religious aspect of the American people! Posterity is wanting in that strict adherence to principle, and that unfaltering devotion to the Great Being, which our ancestors so earnestly inculcated. We may be more liberal, but we are less zealous. If we are less prejudiced, we

are also less devoted. This transition has in a great measure been brought about by the influence of foreigners, who have taken up their residence in the country. The different nature of their habits and religious customs have, in part at least, been instrumental in bringing about this great revolution. Their belief and mode of worship are antagonistic to the doctrines of the founders of the nation. They appear to attach more importance to outward ceremonies than to the state of the heart, and though as a body living inconsistent lives, cling to their form of religion with fanatical zeal. Seeking to propagate their belief by covert workings, they are ever guarding its growth, and hope in time to surmount every obstacle which stands in the way of its advancement. The prevalence of a form of religion so different from that of our ancestors, has imperceptibly, though surely, been affecting the religious character of the American people, and has tended to draw posterity from that fervor, which dwelt in the hearts of their fathers. As the stone is worn away by drops of water, which fall continually upon it, so have the firm principles of the Pilgrims been influenced by a continuous contact with those of a different character.

Washington Irving, in one of his beautiful sketches, speaks of "an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace." Not unlike this, has the belief of our foreign population wound itself round the religion of our fathers, in such a manner as to prevent its full development. It will readily be conceded, that had those who have come to this country been animated by the same spirit, which moved the hearts of its founders, the religious character of our people would not have undergone such a change. As the mightiest columns of ancient architecture have been "gnawed by the hungry tooth of time," so in our government the poisonous atmosphere, created by so many inconsistent beliefs, has eaten into true religion, which is the grandest pillar of the colossal structure. Such is the effect which the diversity of nationalities represented in our society has had upon the prevailing religion of the Republic.—Upon the *political* character also of the American people, the foreign element in our population has exerted a tremendous influence. Those who come to this country from distant lands, remain but a short period before they are allowed to participate in all our elections. The native citizen can have no greater voice in regard to the affairs of the government, than a foreigner, who, as it

were, has but just sought its protection. The vote of the most ignorant of this class has equal weight with that of our greatest statesmen. Such being the case, so large a representation of people of foreign extraction, in the United States, must have a very important effect upon its different political organizations. Without any desire to ridicule, or disparage this class of our population, it can be said that the majority of them are persons of no remarkable political sagacity, and are greatly controlled by the will of others. Ambitious leaders of parties, unprincipled, and desirous of the emoluments of office, take advantage of this and endeavor to elevate themselves to positions of authority, by securing the support of this class of voters. One of the effects, then, of so many foreigners in our country, is to create a multitude of intriguing politicians, who leave untried no system of trickery, to elevate themselves to the lucrative positions, which the state can confer. These characters, famous for their artifice and duplicity, know well on whom they may successfully practice their deception, and to whom they can "make intricate seem straight," or "the worse, appear

The better reason to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels."

To the ignorant and unsuspecting, they seem "for dignity composed and high exploit" when "all is false and hollow." Such men for the most part, choose as a field for the exercise of their treacherous arts, our largest cities, which to a great extent are under control of the foreign part of our population. But though such a representation of different nationalities in our society, tends to produce a large number of petty politicians, yet it may also to a certain degree exercise a salutary influence. The introduction of so large a class into our society gives a certain stability to the political character of the people. They serve as a sort of balance wheel in those great political revolutions which at regularly recurring intervals, plunge the country into a state of excitement. Through their influence the power is more uniformly distributed, and is prevented from falling into the hands of a privileged class; the danger of centralization is averted, and the spirit of republicanism is kept alive in the hearts of our citizens. The government must of necessity continue of a republican form, as long as they have so important a share in its deliberations; but were there no foreigners in our population, there would be danger that an aristocracy would spring up, which would destroy the very life of our free institutions.—Upon the *social* character of our people, they have exerted an influence equally important. The great majority

of the foreign people among us are ignorant and uncultivated ; and as the Americans are generally informed, it could not be expected, that the former should be regarded as equal in position to the latter. They are employed mostly as laborers, and have but comparatively little intercourse with the more influential and refined portion of the people. To education they attach but little importance. Their children are allowed to grow up in ignorance, amidst the greatest facilities for improvement. Thus a spirit of negligence is fostered in our midst, and many of our own people in consequence become almost indifferent to mental cultivation.—The influence, then, which foreigners exert upon one part of our population, cannot but be somewhat detrimental. The poorer classes, by reason of their presence among us, become content with their situation, lose their ambition to elevate themselves, and as a result, are rendered unfit to mingle in society, with those who have improved their educational privileges. Education can have no closer affinity to ignorance, than harmony to discord, or beauty to deformity. They must ever stand in direct opposition ; differing as much from each other, as the brightest sunshine of noonday from the intensest blackness of midnight. This distinction, between the educated and illiterate classes of our people, is due in no small measure to the uncultivated bands of emigrants, who are continually pouring into the country. Since, also, so many of them are employed as hired laborers, those of our countrymen, who thus earn their livelihood, begin to look upon honest toil as degrading, not bearing in mind that manual labor is compatible with a high degree of refinement. Labor, then, by their introduction, has been somewhat degraded, and in proportion as this happens, the people relax into a state of indolence, which is the sure precursor of national disaster. But since foreigners, for the most part, perform the drudgery of the country, greater opportunities are afforded to the remaining inhabitants for the cultivation of the intellect, and the improvement of the taste by pursuing a more ennobling kind of labor. Their presence in the country serves furthermore, to keep alive that magnanimous spirit, which so greatly predominates in American character. Through the treatment which it has extended to them, our government has given to the world an incontestable proof of its liberality ; and thus to their influence may in part be attributed the enviable reputation to which the Republic has attained.—Upon the *literary* character of the people, the diversity of nationalities represented in our society, exerts a no less palpable influence. It has been observed in a preceding division of our subject, that the majority of those who have taken

refuge in our country are, as a body, destitute of that taste and polish which to a great extent is the result of a liberal education. The minds of men, in their uncultivated state, are moved by those things which appeal to the emotional nature, rather than by those which address themselves to the reasoning faculties ; and are more affected by bold figures, which rouse the imagination, than by the most charming grace and elegance of style. They demand then a rapid and vehement kind of oratory ; pompous declamation, and a turgid, rather than a vigorous mode of expression. A majority of our popular speakers content themselves with satisfying the taste of their auditors, and, to a great degree, neglect that fine rhetorical finish, which is so conspicuous in ancient oratory. The tendency is for them to become superficial ; to attempt to influence by an excited, rather than an argumentative method of speaking, and to substitute high sounding and meaningless terms for the convincing deductions of logic.—The effect upon writers is similar to that upon orators. Historical or scientific productions possess no charm for a large portion of the readers in our country ; nor are they entertained by the finest specimens of poetry, or the standard works of fiction. They demand something to create excitement ; a thrilling narrative, or wonderful adventure ; in short, something unreal, unsubstantial, and impossible. Our writers, in consequence, devote themselves to a species of composition, condemned by good taste, and calculated to produce injury, rather than benefit. They degenerate from commendable fiction to overdrawn romance ; and substitute exaggerated dreams for the “ ideal flights of the imagination.”——Our current literature, therefore, is influenced in the same manner as our oratory, and in proportion as the one becomes corrupt, the other is also vitiated. In general, wherever oratory flourishes, there will be found a corresponding growth of the other branches of literature. The same people who hung with transport upon the soul-inspiring eloquence of Pericles, paid their tribute to the finished tragedies of Sophocles. The century which succeeded the triumph of the orations of Cicero and Hortentius, has been rendered memorable by the poetry of Horace and “the sweet verse of Virgil.” The words of Cromwell were still ringing throughout England, when the civilized world was aroused by the daring sublimity and heaven-born melodies of Milton ; and Burke, by his powers of oratory, had achieved an enviable renown ; when literature was enriched by the smooth and poetic compositions of Goldsmith. We have now considered the effect of the diversity of nationalities, represented in our society, upon the religious, political, social, and literary

character of the American people, and since the influence upon morality is similar to that upon religion, a separate discussion of this point is unnecessary.—The influence of the various elements in our population upon the native inhabitants of the country, is in many respects unfavorable; but there exists to-day no people more shrewd, industrious, and intelligent than the people of the United States. They are distinguished both for physical and intellectual vigor; for the readiness with which they adapt themselves to circumstances, and the indomitable perseverance with which they pursue their respective branches of business. This strength of body and mind is due in no small degree to the mixing of the different races now represented in the Republic. The Irish, who are remarkable for their enthusiasm and natural eloquence; the natives of Scotland, noted for their intelligence and activity; and the Germans, who have come hither from a land of scholars, are united in one nationality. The blood of all these classes now flows in the veins of the American people. This union of so many diverse elements, each characterized by some marked ability, has tended to produce a race distinguished for every virtue in the realm of the human intellect.—The grandeur of the growth of our Republic knows no parallel. It has arisen with wondrous rapidity, until it has far surpassed the glory of all modern nations. The morning of its existence, though it has dawned bright and clear, will, as we trust, be eclipsed by the still brighter effulgence of its noonday. “We may have the highest hopes of the future fortune of our country, and if we maintain those institutions of government, and that political union exceeding all praise, as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing—that while our country furnishes material for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no ‘Decline and Fall.’” An Almighty Power has preserved our country, and caused the sunshine of prosperity to rest upon it, and with one of the sweet singers of our time can we say,

“Thy blessing descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil, that was sown by thy hand:
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.”

A. P. T.

A Hymn for Infant Minds.

"Little bird with thy songs of Spring,
Cleaving the ether on tireless wing,
Dost thou know all the cares the hot summer will bring,—

When the blazing sun mounts the breathless sky,
And the little brooks that go babbling by
Will be voiceless and murmurless, parched and dry?"

"In a forest dark my nest is made,
By a bubbling spring in a grassy glade,
Where the branches thick weave their cooling shade."

"Little bird with thy notes so clear,
The Summer is short and the Winter is near,
Will its chilling blasts fill thy heart with fear?"

"Then I'll hie me away to a far off clime,
Full of sweet-scented flowers and the odorous thyme,
Where the whole year is filled with the glad spring-time."

"Why should we murmur and toil and fret,
Why should our pillows with tears be wet?

Though the Owl prolong her sorrowful tale
Is she sweeter to hear than the Nightingale?

If our lamps be trimmed and their flame be bright
We may sweetly slumber the live-long night.

And may innocence, cheerfulness, virtue and truth
Bear their fruit in our age, but their flowers in our youth. W * * T. S.

The Poet's Progress in his Art.

I hold it true that the oft-quoted "*poeta nascitur*" is false, and that almost any person can become a poet, as well as a prose writer, by diligent self-training in his art. I know that at least a more than tolerable proficiency can be attained by some whose natural talents have given them no peculiar fitness for the position. To illustrate the steps

of progress discernible in a poet's writings, I have chosen the posthumous volume* of a young man, who has not indeed shown any very great poetic ability, but who, by dating each of his compositions, gives a good opportunity to show their successive advances. I do not propose to select always the best of his pieces, but such as best illustrate the point to be noticed; so that it will hardly be fair to take them as examples by which to judge his poetry as a whole. Nor do I mean to criticise the verses themselves beyond what is strictly necessary in citing them as examples.

The character of an author's first verses depends very much upon his age and development. If he is very young, they seldom find their way into print. But to trace out fully his progress, let us assume that our poet began in his childhood, although it is naturally impossible to quote anything belonging to that period of his life. He would begin on this wise. Having remarked some analogy between the incident of certain verses he has read and an occurrence of present interest to himself he produces, "A Parody,"—that is, he changes a few words of the poem, to suit the case in hand. After this successful feat follow half-humorous attempts, or acrostics inspired by some fair school-mate, whose name they bear. "Changes," "Hope," "The Falling Leaves," next are produced. In these pieces, the young poet uses up all the most common rhymes, and becomes tired of four-lined stanzas, and English heroic verse, with a rhyme in each couplet. Failing in an attempt at something better, he forswears verse, and reads the poets, with admiring wonder that they write so well. They will teach him much.

And presently he is indulging a despairing, passionate longing to be like them, to write as they. It passes. Their thoughts and their music linger in his mind, and suddenly he finds himself writing in a stanza of a form he deems original, at first. Their meter, however, is quickly found to be taken from the lines of another, and he is happy if he can satisfy himself that the words are all his own. In this stage of his career, probably, Mr. Johnston has written in imitation of Byron, his "American Prince,"—beginning thus:—

A race once lived within this land
While yet its ancient forests stood;
With rugged ways, with sturdy hand,
And wild, fierce heart, they roamed the wood.
Two centuries have passed away,—
And where is found that race to-day?

* Poems; by W. R. Johnston; New York: 1865.

And having taken up his abjured pen, our young poet goes on to write of "Youth and Love," "The Ocean," and similar things that call for reference to the moon, zephyrs, golden hair, kissing breezes, laurels, and surging waves. There is, however, a decided improvement in his versification. He has got beyond the alphabet of rhyme. Sometimes his rhyming syllables are hardly allowable, and they commonly are farther apart. But again his subjects grow distasteful and his art contemptible in his eyes, and again his pen is laid aside for a book.

Having met with a volume of Poe, at the instigation of that ingenious writer, he immediately studies versification, and begins to write with many fantastic experiments in the use of words. He catches, perhaps, a touch of the music of that strange poet, although it is rather at variance with his style of thought. Here I suppose it was that Mr. Johnston had arrived, when he wrote these lines:—

No, the past cannot last with its treasure of pleasure,
E'en memory leaves its closed portals in time,
Tho' she oft spends with pleasure her lone hours of leisure
In wand'ring about its old ruins sublime.

In later writings, a better taste will banish those apostrophies, and reinstate the slighted letters to their proper dignity. But it is not this faint echo of musical rhythm alone that he has learned of Poe. He has gained ingenuity in every way. Acrostics, fanciful repetitions, alliteration substituted in place of the naturalized rhyme, and many other whimsicalities, attest this progress. But like certain lines of Byron "their chief merit lies in the difficulty with which they are written." Having entered college by this time, he attempts to use the meters of the classical authors he is reading, but he soon finds that the noble Greek hexameter was never intended for English use. Besides other difficulties it requires, like most other meters of Greece and Rome, that the accented syllable begins the foot, while in our own language it naturally is at the end. If any one will try to write Latin verse by the accent, this difference will be evident at once. Our heroic verse is for us what the hexameter was for the ancients. I find several of these points illustrated in an acrostic from a little Latin Poem written by Mr. Johnston early in his college course, as the date witnesses:—

Jam sole occidente, illo duce
Ubique finem habet, O Regina,
Nunc omnis labor, et per te, Lucina,
Oramus gaudia in noctis luce.

To be sure, Horace did not write this. But he wrote many of the verses that our young college poet translates in this period characterized by ingenuity. In fact, most writings in a foreign tongue, as well as translations into our own, are mere exercises of ingenuity, and that they belong to this transition state of a poet's development, is supported by the example to be found in the literature of any of our Colleges, though the last volume of the *Atlantic* presents strong evidence to the contrary. In fact all the previous stages of progress in verse are illustrated in our recent literature at Yale. Another thing has appeared of late in our literature here, that is mere puerile pedantry,—the use of foreign words even by those who disapprove them in the writings of others. The author who furnishes us our examples has not failed to give us, among many others, this translation from the German of Goethe:—

As once alone I strolled
Far into a deep wood,
On no fixed aim intent
But in a listless mood,

I saw a floweret stand
Within the shadows there,
As brilliant as a star,
And as a bright eye fair.

As I to pluck it stooped
It softly made reply,—
“And shall I then be plucked
To wither and to die?”

I took it up with care
And in my garden set,
Where springing ever new
It thus is blooming yet.

There are very few translations that are good as English poetry. Cowper has produced some, and Coleridge has given us a few lines, hardly surpassed in the whole language. To the same period with the above belong many songs for college associations, and some verses of irregular form, in which the rhyming lines are sometimes far apart, while the feet, instead of being entirely iambic, or anapestic, mingle the two and even others, in a line of fine but unusual melody. At the close of college life, thoughts of the past and future press upon the mind with hitherto unknown seriousness, and our young poet is by them driven to relief in humorous verses, puns and epigrams, just as we see no other Class here in the summer acting so boyishly as Seniors, who relieve themselves in this way. To be sure, the rhyme is less carefully perfected, but the thought is finer and the language better. It was in his last year at Yale, that Mr. Johnston wrote the following,—

"SONNET, BY AN ENTOMOLOGIST."

When these old elms put on again in spring
Their morning-cloak of fresh green leaves,
And dawning summer hears the branches ring
With Io! chanted through their gorgeous aisles,
Though from the stigma of reproach the whiles
Days elsewhere wearily drag on,—fly ours
With jubilee and joy from friendships closer drawn.
No moth of envy with its blighting powers,
No spider malice may be here allowed,
But calm and changeless as in Egypt's sphinx
Should be the days, and swiftly fly each cloud
Like painted ladie s'neath the watching eye
Of day's bright emperor, and fair the nights
With Luna shining o'er the spires that beetle 'gainst the sky.

Many a young writer would have italicised the dozen insect names in this sonnet, lest the public should not appreciate it. They are generally greatly afraid they shall not be understood and duly valued, forgetting that the same public judges in the same way the merits of others as well as themselves, and that there is, accordingly, no wrong done to them.

College life is over now, and the poet whom we have followed through these early years, takes up his pen less often in those not so favorable to boyish effusions. Years intervene, with rare verses, but those that are better finished and more serious. He has at last learned to value his productions at their proper rate, and knows, that to make them effective, they must proceed from more than a desire for the name of poet, or the fickle inspirations of the moment. The injunction of Horace to his friend he thinks of no longer as strange, but intends himself to keep his poems nine years, and frequently revise them before publishing. All the old ingenuity remains, but it is kept under strict control. To the increased seriousness there is added a new earnestness, while there is a simpler and nobler beauty. It is the great transition state of his life, and will decide the character of the poetry that is to follow; but its productions are mostly of an undecided tone and rate. In this part of his life our author wrote less than in any other, and there is little by which to judge of his future. Among others, these lines were written then, and are clearly different from any that preceded them:—

Swiftly the shadows
Veiling the city
Hasten their footsteps
Lenthen their pace.

Night follows with them,
Patron of doubters,
Prophet of evil,
Shadow of death.

Throughout its lone watches,
Heavenly Father,
Shield us from dangers,
Keep us from wrong.

A great part of those who bear the name of poet at college, never have it elsewhere. They disappear in this succeeding time of trial and formation, as some do even earlier. Others pass through it, and in their writings will appear some of the fruits of the harsh lessons of experience. Hitherto the poet and his "Muse" have toyed with imitations and experiments. Now the muse is passed by in silence, and the real work begins, with self-dependence and manly judgment. His versification is more simple, but not more polished. The music of words, that immediately catches the attention and as readily loses it, grows more infrequent. Music and verse are indeed allied arts, but they cannot both be reduced to the same rules. The most complete failure to understand metrical composition that I ever saw, was an attempt to subject it to musical laws, in a volume written by a professed musician. Blank verse is the finest of all, but few can write in it successfully. Of all living poets, only Bryant and Tennyson excel in it. Now too, if ever, a poet begins to write his name immortal. There appears in his writings a settled character, a oneness that is not at all inconsistent with variety. With less direct effort for originality, he increases it by a greater personality. The pauses and changes which still continue to vary his progress, affect it less. He has learned to write what is for him most natural and easy. Whoever would make his mark for all time, is not to appear as trying to say something wonderful. Let him say as best he can what he thinks and feels, and if that is not worth the telling, it is in vain for him to search for what is. Most of us can, and often do think, thoughts which Shakspeare might have been proud to write. We see what some one describes in words that gain him immortality, but we are too negligent or too unskillful to take advantage of it. We lose much more than we think, by a want of study and practice.

In this period of life the poetic art generally attains its highest perfection, but it is rather perceptible in its effects than in itself. At one stage, art is instantly noticed and admired. At a higher one, its observation requires earnest reflection. In some paintings, we notice

the finely shaded colors and perfect outlines. In other and better ones, we see man living and acting, complete in all his characters, or nature, perfect from the hand of God. There is the same difference in the poetic art. We admire the music and skill of Poe, hardly thinking of that of many better artists, like Tennyson. Now if the old subjects of boyhood are handled, it is more thoughtfully and with greater beauty. A poet loves to dwell upon the past. In contemplating it, he learns to put in his poetry, without doing it violence, satire and explanation of the present and prophecy of the future. Mr. Johnston had but entered this higher field of poetry when he died. There is however evidence, from the dates in his volume, that his activity was greater now than ever before, but his pieces were, apparently, hardly finished, and if he had lived to publish them himself, we should have seen them in a better form. In all, they amount to but a few pages, but they show greater development and versatility than any preceding ones. I should like to quote several passages, but I have given so many, and at such length already, that two must suffice. The first is from the description of "An Old Church," that attracted his notice in England:—

The Church is stone ivy-o'ergrown,
With many angles, and doors and towers,
And where in front the stones are bare
They seem to have blossomed into flowers.
The church is massive old and gray,
And proud it seems of its age to-day.

The second is taken from "On a Crow," and the verse, like the preceding, shows evidence of being hastily written, but it is nevertheless beautiful in feeling and rhythm:—

"If there's aught in the sounds of the forest,
If there's anything pleasant to me,
'Tis the call of an ancient raven
From the branch of an ancient tree.
Though gloomy and old
And sorrowfully told,
'Tis the voice that I love to hear,
For I used to list to that self-same sound
In my father's ancient woodland ground
In many a long gone year."

DeQuincey.

Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, ere the smoke had blown away and the echoes of its roar had ceased, a man was born in England, whose fame is destined not to die. Born of respectable parents, DeQuincey passed his childhood at home. With an ardor and recklessness so often characteristic of great minds, he cut loose all family ties at the early age of fifteen, and became for three years a waif upon the sea of fortune. Tortured often by the gnawing pangs of hunger, exposed many times to the noxious night air, reduced continually to penury, he was lost to sight amid the restless tide of London life. He alone must be the biographer of that wild portion of his life. His companions were dissolute and debased. One associate, from whom he seems to have drawn many of his noblest views of life, whose memory was fondly cherished by him in later years, and whose name is pronounced with a genuine tenderness and reverence, though a victim to prostitution, was most remarkable of all.

About the age of nineteen, he became reconciled with his family, and entered the University of Oxford. He soon after commenced the use of opium, quickly becoming a slavish devotee to its pleasures. From this time dates the decline of a noble intellect. Then was bedimmed a light that would otherwise have shone with an ever-increasing brilliancy. His College career was strikingly analogous to that of Coleridge, or Southey, two of his most noted cotemporaries. Each became distinguished for proficiency in Greek. Each won the admiration and praise of his preceptor. Each became, at some time of life, involved in some wild vagary. Each became prominent in the world of letters. It seems remarkable that DeQuincey did not join with these two in their Utopian dreams of emigration to the banks of the Susquehanna. Soon after graduation, DeQuincey commenced his literary career. "The confessions of an Opium Eator," and "Suspira de Profundis," first brought him prominently before the public view. Their contents is a singular pot-pourri of autobiography, reflections, and revelations about opium. With great power has he recorded the childish grief, hopes and fears that he experienced, when six years old, at the death of a baby sister. His fanciful hypotheses, interwoven

with simple truthfulness, continually display that complete *absence* of any true conception of death, always so inseparable from early youth. The reflections of his boyhood are stamped with a rare maturity, and his Confessions have rent the veil that hid the secret powers of opium, although they have led us into a dark sphere of mystery, that borders on the incipient sciences of clairvoyance and somnanbulism. His other writings come mainly under three heads,—scholastic, critical, or purely imaginative. To determine in which of these departments he has been most successful, is no easy task. Without doubt, Thomas DeQuincey ranks among the most thorough Greek scholars of this century. In the knowledge of the dead languages, there is a strict line of demarcation between the true scholar and the one unworthy of the name. Far superior to a close intimacy with the grammar and construction of a language, (although this is necessary,) is a keen sense of the distinctive signification of words, and an accurate perception of the subtle shades of thought intended by the author. This power inspires its possessor with the true spirit of the language, and clothes his translations with its genius. Few scholars have possessed this faculty to a greater degree than DeQuincey. An essay entitled “Homer and the Homeridæ,” discovers to the reader a glimpse of his profound study and familiarity with the subject. The argument by which he annihilates the good character of “that lying apostate,” Josephus, is worthy of a better cause. His critical essays are marked by the same depth of thought and accuracy of expression. Let us turn now to his imaginative works; (the fruit of his fertile fancy,) and his descriptive essays. Klosterheim is a story replete with strange and wild scenes. By it you seem surrounded with an atmosphere, heavy with mystery and horror, and yet so powerfully drawn as to banish all idea of fiction. His description of an assassination is very vivid. The stealthy nervous step seems behind you; the heavy breathing of the sleeping victim; the slight motion of a limb; the glittering steel; the fatal stroke, and—an involuntary shudder creeps over you.

Far simpler, in its mystery, than Bulwer’s strange story, and equally exciting, its termination is more satisfactory. A marked peculiarity of the mystery of DeQuincey, is seen in its complete removal from the sphere of spiritualism. More striking still is DeQuincey’s “Dream Fugue.” Fugues in harmony have been attempted and rendered only by master composers. Fugues in literature have seldom been essayed. But from the pen of DeQuincey has flowed a figure

worthy of its author in conception and execution. The story increases in interest, and then comparatively dies out, but quickly the theme appears written in another strain. Catching up the thread of the story with an unlooked for novelty; now appearing grand and solemn, and as quickly receding, with grotesque antic; unfolding with singular fascination; ending in a vast flood of imaginative and majestic language. Where can we find more beautiful description or more touching narration, than in the "Spanish Nun?" Where a more thrilling and heart-rending scene than in the "Easedale Romance?" How incomparable is the felicity of expression and sound thought in his essay on "Joan of Arc?" What a torrent of language sweeps you resistlessly along in his "Flight of a Tartar Tribe?" Where is displayed more subtle argument or more logical deductions than in his essay on the Essenes. He is both simple and strong in style, often poetic in thought, always dignified and majestic in expression, and powerful in argument. He is singularly original and fantastic in imagery; vivid in narration and description, and vast in erudition. What must be our verdict of his life's work? Failure seems too harsh. Success, is false. He strove to be a deep philosopher, and failed most signally, even according to his own testimony. The devotion to a habit wild in its pleasures, but fatal in its effects, betrays too surely some weak point in his character. We must confess that his was a giant intellect, sadly crippled. The foul fiend, opium, stole from his brain all that was strongest and noblest. Most forcibly does he remind us of a ship shocked and shattered by the tempest's force; without rudder and without sail, floating powerless on the ever restless wave, the wreck of a once staunch and noble craft. We must admire Thomas DeQuincey for what he was. We must lament that he was not what he might have been.

E. A. C.

The Second Revelation.

IN meditation rapt, in wonder lost,
The man of science stood. Before him lay
The unsealed volume traced by God's own hand,
A revelation not less grand than that
The hoary-headed man of God beheld
On Patmos' lonely Isle, when heaven was oped
And its resplendent glories wide disclosed.
The seals were broke! six thousand years had passed,
And man had sighed and wept, for none was found
That worthy seemed to break the seals and read.
And some shrank trembling as the seals were broke,
And feared 'twould overthrow the word of God.
Vain fear! that God would contradict Himself,
That He, Creator both of man and earth
Would write His truth on one and then deny
It in the other.

Lost in thought he reads
The wondrous testimony of the rocks.
A broken fossil here, a footprint there,
A tooth, a shell, a bone, a fissured rock,
A lump of clay, a leaflet petrified,
A coral branch;—these are his alphabet.
The upheaved hills, the mountains stratified,
Those everlasting masonries of God,
The grand old sea, with all its countless tombs,
The earthquake's fearful chasm;—these are his words.
Eternity, creation, growth of worlds,
Down through unnumbered cycles of the Past,
Life, death and God,—these are his themes sublime.
No wonder if he strange should seem to men
Of common thought.

He stands alone with God,
Back, far back in the Past's eternity,
And views a seething, dark, chaotic mass
Afloat in space; a wild, a formless void,
Without one trace of life; a world in clouds
Through which, with brilliancy outdazzling far
The meteor's flash, electric fires leap forth.

And as unnumbered ages roll away
The clouds in silence shrink, and hide themselves
In caverns of the weary wastes of sea,
And land appears. And still upon the rocks
He reads no trace of life.

Another leaf
Is turned. The theme is changed; the dawn of life
Is wrote with diamond point upon that leaf.
The seas teem now with life and now with death,
Grand epochs here are written out in growth
Of continents that rise from out the sea
Like some vast monster, float awhile, then sink,
Then rise again.

Each leaf new wonders tell;
And new existences, a countless host,
Which never mortal eye beheld with life
Stand forth in wonderful reality.
Roam o'er the earth gigantic beasts, and those
More fierce than Afric's jungles e'er concealed,
And birds stalk forth by side of which in size
The ostrich dwindles to a barn yard fowl.

And thus this earth was one grand charnel house,
Its crust the relics of a countless life,
Ere man had pressed its soil or breathed its air.
And thus he read these hidden, mighty truths,
Truths marvellously grand and glorious.
And so 'twill be at last in that great day
When Christ shall break the seals of that dread book
And there, when mortal life is not, read forth
The secret history of immortal souls;
When every thought and word and deed of ours
That have been traced in living characters
Indelibly upon the hearts of men,
And changed their lives for weal or else for woe,
Shall be made known.

Great Crises.

At times, the waters from mountain springs leap and dance over hillside and plain, and thence are mingled with the streams which supply the peaceful rivers, along whose banks countless mills and manufactories flourish.

Again the swollen torrent sweeps away its accustomed banks, malevolently digs new channels, inundates field and dwelling, bearing death and destruction in its course.

We have a parallel in great events. At one time the surface of society is unruffled; the husbandman rejoices in possibilities to be realized in the incoming harvest; there are no gratings in the enginery of mercantile pursuits; the judge on the bench dispenses justice; the physician fosters the waning life of the aged;—colleges and schools thrive, and the men of God, as the sacred spires, point the people upward.

But hush! a crisis bursts upon the land. The waves of excitement heave in commotion, and the community swings off from its moorings, on an angry sea of prejudice and passion.

The plowman quits the furrow; the hamlet and village are no longer the abodes of domestic quiet, but apprehension and alarm are depicted on every countenance. What a change! This has crept over the land like the shades of night over the face of the deep. The great pendulum of society is deranged. This we call a crisis. Great crises are the landmarks of history; milestones by which humanity may count its marches.

We do not propose to speak of any particular crisis, as the Christian era; the reformation, or the French Revolution; but to notice some characteristic features, alike common to all crises. And as the first thought, we notice that they are *effects* not *causes*. Great crises run back, like the links in an endless chain. One has very quaintly remarked, that a great crisis is a most sacred and epic poem, in which God is the author, humanity the hero, and the historian, the philosophical interpreter. In nature, there is the season of decomposition and decay; of disintegration, and varied and intricate chemical processes. before we see the effect in the perfected fruit.

So ideas are evolved; they begin to grapple with prejudice and counter influences; then comes the preparatory labor of educating and pre-occupying the minds of the people in their favor, and finally, we see the result, when the country is electrified by their universal prevalence. The latent fires of the American rebellion were smouldering for half a century, before the fullness of time came, when great principles were to be contested at the point of the bayonet.

And mark their unexpected visitation. The doomed inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii were dwelling in calm security up to the very moment when the boiling lava of Vesuvius swallowed them up. The sun of April 13, 1865, set upon a people full of hope and assurance, but before its next rising, the news fell from the wires like a thunderbolt, that their President's life had passed away, and behold a nation sat in tears. And so, to the end of the chapter, "man proposes but God disposes," and human plans are turned away backward and brought to nought.

But great crises are necessary. In society-life as a discipline. Society, in all its distinctive features, needs a governor as much as the engine, which, without it, either has no efficiency, or is burst asunder by its own accumulated force.

The commander who has been performing a successful voyage under sunny skies and free from storm, withholding the needed precaution in approaching the coast, is hurled a wreck upon the beach and lost, while he whom rough and stormy seas have compelled to sail with canvass reefed and anchors lashed aprow, rides the breakers, and in safety enters port.

We do not usually hail with approbation the approaching storm; still, it is as necessary to the proper adjustment of the elements, as the law by which all bodies gravitate towards a common central influence. Thus great epochs equalize the functions of society; throw restraint upon the ambitious and selfish; foil malicious designs; encourage the patriotic and liberty loving; eradicate evils; and plant, upon immovable bases, the abiding principles of liberty, humanity and God.

Again they are necessary to develop the true man. As a rule, we have a very vague knowledge of men. The man of wealth, and dwelling in princely magnificence, may already feel the humility and remorse of cringing bankruptcy. He in whose character we repose implicit confidence, may be but a painted sepulcher. Innocence to-day, may be the impersonation of guilt to-morrow.

Judas was, perhaps, very little worse before than after he became a traitor. The delivery of Christ to Pilate was simply the touch-

stone by which the rebel was known. Benedict Arnold professedly worshipped at the shrine of his country ; yet, enticed by its glitter, he sold his country for British gold. In 1860, Toombs, Stephens, Lee and Jefferson Davis, with multitudes of traitors North and South, so far as the shortsightedness of many could see, were honorable representatives of the principles of our Republican institutions, yet even then stood ready to plunge the steel into the bosom of liberty. And as crisis succeeded crisis, in the march of events, masks were removed, revealing venality and putrefaction. Loyalty had no affinity for treason. The patriot's patronage was withdrawn from the parasite and sycophant ; business, and all industrial pursuits were revolutionized ; men who had been truckling to public opinion, and were cajoled to any principles, through a desire for popularity, could not abide the expansion and contraction of the shock ; statesmen were transformed into demagogues ; preachers into mercenary officials ; philanthropists and reformers into the embodiment of hypocrisy.

But the relation of great men to great events, is the more pleasing aspect of the subject. The measure of a man's greatness is the epoch in which he lives. Men are great, in proportion as they meet the demands of the age when they live. Had Pericles enunciated and defended his theories of national polity in the 19th century, rather than when he did, like a small star amid the great constellation, his light would have been eclipsed.

Hence it is that the pioneers of incipient principles are greater than their subsequent exponents. Every intelligent observer knows, that there are always men in process of education for prospective great events ; yet of these the world may have no intimation. When the first great lesson of religious freedom was to be taught, marvelous deliverance for the oppressed was wrought out by Moses, who had been miraculously rescued from death in infancy, for this glorious consummation of his manhood.

So, in process of time, Samson wrested from their foundations the pillars of the temple, when the land of the Philistines was redolent of the praise of Dagon, rather than Israel's God ; and there was a Delilah, too, when the mighty was to be shorn of his strength ; a Leonidas or an Anderson, when a Thermopylæ or a Sumter were to be defended ; Demosthenes or a Henry to kindle the fires of resistance, when aristocratic monopoly was presaging a reign of terror ; a Cicero or a Sumner in the Senate, when traitors were plotting treason ; a Gracchus and Lincoln to reach down to the substratum of Society,

and lift it up. When superstition, idolatry and irreligion had rendered the old continent scarcely habitable, Columbus gave us the New And so Tell, Washington, Kossuth, Garibaldi and Grant, have marshaled the forces of freedom, and stamped progress upon our civilization.

Again, this necessity will appear in national life, when regarded financially. Money plenty, provisions abundant, and exchanges easy and frequent, tend to foster extravagance. Communities, states and nations live beyond their income. Soon caught in the outer circle, they are, anon, overwhelmed in the vortex of insolvency. Nor less so politically. The shrewdness of the fox selects the still night to secure his prey. Political quacks, demagogues and tricksters, rarely fail to avail themselves of a tranquil and prosperous period, to originate faction and feud for mercenary purposes. And while the people congratulate themselves upon the times, as indicative of possibilities the most propitious, ambition, and a desire for reputation, are clandestinely maturing their destructive machinations.

It was thus that the most colossal of rebellions was conceived and nourished, while poetry and prose alike were marshaling their sublimest genius in commemoration of our unprecedented security and greatness. It has been so in all the revolutions and agitations which have swept over the continent; which have rendered infidel France and protestant England alternate battle-fields and hospitals.

But, what has been accomplished through these agencies? Or, rather, what has not been accomplished? Systems and empires of error, which stood thousands of years, have been demolished; the foundations of false philosophies and religions have been upturned; science and education have been vigorously promoted; intelligence and benevolence have sprung into activity, and the tree of liberty, striking its roots deeper, and drawing its sustenance from broader soil, is yielding her fruit for the nations.

F. V. D. G.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Prizes for English Composition.

The following prizes have been awarded to members of the Sophomore Class, for excellence in English Composition :—

	1ST DIVISION.	2D DIVISION.	3d DIVISION.
<i>First Prize.</i>	C. B. Brewster.	W. A. Linn.	A. P. Tinker.
<i>Second Prize.</i>	{ Russell W. Ayres, Oscar Hager,	J. Lewis.	H. P. Wright.
<i>Third Prize.</i>	{ James Coffin. S. A. Davenport.	R. A. Hume, W. A. McKinney.	W. C. Wood, S. T. Viele.

Beethoven.

The Beethoven Concert, recently given in Music Hall, was not as good as the Society is in habit of giving. The responsibility does not however rest upon the officers of the Society. Too short a time was allowed for rehearsals, and even then, many members were absent. This may perhaps explain why not one of the Choruses was encored. The Piano Duett, by Messrs. Elliot and Spier, the Solo by Mr. Young, and also that by Mr. Mead, were all well rendered, and richly deserved the encores they received.

We give these gentlemen the credit of entertaining the large and excellent audience which was present. The Programme was as follows:—

PART FIRST.

- 1. Bridal Chorus.
- 2. Duett,—Messrs. Young & Mead.
- 3. Young Musician's Chorus.
- 4. Piano Solo,—Mr. Elliott.
- 5. Solo,—Mr. Young.
- 6. Wooden Spoon Song.

PART SECOND.

- 1. Chorus from Ernani.
- 2. Quartette,—Messrs. Young, Vincent, Butler and Hamilton.
- 3. Serenade.
- 4. Solo,—Mr. Mead.
- 5. Piano Duett,—Messrs. Elliott and Spier.
- 6. Champagne Song.
- 7. College Songs. (Evening Bella, Chas. Augustus, Lauriger Horatius, to air from Il Puritani, and Good Night Ladies.)
S. Spier, Director.

Editor's Table.

If you will allow us, kind reader, we will be familiar about the proposed changes in the Large Societies. We have all, no doubt, lamented the condition of these Societies, and wished something might be done to make them more interesting and useful. One serious evil in their working is, we hope, soon to be removed, and that is, the custom of electioneering. We think you will agree that this not only involves needless expense, but what is a thousand times worse, injures the scholarship and harmony of College. Does it not sometimes embitter our feelings and separate us from each other's fellowship? If it does, or if it has a tendency to this, reason alone should lead us to see if the evil cannot be avoided. We desire harmony and good will throughout the different Classes, as far as possible. Any jarring or clashing, injures us in more ways than one. Then again, we hear there is to be a new Reading Room. The plan is, to take one of the College Libraries for the purpose. Magazines, Maps, Cyclopedias, and Popular Essays are to constitute the mass of reading matter. Now this is very well, much better than no new reading room at all. But, do you not think we ought to have the newspapers also? These constitute a large part of our reading. Just think of what a horrid place the gymnasium is, in which to read the news. The everlasting click of balls, the pounding of dumb-bells, besides, I won't say what, make a perfect jumble of our reading. As for enjoyment or even comfort in such a place, that is out of the question. A man might as well try to find pleasure with the Boanerges.

Any old clothes to-day? What a delightful interlude this is to study or meditation? Won't it be a lucky day for us, when some of these merchant princes retire? Then just think of the many other calls, from whom nobody knows, to sell you,—yes to sell you. Well, what cannot be cured must be endured;—so, let patience have its perfect work. If this is consolation to any one, he is welcome to it; for our part, we should like to hail another St. Patrick as a deliverer. But enough concerning College nuisances.

Candy Sam we cannot class in this category. To be sure he comes in now and then to exchange values with us. But then he seems no unwelcome intruder. Bad stories are rife about him, we know, but it is not best to believe all we hear. We cannot credit these reports about jolly old Sam. He acts as if he thought we did, for he goes about rather despondent. His trade is not as brisk as it once was. But time, as it shall wear out any malicious reports that may exist against him, will bring him back to our patronage and favor. We can spare all the rest who supply us with the best of everything at the lowest prices, or who have such an interest in our benevolence as to try to move our sympathy, not with the breath or steady step of a sober man; but Sam must remain, to deal out to us the pure article, whose ingredients are?—College customs, which seem almost a matter of necessity, are, nevertheless, subject to many oscillations and changes. While we bid an everlasting adieu to some of them, we cling to others with all our strength. Those that would dishonor sensible men, we would throw aside, never to recall

them, except as they force themselves upon our contempt. We ought at least to question the propriety of some that remain. Although class spirit, in the eagerness of excitement, deceptively calls them good, propriety stigmatizes them as bad, refinement, as loathsome. How long must they cast their hideous shadow upon our College life? How long must they be the source of discord and odium to injure our reputation? Perhaps you, my reader, may think these are harsh terms; but far from it. Those alone who do not understand College customs, use strong terms in this connection. We have no reproach or abuse to heap upon customs which cling, with a terrible tenacity, to a soil so long nourishing them, for we know well the motive which leads to their support. We only ask, in view of their results, which are neither flattering nor agreeable, that they may be weighed in the balances, and if found wanting, be abolished. There are other customs, we can never for a moment question. The Wooden-Spoon Exhibition; long may it remain, as the most fitting farewell to the studies of the College course. Long may it remain, to gladden the heart of all who attend it. A few more words, reader, and our work will be done; how well, you must be the judge. This reminds us, too, that our present year in College, which has been so replete with blessing, is near its close. To those who are near their separation from Classmates, this is very significant. The Class ivy will soon creep up the walls, as an emblem of our dearest affections. Our work will be done here. O, that this year might stay in its rapid flight, for us to linger yet in such scenes of interest. Time is freighted with blessing to each one of us. Never, never did we so realize it as now. But, kind reader, we will not weary you much longer. The usual rehash of the Classes we omit. In view of the great and prevailing interest before us, it becomes us, least of all at this time, to dwell upon Class distinctions. If petty differences have troubled us in the past, let them pass into an endless oblivion, for we have done with them now, and we wish we might say forever. Their abusiveness as well as their impracticability, renders them contemptible. We glory in no paltry distinctions. It is enough that we are Yalensians, united in interests, united in hope, united in purpose. Reader, you have been indulgent to us. We thank you for it. We should have had this LIT. ready for you sooner, had it been expected that we were to issue this number. Not being aware of this till very recently, we have, perhaps, been more hasty than you would desire. We both advocate promptness and know well that "delinquencies, in all fairness, demand an explanation." Our pleasant connection must now cease. Wishing you a jolly vacation in the very heart of the old manse, we bid you Farewell.

Exchanges.

Our usual exchanges have been received.

VOL. XXXI.

NO. VI.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

**'Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES.'**

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**APRIL, 1866.**  
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NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXVI.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

APRIL, 1866.

No. 6.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

HAMILTON COLE,

CHAS. M. SOUTHGATE.

GEORGE C. HOLT,

L. CLIFFORD WADE,

HENRY O. WHITNEY.

Oh! Does the Freshman Smoke?

IN looking over some old books in the College Library, a few days since, I happened upon some curious accounts of student life, at the German Universities, two or three hundred years ago. These books are accessible to anybody; but as few, probably, may happen to hit upon them, I have thought that a brief account of student life hundreds of years since, might be interesting to us to-day. Our Colleges, based upon the English system, and closely imitating it, have preserved many features from the European Universities; and many old customs, which ordinary people look upon as barbarisms, but which experience shows us will, nevertheless, inhere to a College, despite all efforts to eradicate them, we find grow up naturally in all Schools, in all ages. So that when we find these objectionable usages cropping out in all Colleges in the past, the inquiry presents itself, whether they are not parts of the legitimate development of a University.

The idea of domineering over new comers, seems to have flourished at all Universities. Augustine alludes to the students at the Universities of Carthage, who annoyed those lately come among them. This was fourteen hundred years ago. It must have been disagreeable to be hazed by African Sophomores. Probably the white trash from across the Mediterranean were not very kindly received. May be the

question of their admission was discussed in the debating hall of the Carthaginian Fratres in Unitate. The event showed them more liberal, at all events, than we probably would be.

But the Germans carried the subjection of the Freshmen to its most elaborate and systematic development. About the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, the institution of Pennalism began. Pennalism seems to have been what we understand by fagging in the English Schools, but carried much farther. It was maintained by an organized system of Secret Societies, having branches in all the German Universities, which instituted a sort of student court, in which were settled all differences among themselves. Any Freshman or Pennal who refused to join the "Landmannschaft," was ill-treated on all hands by common understanding; very much as the secret society Freshmen here used to make war upon the much enduring Gamma Nu; while, if he joined, he was held a Pennal for one year, six weeks, six days, six hours, and six minutes, with the hope then of becoming an *Absolutus*, and making new Pennals bring his beer and scour his rapiers in turn. The result was, that almost everybody accepted the lesser evil, and tyrannized over the succeeding Pennals, like veritable Sophomores, just fledged.

The titles of the Freshmen at the old Universities, are in themselves quite a study. They were called Pennals, because the good youths, on their first advent upon the student life, wore huge bunches of pens in their hats, with which to take down every precious word in the lecture. Who of us does not remember the blank books, whose first few pages we sacredly filled with Prof. Hadley's Notes on the Odyssey? Schöttgen gives a long list of titles, with which the young students were blessed. "Beani" was one term, and "Crow bills." another. Their meaning is similar. Beani, from the French, *bec jaune* yellow bill. Both terms intimate that the Freshmen are still yellow about the bill, like young crows or any young birds. The terms *neovisti*, *imperfecti*, and *innocentes*, plainly refer to their verdant condition. The historian piously adds, that, "by an abuse of Theological terms, it was also said that they were *in statu innocentiae*. The term *Quasimodogeniti* also troubled the good old man, which he styles "an excellent expression, used by the Holy Ghost himself, which men have shamefully abused." Housecocks, Heifer-calves, Tape-worms, Sucklings, and Foxes, the ordinary title yet, are some of the remaining terms.

Schröder alludes to the mode in which the new comers were met. "When young people," says he, "come to the University, they have

scarcely set one foot inside the city, before one of the Schorists waits upon them to inquire, 'Will you come to the Magnificus, and promise to obey him in all proper things?' 'What Magnificus?' they ask. 'Ah! you then have no friend near him, and his opinion of you will be small. We will advise you how to arrange matters so that you will thank us all your lives.'

Here is an old Dutch Divine's description of life in the days of Pen-nalism:—

"Meanwhile. I saw a great chamber, a common lodging-room, or museum, or study, or beer shop, or wine shop, or ball room. In truth, I cannot really say what it was, for I saw in it all these things. It was swarming full of students. The most eminent of them sat at a table, and drank to each other, till their eyes turned in their heads like those of a stuck calf. One drank to another out of a dish, another from a shoe; one eat glass, another dirt; a third drank from a dish in which were all sorts of food, enough to make one sick to see. They promised to be friends and brothers forever; and so each would tie a string off his leathern breeches to the many-colored doublet of the other. But those with whom another refused to drink, acted like a madman or a devil; sprang up as high as they could, for anger; tore out their hair, in their eagerness to avenge such an insult, threw glasses in each other's faces, out with their swords and at each other's heads, until here and there one fell down and lay there; and such quarrels I saw happen, even between the best friends and blood relatives, with devilish rage and anger. There were others also who were obliged to serve as waiters, and pour out drink, and to receive knocks on the head, and pulls of the hair, and similar attentions, which the others bestowed on them, as if on so many horses or asses; sometimes bringing to them a dishful of wine, and singing the Bacchus song, *O vitrum gloriosum!*—which waiters were termed by the others Bacchantes, Pennals, House-cocks, Mother-calves, Sucklings, Quasimodogeniti; and they sung a long song about them, beginning:—

'Proudly all the Pennals hither are gathered,
Who are lately newly feathered,
And who at home have long been tethered,
Nursing their mothers'.

At the conclusion of these ceremonies, they cut off their hair, as they do that of a professing nun."

Even shearing the Freshmen, it seems, is an old amusement.

The ceremony of Deposition also is of interest. It was the initiation of the students to the University, and all the members, both students and Professors, took part. It finally became a mere piece of student buffoonery; but at first it was an officially authorized ceremony. The University of Erfurt has a statute, saying:—"No one shall be enrolled as a student, who shall not previously have undergone the rite of Deposition, anciently established." In this University, the chief Beadle conducted the Deposition in the Faculty room. The Greifswalle statutes of 1845 say:—"The Deposition is to be

kept up. Such Beani as feel themselves free from school discipline, are inclined to idleness, and think themselves exceedingly learned, are to be somewhat admonished during the Deposition, how trifling their learning is, and how much they have yet to learn." Imagine Freshmen initiation in the Faculty room, and the Swells shook up the harder for being too dandified ! There is an acrostic definition of Beanus. *Be-anus est animal nesciens vitam studiosorum*. Martin Luther "absolved" at several Depositions, and Melancthon is said to have done so also. Here is an account of a Deposition which happened in 1716.

"The principal of the ceremony, called Herr Depositor, caused the youths who desired to be received into the Class of students, to dress in clothes of various patterns and colors. Their faces were blacked, and long ears and horns were fastened to their hats, whose brims were fastened down smooth ; in each corner of their mouth was inserted a long boar's tusk, which they must hold fast, like the little tobacco pipes, during the subsequent beating ; and on their shoulders were placed long black mantles. Thus hideously and ridiculously clothed, like those whom the inquisition has condemned to the flames, the Depositor dismisses them from the Deposition-chamber, and drives them before him with a stick, like a herd of oxen or asses, to a hall where the spectators await. Here he arranges them in a circle, in the middle of which he stands, makes faces at them, and silent reverences, ridicules them for their absurd appearance, and then delivers a discourse, proceeding from burlesque to earnest. He speaks of the vices and follies of youth, and shows how necessary it is for them to be improved, disciplined, and polished by study. Then he asks them various questions, which they must answer. But as the swine's tusks which they hold in their mouths hinder them from speaking distinctly, they make a noise more like swine's grunting ; whereupon the Depositor calls them swine, and beats them with a stick over the shoulders. These teeth, he says, signify excesses ; for young people's understandings are obscured by excess in eating and drinking. He then produces, out of a bag, a sort of wooden tongs, with which he takes them about the neck, and shakes them till the tusks fall out upon the ground. If they are docile and industrious, he says, they will get rid of their tendencies to intemperance and gluttony, as of these swine's tusks. Then he pulls off their long ears, by which he gives them to understand that they must study diligently, unless they wish to remain like asses. Then he removes their horns, which signify brutal rudeness. He then produces from his bag a plane. Each Beanus must now lie down, first on his stomach, then on his back, and then on each side, while the Depositor planes him his whole length in each position, saying, 'Literature and liberal arts will, in like manner, polish your mind.' He is then hewn with a monster axe, the Depositor remarking, as *Eruditus* means nothing else than an image hewn out of a rough block, thus should a student be erudite from such coarse rough manners. His stomach is then seemingly pierced with an enormous auger, while the Beanus learns that 'by pains and industry men in like manner pierce into, investigate, and discover the secrets of nature.' His ears are then cleaned with a huge ear-pick, and he is admonished to keep his ears open, to receive the truth. At last, they are brought to the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty, who consecrates them, putting salt in their mouths, and pouring wine on their heads. The salt is the symbol of

wisdom, and signifies, 'Let your conversation be seasoned with Attic salt,' and the wine signifies purification, and admonishes the student, thenceforward, to lay aside all uncleanness, and to live a pure life."

It seems that the German round dances were looked upon with disfavor by the College Faculty, when they first appeared. The statutes of Ingolstadt, in 1546, say:—"We shall punish those who are immodest in dancing, and who carry young women round in a circle, in violation of the ordinary forms of decent dancing." The good dancers would grumble, I fear, if, at our Promenades, those who "carry young women round in a circle," were sent to Farmington by the Faculty. Doubtless, in Germany, the law is a dead letter ere now, and many a "bursch" waltzes with really pretty frauleins, strange as it may seem, at the Dutch Balls.

I may very properly conclude this compilation of old stories, with a quotation from a very sensible letter from the famous Schuppius to his son, who was about to enter the University. He says to him:—"You may imagine that at the Universities they sup clear wisdom up by spoonfuls, and that no folly can be seen at any corner; but when you come there, you must be a fool for the first year. You know that I have spared no pains or money upon you, and that you have not grown up behind your father's stove, but that I have carried you about from one place to another, and that already a great lord has looked upon you with pleasure, and given you a place at his table. But you must forget this. For it is a part of wisdom to be foolish with the age, and to give in to its manners, so far as conscience will allow. Let yourself be plagued and abused this year, not only in good German, but in slang. When an old Wetterauer or Vogelsberg Milk-cudgel steps up and pulls your nose, let it not appear singular to you; endorse it, and harden yourself to it. '*Olim meminisse juvabit.*' I warn you faithfully against becoming yourself one of the gang of Schorists after the Pennal year is over," Doubtless the boy followed all but the last item of advice. After all, our follies of Freshman and Sophomore year, are, for the most part, harmless, and are always delightful thereafter to remember. In sooth, old Schuppius, whoever you were, you uttered a deeper philosophy than you thought of, when you told the Freshman that "it is the part of wisdom to be foolish with the age!"

G. C. H.

The Political Rights of Yale.

THE title at the head of this Article was chosen, first out of ignorance, and has been retained, because it is the most complete misnomer that can be imagined. Your College has no political rights. She never had any. She claimed the privilege once of governing herself; but the State fought that, long ago, and now, instead of granting peculiar privileges, refuses the student even a common citizen's suffrage.

The General Assembly of Connecticut once claimed a political origin for Yale, as having been founded by the government; but President Clap, as we shall have occasion to mention later, proved the contrary even of that. Yale College was founded by ten ministers, to "uphold the Protestant Religion," which means, to preserve the orthodox tenets of the Puritan creed. For that was the only religion endured by these great-hearted men, who willingly endured exile for freedom of conscience,—to persecute, instead of be persecuted. This orthodox devotion they consistently upheld for half a century, till the State interfered. In the first plan of the College, the Faculty was to consist of a Rector (President) and Tutors. The only duties enjoined upon the Rector were, "to take especial care, that the students be weekly caused, *memoriter*, to recite the Assembly's Catechism in Latin, and Ames' Theological Theses; and upon the Sabbath, to either expound practical theology, or cause the non-graduated students to repeat sermons." That the Rector gave instructions in other branches, is indeed true; but these, the only particular duties assigned to him, show the unrelenting Puritanism that swayed the minds of the founders. But even such precautions proved insufficient. It was at length found necessary to inaugurate a special Professor of Divinity, who was most severely examined "as to his soundness;" expressed his belief in innumerable creeds; declared abhorrence of innumerable other ones; and finally renounced "all the errors and heresies, which commonly go under the name of Arianism, Socinianism, Armenianism, Pelagianism, Antinomianism, and Enthusiasm." At which indisputable orthodoxy, the historian remarks, the worthy founders congratulated themselves mightily; though, in their latter days, it would hardly be a matter of such difficulty to find a candidate, untainted by the last-mentioned error.

In 1745 the General Assembly granted a new charter, for the confirmation of the College. By this the President, Fellows, Professors, and every Tutor, were required to swear allegiance to George I., to favor the succession of the Heirs of the late Princess Sophia, and to extinguish the hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales, and his open and secret Abettors. For this great alliance to the King's interests, it was granted that "the persons and families of the President and Professors, and the persons of the Tutors and Students, shall be freed and exempted from all working at highways, and such other like duties and services." This privilege has never been withdrawn.

About this time, (1748,) the Laws of the College were drawn up and printed in Latin, being the first book ever put through a press in New Haven. The historian remarks, with much appearance of truth, "that many of the present laws of the College are found in this code."

Owing to the privileges of this new charter, and the attractive advertisement of this edition, the number of students vastly increased, making a new building necessary. To raise the requisite money, the President instituted a Lottery, from which he realized £500 sterling; and South Middle College was built in 1752. At the Commencement of that year, the President and Fellows ordered, that the new College be called and named Connecticut Hall, and then walked in procession into it, and the Beadle made the following declaration:—

"Cum e Providentiæ Divinæ Favore, per Coloniae Connecticutensis munificentiam gratissimam, hoc novum Edificium Academicum, Fundatum et Erectum fœvit; in perpetuam taentæ Generositatis Memoriam, Aedes] hæc nitida et splendida. Aula Connecticutensis nuncupetur.' "

Oh! noble South Middle! Aula nitida et splendida! Thy name indeed is forgotten; but yet, in thy lustrous splendor we behold apt representative of this great State!

Yale College, then, has never had, or pretended to have, any influence in the State, as an institution. In 1763, on petition of several prominent ministers and gentlemen, the General Assembly of Connecticut took into consideration a Committee of Visitation, still "to preserve orthodoxy in the governors of the College." But Puritan blood still coursed in the veins of President Clapp. He appeared before the Assembly, and triumphantly refuted the legal right of the government to take any such measures; thus vanquishing the colonial lawyers on their own ground. He claimed the necessity for discipline that absolute power, without appeal be in the hands of the Faculty. He boldly threw back the retort of heterodoxy, and ended

with a threat of appeal to the king. "The Legislature took no measures on the memorial." In 1792, a project was propounded of lay members in the Corporation, which was accepted by the College. By this arrangement, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and the Six Senior Assistants in the Council, were admitted among the Fellows, and the College received from the State \$40,000; \$5,000 initiation fee for each new member. This organization still continues; and each enlightened Fenian, who cast a vote April second, had a voice in the appointment of eight members of the Corporation of Yale College.

Yet the enlightened Board of this same State, for this very election, have denied students of Yale College the suffrage of the State, for the simple and absurd reason of their being students. On their own decision, and contrary to the precedent of former years, they have adopted and put in practice an educational disqualification. Though one be a wanderer on the face of the earth, when not in New Haven, unless that town be written down in the Catalogue as his home, no other proof may establish his residence. There is wonderful credit in the printed text, with these philosophers. That middle column in the Catalogue outweighs all else. I swear residence in New Haven to-day; three years ago I gave the residence of my father, or family, or the home of my boyhood, as Kamschatka; therefore my oath to-day cannot be accepted. I have lived here forty weeks out of the fifty-two, for three years, but in four or five months I intend to leave New Haven; therefore I am no resident. But hundreds of men go to the polls, with allegiance sworn to interests beyond the seas, and avowed intention to make that oath a war-cry, in spite of American interests, long e'er I graduate. Yet the future troubles not their residence-qualification. The 618 students in Yale College spend annually as many thousand dollars in New Haven, on which its tailors, and grocers, and butchers, and bakers, grow fat and insolent. In this same town, there are men, known by their black moustaches and yellow overcoats, their hang-dog looks and drunken ignorance, who, like vampires, in the dead of night, suck a stolen subsistence from the blood of the community; but who exercise their suffrage without a question. In some regulations, a man lives where his washing is done. The wash-women of Yale College are an Amazonian host. But did any one inquire of the 900 new voters upon the New Haven Registry list, where they had their washing done? or whether indeed they had any?

Why, then, cannot a student vote? Simply because he is under an educational disqualification. His suffrage is denied him, for the single reason of his connection, for purposes of education, with the institu-

tion of Yale College. We have said before, that this institution has no political rights; that is, none that are positive and peculiar; but it has the common negative right, that connection with it shall not constitute a political disqualification. And this, the natural prerogative of every free institution, I claim has been outraged in a most open and bare-faced manner during the election of Governor of this State of Connecticut.

R. C., JR.



"Learn to Labor and to Wait."

NEXT to "books in the running brooks," and "sermons in stones," I like the sermons that you find sometimes in some little, unpretending Poem. These you can always understand. These are never wearisome. These are short, simple and solemn.

You take up a book at odd moments, and look for the shortest piece. You begin without knowing that you are going to be sermonized, and end, hardly knowing that you have been. But you read over and over again, the lesson that the pages teach, and each time it seems more pleasing and more impressive.

There is all the fascinating influence of the poetry, as such; and—no, I will not say it—there are *not* all the effects of a long and labored sermon. For you are not drowsy, you are not tired out, you are not vexed with yourself and with every one else. But you are thoughtful and serious. You begin to wonder, sadly, why you are not better, and why your past life has been so ineffective. And you wish that every one could be good and noble and happy. And then, as you come still more into the spirit of the earnest words before you, you determine that your living shall not be all in vain; that you will do something to enhance the happiness of others; that you will try, henceforth, harder than ever, to "avoid evil and do good."

Thus your soul filled with these high aspirations, and your attention held by the deep import of a closing line, you lay down the volume of verses, and take up anew, and with strengthened purpose, the duties of every day.

To such sermons, and to such reminders of duty, we owe, if I mistake not, much of the little good we do possess.

The field of American literature presents no one more successful in this style of poetry, than the author of the so justly named "Household Poems." And, perhaps, his volumes afford no specimen more admirable, or more widely known, than that rare gem of Longfellow; the "Psalm of Life." Where else can be found, in the same space, thought so earnest and profound, so clearly and so earnestly expressed? And what sermon of so practical an application?

It begins with a denial of the statement,—

"Life is but an empty dream,"

and goes on to show why and wherein the assertion is false. The very argument that skeptics use to prove the utter emptiness of life, namely its shortness, is here employed to show life's deep and grand significance.

Since the Past is at best fleeting and shadowy, and the Future is yet more intangible, we are urged to make the most of the Present moment—not to waste our All.

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

And then :—

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!"

Action, not apathy, is the philosophy of the "Psalm of Life."

One more incitation is given to live worthily our little life, for the sake of our successors; and then we have the closing verse, at once the conclusion and the condensation of the whole :—

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to Labor and to Wait."

It is hard to find any more fitting comment on this last line, than the lines and verses which precede. Step by step, and verse by verse, the Poet rises to this elevation of sentiment, until, as it were, from the very pinnacle, he fulminates this glowing thought.

And how *comprehensive* is the thought! Of what infinite compass! In a single line we have the great problem of our being, suggested by the experience of ages, by the life of the world:—the lesson, to learn which men are born, and live, and die. Alas, that so many pass away with the lesson all unlearned!

This precept, like the whole piece, is eminently *practical* in its bearing. Although it includes questions of the widest importance in the world's economy, it also omits none of the least. It may apply to the human race at large, to the "whole creation," that "groaneth and travaileth in pain together," but it applies with equal force to the lowest slave that toils all day for a scanty meal and a place to sleep at night. Work and suffering! Industry and patience! Who is there whose life is exempt from the one; who does not have occasion to practice the other?

There is *sound doctrine*, too, in the terse line,—

"Learn to labor and to Wait."

Our first estate of happiness and perfection, once lost through sin, can only be regained by means of a period of probation. Like the Israelites of old, before we come to the "land flowing with milk and honey," we must wander our forty years in the wilderness; sometimes crossing our track, sometimes going backwards, often arriving at the original starting point. And, after all, we can never see the promised land, unless we manfully do our work and patiently suffer.

This rule is designed not only for the regulation of our present life; it points, with cheering assurance, to a "better country, that is an heavenly." Nor is this a *stern rule*, after all. Ours is a beautiful world, and we have varied capacities for its enjoyment. Yet pleasure is not the legitimate end of life; and whoever tries to make it such cannot be happy, in the highest sense.

That way is not the shortest, easiest or safest, which stops at every shady grove, and turns aside to pick each tempting flower. Happiness, in life's journey, is incidental and attendant on a faithful adherence to the straight path of duty. He who has learned to Labor and to Wait, is at the highest point of human felicity.

"Not *enjoyment*, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to live that each To-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

And finally, our text may be divided, on natural distinctions, into two heads,—Learn to Labor; Learn to Wait. And not the least of

these is the latter. Did you ever think how irrevocable is life? Without our consent or previous consultation, we are placed in this world to live. Live we must, and for the manner of our living we must render an account.

No power, human or divine, can take away this necessity, or relieve us from our accountability. God alone can create a soul, and God alone can annihilate. But He cannot obliterate the fact of a man's *having lived*. 'There are times in the experience of every one,—and they are neither "angel's visits," nor "few and far between,"—when the great responsibilities of life so press upon one's soul, that he well may wish he had never been born. It is a mournful thing to think that we all must die: but it is fearful to realize that we cannot but live.

Blessed is the man, whether old or young, that can patiently Wait, neither shunning death, nor weighed down with the burden of life.

As we read the passage, "Learn to Labor and to Wait," we recall those words of him who so nobly did both. "They also serve, who only stand and WAIT."

"In Pleasant Days."

I.

In pleasant days I think of thee.
Of the sweet eyes which see so well
Rare sights for th' eloquent lips to tell.
All delicate tints in sky and sea;

II.

The splendor of the westering sun;
The dainty violet in the grass;
Rare, common sights, which most would pass,
Which thou, dear heart, deem'st cheaply won,

III.

By earnest glance, and loving heed,
O dearest heart, akin with Him
Who loves His flaming cherubim,
Who loves, behold, this humble weed,

IV.

Which sprang but yester' from the mire,
And puts its leaflets bravely out.
He hears its tiny, rustled shout
Through all the chanting of His choir.

The College Course.

A College Course, if well spent, can never cease to be to us a source of improvement and enjoyment; if ill spent, we must ever look back upon it with vain regrets. As one advances towards the end, he looks back over his course, with a power to see things more in their true light, and is, perhaps, competent to give advice to those who have not advanced so far, as to the best way in which they may employ

their time here. Whether these remarks do any good or not is uncertain, for I think, as a rule, men will prefer to go on in their own way, and find out these things for themselves; but many, at the end, are compelled to look, with regret, upon time wasted and opportunities neglected, or to acknowledge that they have taken a radically wrong view of the design of the course itself. Now, of the general advantages of a College Course, it is needless for me to speak. No one can go through College without feeling himself much stronger than when he entered, and this additional strength is not merely the result of additional years, but the direct result of the studies he has here pursued. But there are some particular ways of employing one's time here, which give their pursuers considerable celebrity and influence, but which I think are founded upon a wrong idea of the course. I think one of the leading, and at the same time one of the most deceptive mistakes, is the taking what is commonly called a literary course, through College. The attractions of such a course are great, the work spent shows more directly, and the greater influence which a literary man commonly has and the greater favor shown him by the students, are things not likely to be despised. But let us remember that our literary reputation here is but transient; that its growth is a hot-bed growth; and that literary attainments must rest upon a firm foundation to be lasting. I have never seen a man who spent his time in College purely in literary pursuits, to the neglect of the other branches, that did not afterwards regret his choice, and feel that he was not so strong as he might have been. The injury done in this way is not merely for the present; the habits formed here accompany us after our exit, and the literary habits here formed are, for the most part, superficial, and tend to disqualify us for taking a firm and earnest hold upon the duties of life. The basis of a lasting literary reputation must be laid in the most careful study. The foundation of our work, that to which everything else should be made subordinate, should be the studies of the course. They constitute the trunk, which gives strength to the whole structure; the rest, the branches, which give grace and symmetry. By this means, we will gain a power of application, and a discipline of mind, which will be invaluable to us. The most common pretence for neglecting them is, the unpractical nature of many of them. One complains that too much attention is given to the classics; another, that the mathematics have too prominent a position. But let them reflect that our course of study has been formed by men who have experience in these matters, and that our arguments against them should, to gain credence, be something

more than the superficial ones commonly urged. Indeed, these objections are commonly brought forward by students in the early part of the course, before they have experienced the benefits which these studies give. But few, when they enter upon the studies of Senior year, and see what power they have to apply themselves to studies more practical in their nature, but will look back upon the studies of the first three years with an appreciation of the benefits bestowed and an acknowledgment how impotent we should have been without them.

We may indeed claim, and I think justly, that College should begin with Senior year, and that the first three years should be spent in a preparatory school, and we have faith to believe that such will ultimately be the case, when the country shall have grown older and more steady. But I hold that the studies of the first three years are absolutely necessary, and if they at present cannot be obtained elsewhere, let us not find fault with our College for supplying this indispensable want.

I have said, that application to our studies should be our main object, and that other things should be made subordinate. But they should by no means be neglected. The temptation to do nothing but study in College, is not very great. The road is dry and dusty, and whereas a literary man can make spasmodic efforts at intervals, and idle away the remainder of his time, one can be a scholar only by patient daily toil; there is no intermission, but from the time he enters College, until he leaves, there is one continual strain. I honor the scholars of each class, for I know by what constant toil they have gained their position. But if they have neglected for this the other opportunities offered; the opportunities for literary improvement, the social element, and to some extent the sports of College, I feel that they have paid too dear for their position. College should be made a time of happiness, as well as of improvement. Our lives will, doubtless, be full enough of trouble, and we ought to be able to look back upon our College course, as a scene of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. There is time enough for all these things, if rightly used, and any one who goes through College without knowing the strong, healthy enjoyment which can be obtained from a proper association with his Class-mates, loses a most precious part of College life. But we should guard against excess in all things. College life differs from the life of the world, in this: that in the former we should attempt all things, and strive to do them well, and not apply ourselves to any particular thing, to the exclusion of all others; in the world we should bring our energies to bear on one particular point, and press forward

to the end. Apply yourselves, then, well to the studies of the course, that will bring you up among the orations, or perhaps higher; cultivate all the opportunities offered you, and you will leave College better satisfied, and will ever look back upon your course with more pleasure than if you had entirely neglected some branches, but had been first in one.

Cotter's Saturday Night.

THE poetry of Burns is not the offspring of the imagination. It is the simple, untutored language of the heart. But as such, not devoid of thought. Every line is pregnant with meaning. With him, the man and poet are synonymous. There is no second nature, assumed to revel in the "highest heaven of invention," but every utterance is born of pure emotion. It is this which renders his poetry so true, so melodious, so thrillingly tender in each varying mood, and throws around his strange, wild rhymes, an artistic, animated grace. In descriptive poetry he is unrivalled. Every theme, however humble; every incident, however trifling, bears the impress of nature and of truth. In humor, the sunshine of his character, he is charming; but when it happily unites with the sweet emotions of tenderness, his utterance becomes instinct with a "true poetic life and color." It is, however, in the productions of a more thoughtful vein, when a calm spirit of devotion sways his heart, and tempers and tones his expression, that we especially admire him. His serious poems would alone immortalize his name. Of these, the "Cotter's Saturday Night," we have only space to mention. Its style, wanting a rich and varied fancy, is in unison with the character of the piece,—quiet, subdued. In conception it is tender and devotional, and invests, with alluring charms, the diviner nature of man. The subject is a happy one. And to Burns, peculiarly so; for it is simply the delineation of his loved Home. Many a Saturday night, after a weary week of toil, he had participated in this quiet scene of domestic peace and purity. But, aside, the night itself is an appropriate theme. It is to Sun-

day, what our mortal life is to the Future, a season of prayer and preparation. And nowhere is it observed with so deep a religious feeling, as among the peasantry of Scotland. They hallow and revere this night, as feeling the sacred influences of the Sabbath. To them it is the glowing west, "heralding a goodly day to-morrow."

The poem opens with the approaching night. The Cotter, having unloosed and stalled his weary beasts of burden,—

"Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend."

And now, as he approaches his "lonely cot," the sweet abode from toil, anticipation quickens his lagging pace. The "expectant *wee-things* toddlin" forth for his caress, the cheerful fire, "blinkin bonnily," the clean hearth-stone, and the "thriftie" wife's kind smile,—

"Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil."

And now to the home nest come the elder children, from their weekly service. Gladly do they return and gladly offer of their scanty gains the "cair-won penny fee." The re-union of the family is most happy, for all are deeply conscious of the "presence of Home—that ineffable, sheltering, loving presence, which, amidst solitude murmurs *not solitary*." Each the unrecorded history of the week relates; his hopes, his fears. Sympathy pervades all, and with the interchange of kindest wishes,—

"The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fled."

The parents are not unmindful of their duty, but amid their kind encouragements, enforce obedience to what is just and right, and that success may crown each honest aim, warn them to always fear the Lord, and ever to

"Implore his counsel and assisting might."

What a charming picture of domestic happiness! the family circle, from which emanates the purest human love; the union of youth and age,—the future and the past; the one beaming with hope at the opening spring-time of life; the other, the closing winter of experience, forgetting all in the genial freshness of its regeneration. Imagination dwells upon this picture with pleasure, and glows with pleasing recollections.

"But hark! a rap comes gently to the door."

An intruder here would seem almost unpardonable. Yet so happily is he introduced, so readily does he affiliate with the family, that his presence seems almost essential. The blushing Jennie, "woman grown," with sparkling eye, too plainly tells the tale,—

"O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt rapture! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary *mortal* round,
And sage *experience* bids me this declare:—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spares
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'"

This apostrophe to Love is well-timed, and every line bears impress of the sacred fire.

"But now the supper comes, their simple board."

A feature of the evening indispensable. It is here the peasant, fulfilling the stern decree, receives the reward of his labor. The heart softens beneath its genial influence. And, in after years, memory recalls its manifold pleasures, and dwells with fervid delight upon them. Who will forget the old familiar place, entwined so closely with our earliest remembrances? How naturally, the dame, in "complimental mood," brings forth her hidden dainties, and courts the "*lad*" to praise and to admire! How readily he yields;

"An' oft he's prest, an' oft he ca's it guid."

And oft he wonders if the "bonnie lass" whose future seems to blend with his, will ever entertain with such rich stores.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle, form a circle wide."

The pious Cotter then conducts the family worship. The rural muse has never presented before a scene so deeply affecting. There rests upon it a calm untroubled light, through which the virtues and allurements of lowly life shine forth in sweet simplicity. The language, throughout, assumes a quiet, gentle, almost inspired tone, and envelops the group in an atmosphere of peace. Accustomed, but never-tiring hymns "they sing in simple guise."

"Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tick'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

The Bible read,—

"Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days."

How expressively tender is this prayer! It breathes a spirit of faith. The simple joys of their earthly Home, intensified by deep religious feeling, create an earnest hope of a re-union in the "great hereafter," whence,—

"Together hymning their Creator's praise,
There ever bask in uncreated rays."

How truly is this prayer the simple language of the soul. But time wears on. The Sabbath approaches:—

"Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret *homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* provide."

We turn from these pious parents, happy in the communion with their God, and reflect with reverence upon that religion which elevates the soul above the cares and sorrows and disappointments of this life, and with an earnest, spiritual faith, glories in the brighter prospects of the Future. Glowing sentiments of patriotism feelingly close this beautiful poem. They are in harmony with the spirit of the piece. The "Cotter's Saturday Night," and scenes like this, in which the life giving power of religion is felt and appreciated, have moulded the character of the peasantry of Scotland. In the grandeur of Nature, they behold their God, and reverence Him. Their country has been the battle-field of their faith. To them it is most sacred. The very wild flowers of the forest, and the verdure of the hill-sides, breathe an atmosphere of purity distilled from the consecrated blood of martyrs.

A. E. L.

Sceaf.

THE night had fallen on the sleeping waves
That left in silence all the Northern sea,
While stars had come forth, one by one, and shone
On the smooth waters and thick-wooded shore ;
And, past meridian, the moon inclined
Down in the westward toward the British Isles,
Lighting a path across the dim expanse
Far toward the happy islands and herself,—
A path by man untraversed, mystic, strange,
Leading, as some said, to the open gates
Of a new world of joy and endless peace ;
While all men held that he, who had the might
To follow out that path, could never die,
But as a god should reign forevermore.
Along the misty ocean's barrier coast
The trusty sentinels of the old sea-king
Maintained till break of day their lonely watch,
Lest roving northern kinsmen should despoil
Them of their plunder, and destroy their towns,
Or burn their ships in an unguarded hour.

Oh what is that dark spot
Far out in the track of the moon,
Drifting in with the rising tide,
That now is seen and now appeareth not,—
A little speck on the waters wide
In the silvered path of the moon.

The tide comes flowing on
And measures its height on the rocks,
Hasting along the shelving beach.
It bears to-night unwonted treasure upon
Its bosom, and floats it within the reach
Of the sentinels there on the rocks.

A tiny ozier ark
Like a product of fairy land
Wrought with the greatest labor and care !
The watchers opened it in the night half-dark,
And found an infant, wondrous fair,
And such gems as in fairy-land.

Whence came the stranger waif
And the jewels fit for a crown?
Whence came the sheaf of unknown grain,
And costly ark in which they floated safe?
They asked, but they found no answer again
From the child or those gems for a crown.

They took them to the town,
To the mead-hall of the king;
There were the child and the jewels left,
But in the fields the unknown grain was sown,
Whence they named him Sceaf, and of home bereft
He was reared by the pirate king.

A score of years had quickly sped,
And chieftains met in fierce debate
To choose a sovereign for their state
In place of one who now was dead.

Between two earls of warrior fame
Arose a contest wild and high,
And ready followers stood by
To battle in each leader's name.

But one said,—“Yonder Sceaf, the waif,
A young and valiant warrior stands;
He brought the grain to sow our lands,
Then trust to him to keep them safe.

“With him came jewels for a crown,—
Fate must design it then for him,
And bold of heart and strong of limb,
Well can he rule and lead the town.”

They made him king and lived in peace,
He aided right and punished wrong,
Built up a navy brave and strong,
And made their lands and wealth increase.

Those jewels in a crown he wrought,—
The fairest crown in all the world;
His flag on many a sea unfurled
To all his matchless glory taught.

So half a century he swayed
The roving northmen of his land,
And as they found by his command
Came wealth and honor, they obeyed.

From all the lofty masts, that made the harbor seem
A forest bared of bark and limb,
The darkened emblems of a public mountain stream,
For all that fleet was built by him.

Upon his palace tower by seaward breezes blown,
The sign of common sorrow flies,
Within, an idle crown upon the vacant throne
Beside a broken scepter lies.

But soon, as now the solemn mourners' feast was done,
They laid the crown upon his head,
And moving seaward at the hour of setting sun,
In state they bore their royal dead.

The sun had sunk beneath the waves
That idled on the Northern sea,
The eastern wind was soft and low.
The westward-turning tide was slow,
Asleep all else appeared to be.

The moon was in the western sky,
And, far across the waves, a glow
Of splendor that it only hath
Lit up a strange and mystic path,
The same as seventy years ago.

The tallest ship of all the fleet
Lay moored beside the silent shore,
And in it laid with greatest care
Were costly gems, and treasures rare,
And wealth unmatched before.

They laid the king beside the mast,
His head still wore the royal crown,
His golden standard near him stood,
Beside him lay his sword so good,
Black samite over him was thrown.

The chiefs about him laid their arms,
And placed a sheaf of ripened grain
Beside him, and they wrote his name,
His age, his rank, and whence he came,
Around the prow in letters plain.

No sail was raised, the ship unmoored
Set forth, and then a dirge-hymn rang
Out clearly, as the ship moved on
Far down the pathway of the moon.
This was the dirge the people sang:—

“The sun will rise again upon the darkened land,
But Sceaƿ our glory comes to us no more. ●

“Our laden ships go tailing by the beach of sand,
But he, their builder, comes to us no more.

“Our grain grows tall and ripe beneath the tiller’s hand,
But he that brought it comes to us no more.

“The tides forever have their ceaseless ebb and flow
And men and things and seasons lightly come and go.

“But days like those of yore we never more shall know,
For Sceaƿ our king will come to us no more.”

Long years afterward came the rumor,—
Borne on the winds it seemed to be,
For whence it came none ever knew,
But all men held its import true,—
That Sceaƿ was king of the happy islands,
That lay far off in the western sea.

There he was reigning in youth immortal,
Matchless in honor, of limitless sway,
Where all throughout the golden year
The fields were green and the sky was clear,—
Where all things partook of a life unceasing,
In a realm of endless day.

Two Letters.

I.

FROM WM. WARPATH, LATE CAPT. U. S. VOLUNTEERS, TO DAVID DOOLITTLE, SENIOR IN YALE COLLEGE:—

MY DEAR DOOLITTLE:—

It is nearly four years since our paths of life, so long running side by side, abruptly separated; yours to carry you to the University, beneath the shadow of whose venerable walls you still abide; mine to lead me to the "gory battle-field." Well, during those four years, I have undergone the stereotyped experience described to you so often by Chaplains of a literary turn, newspaper correspondents, and reverend, but very trashy, historians. I have wallowed in the "sacred soil;" I have fed on the inevitable "hard-tack" and "salt-horse;" I have slept under the "starry canopy of heaven;" I have charged and retreated; flanked and wheeled; routed and been routed; and in fact, as our reverend but trashy historian might say, have drunk my draught out of the nation's cup of bitterness. And now that I have returned to civil life, my thoughts often turn to that College life to which we had looked forward together, before the trumpet-note of war disturbed our dreams. I feel a great desire to know what it is that I have given up.

Tell me, then, what kind of a place is Yale College? I know that some five hundred students are gathered within half a dozen of the ugliest brick buildings in the country, going over a given routine of study; I occasionally read in the newspapers an indignant paragraph about the sufferings of Freshmen from Sophomoric insolence; I hear of an annual boat race; and this is the entire extent of my knowledge with regard to an institution which, whatever may be its deficiencies, is certainly the nearest approach to a University that our country affords. With so scanty a knowledge, I am by no means satisfied. I want to know something about the real character of your College community; what are its peculiar customs; what is its tone of public opinion; what ideas it holds; into what classes of men it divides itself; what are its prominent merits and faults.

By gratifying my curiosity upon these points, you will oblige &c., &c.

II.

FROM DAVID DOOLITTLE, SENIOR IN YALE COLLEGE, TO WM. WARPATH, LATE
CAPT. U. S. VOLUNTEERS:—

MY DEAR WARPATH:—

I take great pleasure in answering, to the best of my ability, the questions you have asked me, because, by so doing, I shall put into clear and definite form, for my own satisfaction, as well as yours, certain ideas which have long been floating vaguely about in my mind. You must allow me however the liberty of a correspondent, in writing down my thoughts as they suggest themselves, without much attempt at method or logical order. "What sort of a place is Yale College," you ask. I will first answer your question by telling you, as well as I can, what kind of a place it is, so far as the Faculty's influence upon it goes.

As regards government, this College is a nondescript sort of affair, a kind of cross between a University and a high school. The students come here too young, (in the opinion of their instructors at least,) to be safely allowed that liberty which students in a University possess, and accordingly the Faculty assumes towards them the relation of a "parent or guardian." It attempts to make them faithful in study, by a system of marking each recitation; the person who has the highest mark for all the recitations in the course, taking the "first honors," and so on, downwards; and all being required to recite above a certain average, on penalty of dismissal. Thus the mark seems as a prize, to tempt the foremost to greater efforts, and as a spur to drive the hindmost into an approach to diligence. This system is, probably, on the whole, the best that could be devised, though it reminds one, rather unpleasantly, of his infant-school days, to see a man of twenty or more, standing before a tutor's box, and whining about his ill success in his last recitation, and trying to induce the instructor to mark it a few hundredths higher. But the Faculty also maintain a parental attitude toward those under their care, by requiring their attendance upon religious exercises on each Sunday, and upon morning prayers. Absence from these exercises and from College duties is punished by marks; a certain number incurred causing a "letter home," and a still greater number, nominally expulsion; but never more than suspension, and rarely that. For here is where the want of adaptation of the system displays itself. Such regulations are

very well for boys of sixteen or seventeen, but the absurdity of enforcing them with the same strictness upon men of twenty-one, is very evident. Formerly the College laws recognized this, by making a distinction between the upper and lower Classes, in favor of the former. But the progress of democratic ideas, or some other reason, caused this distinction to be abolished, and the Senior and the Freshman to be put upon the same level, before the law. The result is, that since the necessity for treating men of more maturity with less laxity cannot but be felt, each officer enforces the regulation with more or less severity, according to the strictness of his conscience. If you are so blessed as to be born with a name whose initial letter places you under the charge of an instructor of mild disposition and unpuritanic character, you may with impunity trample upon College regulations to an extent that would cause your less fortunate Classmate to be disgraced, and his parents to be cut to the heart by the severest of punishments. You may think it unjust that such inequality of treatment should depend upon a name; but the one upon whom full punishment is inflicted, gets no more than is just; don't you see?

The fact is, my dear Warpath, between the Faculty and the students, truth is sadly out of fashion with us. If you are afflicted with an unmanageable conscience, and refrain from writing lying excuses for incurring marks, then your instructor sends home a letter to your "parent or guardian," saying that you are placed upon a course of discipline; that if you incur a few more, you will be placed upon a second course, and if you still persist in not handing in excuses, you will be "removed from College." Now I leave it to you, if saying that a man is put upon a course of discipline puts him there, any more than the declaration of the Southern States that they were out of the Union, carried them out. And as for the removal from College, that never takes place. Suspension is the worst punishment, and that is but rarely inflicted. These "letters home" may be, and I think are, for the most part, regarded by those who write them, as a very good joke; but even the best of jokes will pall by frequent repetition, and there will come to my mind a sentence that we used to read together in the Latin Reader, (for your sake I give the English,) "Epaminondas was such a lover of truth, that not even (*ne quidem*) in jest—*mentriretur*."—

This subject of College discipline leads me to speak of what I consider the great fault of the Faculty, in their intercourse with the students. It is that they are too hampered by an absurdly strict code of laws; a code which none of them keep to the letter, but in striving to

observe which, they appear to us only as parts of a great governing machine, and not as men like ourselves. The College laws stand to them precisely as the laws of Moses do to us; they cannot keep them, but spend their lives in straining after a perfect observance of them. A new dispensation is needed.

But I must go on to answer your question more fully, by speaking of the students themselves. Concerning the studies pursued, I have little to say; regarding the amount of attention given to them, a few words. In every "institution of learning," there are a certain proportion who study intensely; a certain proportion who study moderately; and a certain proportion who do not study at all. The first of these Classes contains fewer in number and less ability; the last, a larger number, and more able men than is or should be the case in most Colleges. This is owing, I think, to two reasons; first to the mechanical character of the College course, which offers a man a dull routine of daily tasks, but presents nothing to kindle his enthusiasm for the studies he is pursuing; and secondly, to an undue admiration for intellectual brilliancy, on the part of the College world, and an excessive hankering after that admiration, on the part of men of ability. The system of education pursued here, may be, the most effective for forcing the greatest amount of study out of the body of students, and so, on the democratic principle of the greatest good of the greatest number, it may be the best; but it certainly presents few attractions to a really thoughtful man. The Classical instruction is merely a continued drilling in the elementary principles of syntax and prosody. These are indispensable, in their way, as introductory to the proper understanding of a Latin or Greek author; but here, the introduction occupies the whole course; the means is never applied to the end. The instruction given in Latin in the Senior year is just as elementary in its character, as that of the Freshman tutor. There is no attempt to kindle the enthusiasm of the student by pointing out to him the merits of the author he is studying, and leading him to a critical and appreciative study of their works, as conveying thought. And then, it is a galling waste of time to sit three hours a day and hear the same questions asked and bunglingly answered. The consequence is, that many men, capable of becoming fine scholars, turn back, discouraged, from the tread-mill of the recitation. And they turn back with more readiness, because there is a more inviting path to a more brilliant College reputation before them.

Nowhere is our American love of rhetoric more inordinate and more injurious than here. A man who can make a showy speech is far more highly esteemed, than another of more solid but slowly ripening powers, whose rhetorical abilities develop more slowly into the sober strength of manhood instead of the feverish brilliancy of youth. And thus, by a few successful prize contests, a person like the former can acquire a reputation which, though limited in extent, is more immediately potent, and more dazzling than that which offers itself in after life. And with this he is foolish enough to be satisfied, preferring the present four years to the life for which these years are but a preparation.

But outside of the course of study it does seem that there are very few manifestations among us of a healthy intellectual life. We have a "Literary Magazine;" but not over-much honest thought is therein it. By no means every line of it is worth a second reading. We are but boys, it is true, but are there any signs of promise for our manhood? If a man of twenty writes either fustian, or common place, when is he to begin to write what is neither?

But I find, my dear Warpath, that I am writing a soliloquy of my own, rather than such an account as will instruct or interest you. There were several more topics, with regard to which I wished to inform you; our wretched system of politics, in which a man barter his own integrity and simplicity of character, and often his best friendships, to gratify a desire for intrigue or to get a paltry office; unreasonable society prejudices; making those enemies who ought to be friends, and those friends who ought to be enemies; the small amount of useful reading gone through with—but I leave them all untouched. You will think, I know, that I am drawing a dark picture. I admit it, but it is because I have felt so strongly in my own person the evils of which I speak. Write to some faithful scholar, and he will make you a more cheerful and, I dare say, a truer representation. In the meantime take my assurance that this College is a place where, if a man has a mind, he can obtain a solid if not an elegant education, and where it is his own fault if he doesn't find some of the truest friends God ever sends to man,

Yours, etc.,

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The discouraging account which Mr. Doolittle gives of the condition of things will be more correctly estimated when the reader is informed

that he is one of those naturally good scholars who are disgusted with the treadmill routine of the recitation room, so disgusted that his standing is among the colloquies; and that he is trembling on the verge of suspension for marks for which he has heroically refused to send in excuses.

Dry Toast.

Our favorite table is the one in the middle, mainly because it is in the middle. The modest individual taking the table next the door is written down a sub-Freshman, or a Theologue, by the attendant Raven, (we say "Raven," for if you breakfast occasionally at our restaurant during a term on tick, you will find grub in his bill to an extent that would have astonished Elijah,) and he must wait an hour or go away unsatisfied. Those who take the remote table, near the back door, and window, are looked upon with suspicion, as they are supposed to be the firm's unanswering correspondents. Moreover, to encourage his appetite in this place, one must hear more than he sees, and that back window is a detective, bringing every thing to light. Puddles of gravy, a dreary waste of molasses with islands of crumbs, "Little drops of water," patches of eggs and butter, eruptions of salt and pepper are redundant and obvious.

But our middle table, besides commanding the whole room, an advantage when your stomach is anxious, and your waiter a follower of Fabius Cunctator, is made visible by a dim reflection of the other table's light; as it were, by "the light of other days," which, naturally softened and exhausted by former use, like the summer twilight, casts a soothing and appetizing haze over the dingy board.

Crumbs are an element, a fit subject for an epic. Scattered in the door-yard, (if you live in the country,) they become an incentive to action, and nutriment for domestic fowl. Flies are attached to them. Schoolgirls always carry crumbs in the pockets of their aprons. Whenever seen, they (crumbs) are suggestive of former banquets.

luxury and conviviality ; but scattered between your sheets, they are an annoyance, compelling wakefulness. I doubt if Rip Van Winkle could sleep upon cracker crumbs in peace. It is annoying to find foreign substances in your food, more particularly in pie. I have noticed this, as a Sophomore friend has just asked our waiter if his pie was made in a barber's shop ; remarking, parenthetically, that of all pies, he liked *piebald*. Now, although we hear it said of any young woman, that she is "as good as pie," young women now-a-days differ from pie, in that their principal attraction is capillary. Peters (out of College at present,) says that of all things, he likes to gaze upon a young woman with comb-ly hair. Peters will make his mark ; when he does, I shall recommend a slate pencil *rampant*, as a suitable crest for his arms.

The famished individual, upon entering our breakfast-room, will have his attention called to a vertical row of paintings, between the back-door and window, some of them quite rare, a few well done, illustrative of our frugal mode of living here.

The subjects of these paintings are not above suspicion ; as the observer turns from the figures on the right, forbidding gluttony, he will notice eggs, whose originals may be full of embryo ornithological life, and ham, which may have landed from the ark, and have been cursed by Noah.

A slate-pencil, with a slate and educated waiter attachment, is an excellent thing to have in a restaurant. Our's is thus furnished. It is a good medium of secret communication between the hungry and modest customer and the waiter. That melancholy individual of one fish-ball notoriety, might have been living now, an honored citizen, had his restaurant provided a slate and pencil. Furthermore, it brings the waiter above and the functionary below into close communication, I might say, face to face. *Modus operandi*. Student sleeps over breakfast, (I have noticed that the man who can't sleep on a late supper, always sleeps over breakfast next A. M.,) rushes into prayers, flunks in recitation, goes out, in a state of famine, before it is finished, (two marks,) enters our restaurant, addresses waiter, who puts three more marks on the slate ; slate goes below, via dumb waiter ; smoke, flurry, steam, suspense, fifteen minutes. Dumb waiter ascends with slate, hieroglyphics, and the answer. Breakfast finished, proprietor puts down several additional marks on ledger, and the thing is done.

The question was asked, if man partakes of the nature of his diet, e. g., will a pork diet tend to make a man voracious, or a clam diet make him happy in New Haven during the rainy season ? Nibs said

that he had heard of several Fejee Islanders who had become pious from Missionary diet. Said I, "Nibs! if this theory is true, as it may be, you was raised on 'cabbage heads.'"

One of the gentlemen near the back door interrupted our discussion, by asking the waiter if a man ought to pay for his grub if he hadn't aught to pay. As our waiter is a logician, he thought not; "Then charge my breakfast," rejoined the youth as he departed.

This interruption caused me to speak of the present high prices of board. Our philosophic neighbor, who by the way has materially advanced the cause of temperance, by practically demonstrating the necessity for total abstinence societies, said that his board was so high they seasoned it with attic salt. Peters asked why they didn't live upon *poached* eggs. I am afraid Peters will never get back to College. His paternal ancestor is a very good man and a deacon; as he passes the "Sasser" for the monthly contributions, his irreverent son calls him "Old Sacerdos." He had expressed the wish that his offspring would be a good scholar and one of the lights of College, and was filled with dismay when Peters told him that good scholars were looked upon here as mere rush-lights.

Our attention, at this moment, was called to a warm discussion, which had arisen between a pair of individuals, who belong respectively to the two lower Classes, arising from the question of the constitutionality of sporting beavers and bangers. Our Sophomoric friend thought the Freshman Class should consider the peculiar position of the Sophomores; that Classes before them had successively bullied the Freshmen, and they must save their reputation. The Freshman said, referring to this saving clause in his opponent's remark, that the Sophomore Class were excessively economical! He argued that as College customs were relics of barbarism, the question of supremacy was one not of morality, but strength; that if his Class was strong enough, there could be no doubt of their right to rule. Quoth the Sophomore, "In consideration of the incontinent desire of your Class to hold the reins, you Freshmen ought to wear bibs." "Why so?" "Because you'drule."

As our Freshman has not yet become accustomed to College wit, he is excusable for not perceiving the point of this remark. Our German musical friend, who has been named Diatentonic, (Diet for short at meal time,) by his admiring friends, expressed his astonishment that young men, just completing their second term in College, should manifest such extravagant reverence for beavers. "In fact," said he, "the Freshman clings to his newly acquired beaver, as Ephraim to his idols: it becomes his 'Castor Diva.'"

Long waiting for breakfast had plainly brought Diet to a low state, and I was relieved to hear the waiter, in a voice calculated to alarm all the hens in the neighborhood, request the unseen caterer below to hurry up "them three eggs three minutes." After certain mystic rites, Fabius lays aside his slate and pencil, and places before D. his matutinal repast. And we depart, envying his quiet pleasure, as he absorbs an inordinate abscissa of buttered toast; and admiring the self-possession of Peters, who, standing near the door, while he promises to adjust the charges of the mild proprietor very soon, abstractedly appropriates a few peanuts (on the right hand table as you come out,) for consumption during the impending noon recitation.

Memorabilia Valensia.

The Promenade Concert.

The Promenade Concert occurred at Music Hall, April 3d, 1866. The Orchestra was under the direction of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS. We subjoin the Programme.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

1. OVERTURE—Stradella, *Flotow*
2. PROMENADE—Marche aux Flambeaux, *Meyerbeer*
3. QUADRILLE—Un Ballo, *Verdi*
4. GALOP—Carnival, *Zabei*
5. LANCIERS—L'Africaine, *Meyerbeer*
6. VALSE—Wienerkinder, *Strauss*

PART SECOND.

7. SELECTION—Faust, *Gounod*
8. QUADRILLE—Yale, *Eben*
9. GALOP—Postillion d'Amour, *Herrmann*
10. WALTZ—Deutsche, *Strauss*
11. LANCIERS—Tete-a-tete, *Rietzel*
12. GALOP—Snow Flakes, *Bilse*

PART THIRD.

13. SELECTION—Fra Diavolo, *Auber*
14. POLKA REDOWA—Une pensée, *Strauss*
15. QUADRILLE—Fest, *Strauss*
16. VALSE—Mabel, *Godfrey*
17. LANCIERS—Faust, *Gounod*
18. GALOP—Enchanting, *Dietrich*

Junior Exhibition.

The Junior Exhibition occurred Wednesday, April 4th. We give a list of the Managers, and the Order of Exercises.

MANAGERS.

BEVERLY ALLEN,	GEORGE PRESTON SHELDON,
JAMES MONROE ALLEN,	BENJAMIN SMITH,
WALLACE BRUCE,	JAMES MAGOFFIN SPENCER,
CHARLES SAMUEL ELLIOT,	PETER RAWSON TAFT,
JAMES FISKE MERRIAM,	BOYD VINCENT.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC: Overture, *Der Freyschutz*.—*Weber*.
2. Latin Oration, "De libro C. C. Taciti quo referuntur situs, mores populi Germaniae," by GEORGE PRESTON SHELDON, *Rutland, Vt.*
3. Oration, "The Eloquence of Demosthenes," by LEONARD TREAT BROWN, *New Haven.*
4. Oration, "Roger Williams," by SAMUEL KEELER, *Wilton.*
5. MUSIC: Romanza, *Tannhauser*.—*Wagner*.
6. Dissertation, "The Immortal Three Hundred," by JOHN MILTON HART, *West Cornwall.*
7. Oration, "Richard Cobden," by ALFRED EUGENE NOLEN, *Woonsocket, R. I.*
8. Oration, "The Tendency towards Centralization in this Country," by CHARLES KINSEY CANNON, *Bordentown N. J.*
9. MUSIC: Polka, *Aurora-bell*.—*Strauss*.
10. Oration, "The Ingratitude of the Athenians to the Public Men," by ALBERT WARREN, *Leicester, Mass.*
11. Oration, "Progress in Russia," by GEORGE COTTON BRAINERD, *St. Albans, Vt.*
12. Dissertation, "The Visible World a Stimulus to Intellectual Progress," by HENRY TURNER EDDY, *North Bridgewater, Mass.*
13. MUSIC: Quartette, *Rigoletto*.—*Verdi*.
14. Oration, "The Liberation of Humanity," by RICHARD WILLIAM WOODWARD, *Franklin.*
15. Oration, "Edgar A. Poe," by DAVID JAMES BURRELL, *Freeport, Ill.*
16. MUSIC: Season Galop.—*Heller*.
17. Oration, "The Uses of a True Conservatism in a Republic," by HENRY CLAY SHELDON, *Lowville, N. Y.*
18. Philosophical Oration, "The Spirit of Literature," by JAMES MAGOFFIN SPENCER, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
19. MUSIC: Selection, *Ione*.—*Petrella*.

EVENING.

1. MUSIC: *Fra Diavolo* —*Auber*.
2. Greek Oration, "Τῆς Λακωσις ἀγωγῆς καὶ τῆς Ἀθηναίας παιδείας σύγκρισις," by THEODORE LANSING DAY, *Newton, Mass.*

3. Oration, "National Responsibility," by LUTHER HART KITCHEL, *Chicago, Ill.*
4. Oration, "Characteristics of Modern Historians," by CHARLES GOODRICH COE, *Ridgefield.*
5. MUSIC: Romanza, Le Clair.—*Halevy.*
6. Oration, "The Relation of Magna Charta to Civil Rights," by EDGAR ABEL TURRELL, *Montrose, Pa.*
7. Oration, "The Ideal American," by JOHN WARREN PARTRIDGE, *Worcester, Mass.*
8. Poem, "The Ships of Tarshish," by PETER BRYNBERG PORTER, *Wilmington, Del.*
9. MUSIC: Echo Galop —*Bergman.*
10. Dissertation, "Modern Republicanism," by HENRY MORTON DEXTER, *Roxbury, Mass.*
11. Dissertation, "Aaron Burr," by BOYD VINCENT. *Erie, Pa.*
12. MUSIC: Fantaisie sur Themes par *Schubert.*
13. Oration, "The American Statesman," by JAMES GREELEY FLANDERS, *Milwaukee, Wis.*
14. Oration, "The Personal Character of Socrates," by JAMES FISKE MERRIAM, *Springfield, Mass.*
15. MUSIC: German Song, Cornet Solo.—*Abt.*
16. Oration, "Robert Burns," by WALLACE BRUCE, *Hillsdale, N. Y.*
17. Philosophical Oration, "The English Commonwealth," by PETER RAWSON TAFT, *Cincinnati, O.*
18. MUSIC: March—Potpourri.—*Gungl.*

Boating.

The Strokes of the Harvard and Yale crews met at Springfield a few days since, and arranged the preliminaries for the annual race. We give the challenge and acceptance below.

We, the undersigned, members of the Harvard University crew of 1866, hereby challenge the Yale University crew to row us a six-oared race at Worcester, Mass., July 27th, 1866.

For Harvard, { WM. BLAIKIE.
EDWARD T. WILKINSON.

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the Yale University crew, accept the challenge sent by the Harvard University crew, to row a six-oared race at Worcester on Friday, July 27th, 1866.

For Yale, { E. B. BENNETT,
C. F. BROWN.

Editor's Table.

THE Junior Exhibition has been the main event of interest in College since the last Lit. was issued. Doubtless all the Juniors grumbled at the tax, wondered why such a farce is continued by the Faculty, and voted the whole thing an unmitigated bore, as every class, in fact, has done, and probably all to come will do so. And yet, when the day really comes, it is by no means a trivial pleasure, to declaim to the old gentleman in front, who blows his nose in paternal sympathy as the young Burke makes his departing salaam to the patient old gentleman in the pulpit; while everyone whose name has fallen below the list, does feel, with a regret more poignant than ever felt before, as he looks down from the Gallery upon his classmates upon the stage, how easily he might, in the past three years, have recited among the first. The resolutions there made for Senior year, to be sure, are rarely kept. Few are. But yet it effects something; and when we see the Faculty attending year after year, with such exemplary endurance, it must certainly serve to heighten our respect for that spirit of self-sacrifice for the College which so eminently marks the instructors here.

The Exhibition this year was worthy the high reputation of the class for scholarship. The music was excellent, both in selection and execution. Everybody, indeed, missed the old band which has played here so many times; the bald, fat-cheeked little Dutchmen, in their grey uniforms, and gold cord crossing the manly padding upon their breasts; and Helmsmüller leading, rapt in a Frenchman's ecstasy over some divine galop. But our new friends played well, and doubtless will become as familiar at the Promenade in the future as Helmsmüller has been. The Promenade this year was rather thinly attended, as is usual in the Spring. In other respects it was a complete success. The ladies were looking extremely well, and those who danced at all did their duty very faithfully indeed. It seems a pity that ladies in the city should refuse to go to these concerts, or when there to dance. They owe duties to society, like Mrs. Jellaby. When any one attempts to give a party, and has the invitations refused, there seems to be a serious difficulty in the way of a successful entertainment. People are not dangerously social in New Haven. New Haven shall not become a Paris very soon, even if society here becomes less constrained.

The buds are just bursting upon the trees as the Great American Traveller blooms among us once more. Daniel looks as though the winds of heaven hadn't visited his head too roughly. It seems like old times to hear the old Exordium, "Are ye Jews or Gentiles?" or how in the "Chelsea poem,"

"The Grisley Bear and the Antelope,
Arm in arm, wended down the slope."

The superb dignity with which the General presents pennies to the urchins around, shows at least a kindly heart. What can be finer than the chivalric admiration of General Pratt for his comrade in arms, General Hawley? "I called upon General

Hawley a few weeks ago," says Daniel, taking off his hat and putting it on again, "and said I, 'I shall vote for you General, and you will be elected.' The General is a very modest man," he adds explanatorily, "and simply smiled."

The Editor also voted for Hawley, and he was elected.

While serving his country in exercising the high right of the franchise, the Editor has been forced to forego the pleasure of arranging the articles for this Number, reading proof, and indulging in a tri-daily journey to State Street. A most patriotic classmate has performed these duties, who, but for his own refusal, would himself have been one of the Board of Editors. The Editor is exceedingly obliged to him, and doubts not that the College will be also.

TO OUR READERS.

OUR labor is done. The management of the MAGAZINE passes, with this Number, into new hands. The ability of the new Board is a sufficient guarantee of its future success. This Periodical, which, for more than thirty years, has, in a greater or less degree, reflected credit upon the College, is worthy an immunity from severe criticism, and a generous support. That such has been accorded to us we are glad to acknowledge; and we bid you farewell, with the kindly hope that this MAGAZINE may confer as much honor upon YALE in the future, as its supervision has afforded pleasure to us in the year that is past.

HAMILTON COLE,
GEORGE C. HOLT,
CHARLES M. SOUTHGATE,
L. CLIFFORD WADE,
HENRY O. WHITNEY.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

JUNE, 1866.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

"Doctor Johns."*

THERE is no gift more rare and beautiful, than the power of expressing sentiment so naturally and simply as to gently bring the reader's heart into mystic symphony with that of the writer. It is the choicest charm of our sweetest poets, such as Tennyson and Burns, and of those few writers like Goldsmith and Irving, whose very prose is poetry. The sacred chords of feeling, though capable of vibrating to sweetest music in every healthful nature, are too delicate to be touched by any but a Master's hand. Exquisitely sensitive, they shrink from profanation with painful discord.

All sentiment which does not seem to flow forth spontaneously and truthfully from an honest, manly heart, grates upon the feelings, and there is nothing more mawkish and disgusting than false, strained, sickly sentimentalism. Yet such base counterfeit is so frequently palmed off as sterling coin, that doubtless we have all at times indignantly protested it as emphatically if not as profanely as Sir Peter Teazle in the play. With most people, indeed, the word implies little else than nonsense. "Sentimental bosh," is the generally just comment on the majority of those effusions which appeal to the feelings. The heart is not easily deceived—it opens only to genuine feeling, genuinely expressed.

* A story by Donald G. Mitchell, finished in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly.

The universal success, therefore, of the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," argues in their author abilities of no common order as a writer of genuine sentiment. These two books alone would secure to him an enviable position in this department of literature.

With almost equal felicity has Mr. Mitchell essayed of late the most difficult task of investing the life of the farmer with the peculiar charm of poetic fancy. He has been singularly happy in his attempt to mingle the exceedingly practical and poetical, in, we may almost say, the composing of eclogue and georgic in prose as sweet as Virgil's verse.

Nothing but a most delicate sense of poetic humor and inimitable power of giving freshness and beauty to the most humble scenes, could have rendered "My Farm at Edgewood" and "Wet Days at Edgewood," of such interest as they are to the general reader.

In his unpretending yet charming story of "Doctor Johns," concluded in the last number of the Atlantic, he appears in a somewhat different guise—that of a novelist. The interest of the tale, it is true, is not owing as it is in a majority of novels, to a succession of exciting and unnatural incidents, which forms the staple of the French novel and constitutes the Sylvanus Cobb style of story. It presents to us no startling phenomena of human character, no thrilling scenes for dramatic effect, no curious intricacy of plot. Nevertheless it yet has a plot, pleasing as well as natural, and skillfully wrought up, equal we think, to that of some of Hawthorne's best; the characters, moreover though the author has, as he tells us, chosen "but a small bit of canvass" for their painting, are admirably brought out. In a word, it is fairly a well conceived and well executed novel, and certainly so far as plot is concerned, more truly so than Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, which in many of its beauties it resembles.

Considered in the character of a novelist, the merit of Mr. Mitchell does not consist in the mere story "which," says Professor Craik, "is after all the source of pleasure which is of the least importance even in a work of fiction," being ephemeral in its nature and hardly outlasting the first reading, but rather in those rarer qualities which make some authors our constant friends, not to be thrown lightly aside when once perused, but to be placed on our favorite shelves ready for a cosy chat now and again as the humor takes us. Like Goldsmith and Irving, he has "the magic charm of style," and better still, there is in his works as in theirs, "the charm of *true feeling*, some portion of the music of the great hymn of nature made audible to all hearts."

In the refined yet honest taste and genial kindliness of sentiment

which characterize the work, we still recognize our old friend Ike Marvel of the "Dream Life," in this new garb which he has so gracefully donned. One would hardly have supposed New England village life of some half century ago to afford very inviting material for a novel that appeals like this to our gentlest sentiment and affections. We would naturally think that gloominess and moroseness, or a shade of unbending intolerance, would, as it does in some of the best works of New England's late great novelist, form largely the ground-work of interest in the tale. In a quiet unassuming way the defects of New England character, then more deeply tinged than now with the Puritan element, are delicately exposed. Our author has not at all depreciated its sterling traits, but has made the picture truthful and put it in the kindest light which it will bear. One effect of the story is to impress upon us that the sturdy Puritan character, originally cold, harsh and forbidding, by refinement and increased delicacy of feeling, expansion of heart and opinion,—wins the more upon our love yet loses no whit of our respect.

This is especially illustrated in the well developed character of Doctor Johns, the Congregationalist minister. We see him as a young man, deliberating over the coffin of his father, the old, gallant, hot-blooded Major, whether he would not be but performing a religious duty "in taking his place at the little table where prayer was to be said, and in setting forth, as one who knew so intimately the short-comings of the deceased, all those weaknesses of the flesh and spirit by which the Devil had triumphed, and in warning all those who came to his burial, of the judgments of God which would surely fall on them, as on him, except they repented and believed"—whether he were not, indeed, "commissioned, as it were, by the lips of the dead man, to cry aloud and spare not." We see him again in middle life, when God has taken from him a little innocent that has hardly peeped into the world, resigning it to His keeping with sad sighs and wretched doubt of its future happiness, "reckoning the poor fluttering little soul as a sinner in Adam, through whom all men fell." And yet we are so impressed with his nobleness and loftiness of character, and the underlying true kindness of his nature which at times struggles up and asserts itself, that we are made to feel a tender pity and hearty sympathy for the good grave man, "ironly honest, mastering his sensibilities, tearing great gaps in his heart even as the anchorites once fretted their bodies with hair cloth and scourgings."

The book is suggestive of the deep lessons to be learned by reflecting on the repression system practiced almost as a pious duty by many

of at least that day in New England. "There was," says Mr. Mitchell, "a determined shackling of all the passional nature. What wonder that religion took a harsh aspect? As if intellectual adhesion to theological formulas were to pave our way to a knowledge of the Infinite! As if our sensibilities were to be outraged in the march to Heaven? As if all the emotional nature were to be clipped away by the shears of the doctors, leaving only the metaphysic ghost of a soul to enter upon the joys of Paradise!" It is no wonder that a gushing demonstrative nature, like that of Reuben the Doctor's son, should, when he has grown a youth, rebel against such regimen; be driven away by a religion so little responsive to its yearnings, to the verge of infidelity. Does not New England to-day suffer the reaction of her severe dogmatism and intolerance of former times?

It is very pleasant to trace the gradual softening of the good Doctor, first by the gentleness of the lovely loving Rachel, fairest type of New England wifehood, and then, when bereaved of her ministrations, under the tender influences of the little winsome Adèle—the young French girl, daughter of an old classmate who has confided her to the Doctor's temporary charge.

It is with him a struggle of the natural dictates of the heart against a mistaken sense of duty. His false, harsh notions of religion gloom all his views of life, make him suspect and deem sinful almost every impulse of his nature. But little by little the heart wins its way. A sweet, innocent child, blithe and buoyant in her innocence, leads it on to the triumph.

His softer nature, frosted over as it is, by icy theological dogmas, gradually, almost imperceptibly to himself, thaws out, reflecting her love and radiating the gentle heart warmth she imparts. His sympathies are widened, his charity becomes enlarged. It is a wearing away of the rock by the quiet, constant flow of the rivulet—slow, very slow, yet very sure. In a letter to Maveric, the father, a careless though not hardened man of the world, enjoining on him the performance of a neglected duty by marriage with Adèle's mother, although a zealous Papist bent on the conversion of her child to Romanism, he tells him that he finds a strange comfort in "the very earnestness of her religious perversity," and closes thus—"with waning years I have learned that the Divine mysteries are beyond our comprehension, and that we cannot map out His purposes by any human chart. The pure faith of your child, joined to her buoyant elasticity,—I freely confess it,—has smoothed away the harshness of many opinions I once held."

He whom in that funeral scene of his early life we pitied almost

with a shudder, we are made to take our final leave of with mingled admiration and love.

The legitimate effect of submitting an impulsive, free spirited child to a too puritan system of training, is shown in the character of Reuben. The strained harshness of the religious views of those about him, gives an unnatural repulsiveness, a hideousness almost, to the good, while the evil, comprising, as he is daily taught to regard it, so many harmless amusements and pleasures, appears by contrast doubly desirable and attractive. He is not led into ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, but an effort is made to force and drive him as it were along the straight and narrow way. In his childish outburst of feeling, "You can't trust me because you *don't*, and that makes me feel the Devil in me,"—there lies a philosophical truth which even a faculty of a college may well stoop to consider. The result with Reuben is, as it is with many others, a premature shaking off of all authority and a plunge into the godless pleasures of the world. Even after reaching years of more discernment and discretion, on his renouncement of the empty vanities of life and return to his home, a convert to Christianity,—one however, more through sudden ebullition of feeling than deep conviction—the hard unyielding dogmas, the cold catechismal formulas of faith and the sickening "cant" which pervade the social atmosphere of the New England village, drive him for a while to a rationalism that prides itself in natural goodness and in charitableness of opinion.

Another of the most strongly marked characters in the story is the prim Miss Johns, spinster-sister of the good Doctor. It is amusing to see how she mingles together austerity of religious view, a hard pride of character, a devotion to "the proprieties" and little worldly plottings for the disposal of Adèle and her fortune to Reuben. We have all perhaps at sometime met with her counterpart—"the impersonation of all good severities,—a kind, good, bad gentlewoman—unwearied in the performance of duties, so steadfast we cannot condemn her,—so utterly forbidding we cannot love her!"

With what great fidelity has Mr. Mitchell pictured the internal life of the little Connecticut parish. We have many a time chanced upon a snug, out of the way village, with its lumbering stage-coach and "Eagle Hotel," that differed from the one he describes in scarcely anything but name; where we have met some shrewd, bargaining Deacon Tourtelot living submissively in awe of his bustling Dame Huldry,—some literary, sentimental, treble-singing, piano-strumming "Miss Almiry," with her salts bottle and scoop hat and yellow hair

festooned with blue ribbons; where we have gossiped with the "Tew partners," and, though more rarely, fallen in with some hospitable, open hearted, liberal minded, good natured Squire Elderkin, with his kind wife and pleasing family; where, in a word, we have met the counterparts of nearly all of Parson John's parishioners of Ashfield.

There flows in these towns still the same current of village gossip, and there still exists pretty much the same practice of "dickering" and bargain sharpening, which perchance will at times assert itself even in things most sacred.

Yet Mr. Mitchell uses much charity in the touches truth compels him to give of these characteristics. To those of our city friends who think it fashionable to harp on the parsimony of the small country New Englander, we recommend the consideration of our author's reflections. "He gets hardly;" says Mr. Mitchell, "and what he gets hardly he must bestow with self-questionings. If he lives 'in the small' he cannot give 'in the large.' His pennies, by the necessities of his toil, are each as big as pounds. Yet his charities in nine cases out of ten, bear as large a proportion to his revenue as the charities of those who count gains by tens of thousands. Liberality is, after all, comparative, and is exceptionally great only when its sources are exceptionally small. That '*widow's mite*'—the only charity ever specially commended by the great Master of charities—will tinkle pleasantly on the ear of humanity ages hence, when the clinking millions of cities are forgotten.!"

It is, we think, Ike Marvel himself who tells somewhere that Irving's mind was so constituted that there was scarcely any scene so humble but that his alertness and minuteness of observation detected in it some appeal to his sympathy or his humor. This is nearly as true of himself as it is of Irving. There is scarcely a page of "Doctor Johns" wherein this happy quality is not in some degree displayed. That which struck us most forcibly in reading the story was the entertaining *naturalness* of every character and scene which he portrays. "How natural"—will, we feel confident, be the frequent comment of those of our readers who may take my advice and read this book.

True humor abounds throughout, with here and there a touch of honest pathos. Some of the more amusing scenes picture themselves to our mind as we write—as Reuben's stragetical appropriation of the "shorter catechism" in silencing the serious lectures of the poor Doctor.—"Do you know my son the sinfulness of the estate in which you are living?" "'Sinfulness of the estate whereunto man fell?' says Reuben briskly. "Know it like a book. 'Consists in the guilt of

Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness and the corruption of his whole nature which is commonly called original sin, together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it'—There's a wasp on your shoulder, father, there's two of 'em. I'll kill em.' ”

We cannot help recalling his boarding-school martyrdom on Bolton Hill, under the “tall, lank, leathern-faced” Parson Brummem; the desperate dashing of his “Daboll” into his master's face; his midnight escapade much bedraggling Mistress Brummem's only pair of company sheets; his enjoyment in watching the Parson with his white cob scouring the country in search of him, while he safely sits ensconced beneath a neighboring hedge, munching his gingerbread; his runaway voyage to New York; his first visit to the theatre, where the very ticket seller seemed to him “an understrapper of Beelzebub,” the usher, a ghoulish-like giant Dagon, and the “wonderful creature in tight bodice and painted cheeks, sailing across the stage,” in momentary danger of public conflagration by the flames of Divine wrath; his subsequent showing the horrified Doctor about the town, and endeavor to put the old gentleman through, now that he himself has become acclimated to its pernicious atmosphere. These and a hundred other scenes true to the very life, give a rare and wholesome zest to the tale.

The great danger to be guarded against in a work like “Doctor Johns,” is dullness through lack of incident. Novels of the school to which it belongs, aiming at simple unstrained narration of every day life, while they avoid the Scylla of unnaturalism and extravagance, are very apt to fall into the Charybdis of monotony and tameness. Through fear of being bizarre they often become prosaic.

“In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte.” The unromantic scene of this tale, and its publication by parts in a monthly magazine, must both, we think, have had a predisposing influence toward this fault. Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, Mr. Mitchell has had the skill to avoid it. Among other things the artfully managed mystery of the relation of Madame Arles to Adèle well sustains the interest which is excited at the beginning of the story.

Altogether, we think that in “Doctor Johns,” our author's invariable gracefulness and beauty as a writer is combined with more of power and vigor of thought than he has usually displayed. Through lack of time we have been prevented doing any justice to our subject, yet these somewhat rambling and incoherent remarks will achieve their purpose if they call this book to the favorable notice of any who have not as yet read it. That we might not forestall the pleasure of any such, we have purposely refrained from any attempt at giving a

condensation of the plot. We ourselves, at least, shall welcome the appearance of the tale in such a shape as shall enable us to read it continuously as a whole. Those whose tastes have not lost their simplicity by overmuch pampering on the entirely too high seasoned extravaganzas which abound, will, we trust, soon have it in their power to place upon their shelves by the side of "Dream Life" and the "Reveries," a neatly bound copy of "Doctor Johns."



The Every-Day Life of a Roman in the time of Horace.

THE literature of any period is the most faithful mirror in which to see reflected its every-day life. Especially is this true of satirical literature, which never creates the manners it so vividly portrays, or the vices it so keenly rebukes. Thus the pages of Addison, Pope, and Cowper, are our best guides in discovering England's fashions, follies, and vices, during the respective ages in which these authors flourished.

And so we find real Hogarth pictures of the gay capital of Augustus, in the poems of Horace, who, himself a participant in the scenes which he describes, skillfully and playfully exposes the follies and weaknesses of his times.

With Horace, then, let us spend a day in Rome. It is the height of the season; his aristocratic friends and patrons have returned from Baiae; and he, although, as he tells us, by no means an enthusiastic admirer of

"Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ,"

yet has been lured by fondness for good society away from his quiet Sabine farm or his romantic nest by the falls of the Anio, to mingle amid the gay circles of the city. About the end of the first hour we walk along the street Carinae, on the Esquiline; and soon find ourselves before the lordly mansion of Maecenas, occupying one of the highest and healthiest sites in Rome, described by Horace as,—

"Molem propinquam nubibus arduis."

Here we shall be sure to find the poet, for his patron's princely palace is always open to him in his visits to Rome.

We enter, through a doorway adorned with choicest works of Grecian sculpture, into the *atrium*, along with a motley crowd of clients, come to pay their morning salutation,—beggars dependent on the wealthy knight for their daily bread, poor poets, desiring the favor of the noble patron of letters, political adventurers, eager for a smile from the Emperor's Minister, and many others, to some of whom this is not the first house whose master they have saluted this morning.

Having occupied ourselves till the close of the ceremony of salutation, in looking at the images of the royal Etrurian ancestors, staring out upon us from their cases, and at the throngs of slaves everywhere busily employed; we follow Maecenas into the *peristyle*, where we find Horace enjoying the fresh morning air. We soon breakfast on turbot and fine Lucrine oysters, after which Maecenas, with an escort of slaves, takes his leave for the council chamber of Augustus.

Were he out at his villa, Horace would now pass a couple of hours or so on his *lectulus*, or study couch, engaged in literary labor; but here,

"Fluctibus in mediis et tempestatibus urbis,"

he is in no mood for composing; and so he wraps himself in his *toga*, and sallies forth with a slave to the barber shop of Licinus. For, though Maecenas has an excellent barber in his house, yet Horace prefers to go where he can learn the news.

We find the place full of idlers and loungers, retailing bits of town gossip, and inquiring about the news from abroad.

"Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors."

The conversation on passing events carried on at these shops, and at the Forum, the Porticoes, and other morning resorts, takes the place of the *newspaper* laid on the modern gentleman's breakfast table.

After half an hour or more at the barber's, we proceed toward the Forum, through streets made narrow by projecting *tabernae*; what space there is left being crowded to overflowing, for the business on 'change and in court began an hour ago, at nine o'clock, and it is the busiest part of the day. We have now reached the *Sacra Via*, and here, at the *Argiletum*, Horace steps into the publishing house of *Sosii** Brothers, to inquire how his last book is selling, also to see what effusions *Crispinus* has lately honored them with. On returning

* *Ars.* P. 45.

to the street, whom do we meet but Virgil and Varius ?

“ O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt ! ”

For this is their first meeting since the return from the country.

We make our way to one of the Porticoes, and there, promenading or lounging at our ease, we cast our eyes about the Forum. Here, in one spot, is a crowd, gathered about some long-winded philosopher ; yonder is another knot, around a bawling auctioneer ; over there a funeral procession has arrived, with its jarring discordance of dismal dirges and joyous strains, and a multitude is assembling around the rostra, to hear the partial eulogies of friendship ; looking across at the “ Medium Janum,” we see Nerius, the younger Novius, Cicuta, and their brother usurers, deeply engrossed in their fleecing trade, and all about, hurrying in every direction, brokers, and their young clerks,

“ Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.”

quite in the manner of Wall street. While all around us are promenading up and down, gaily dressed fops flirting with fair shouldered ladies, on their way in their sedans to shop in the *Thusarius* ; hard-looking spendthrifts and town rakes, talking over, in low tones, last night's orgies in the Suburra ; richly-robed priests and augurs, laughing inwardly at the people's faith in the entrails of the morning worship ; philosophers angrily disputing ; wits and poets enjoying congenial intercourse ; and a host of others who have resorted here, a few on business, but the most for recreation.

Toward the sixth hour, there is a general lull in the noise and bustle, for the *prandium* is now in order. Turning down the *Vicus Tuscus*, crowded with persons of all ages and occupations hurrying after their mid-day meal, we enter one of the numerous eating-houses in the *Velabrum*, Rome's Fulton Market. Having, each of us,

“ Pransus non avide, quantum interpellet inani
Ventre diem durare,”

and enjoyed a short nap, guarded by the faithful slave, we visit the *Campus Martius* ; here we meet *Maecenas*, and with* him play a vigorous game of *trigon*. After this we proceed to the great luxury of the day, the baths ; which, magnificent to a degree really wasteful, and sumptuously furnished with every appliance that opulence could procure, or a voluptuary could desire, are thronged by the devotees of sloth and pleasure.

* Sat. II. 6. 49.

To the sound of sweet music we go through the luxurious course of ablutions and anointings, and in a delightful glow, spend a while in repose and conversation.

From hence we go to the amphitheatre, and having, through Maecenas, got a seat toward the front, among the knights, we view the spectacle of beastly blood-shed and cruel murder, so eagerly drunk in by the eyes of Rome's nobles and mothers and gentle maidens.

The spectacle is over, and now,

—“sub lumina prima,”

we make our way to the palace of Maecenas, who has invited some of Horace's friends to dinner.

The guests are soon assembled,—Virgil, Varius, Agrippa, Tibullus, Lamia, and a witty *umbra* he has brought with him; for any one is welcome to Maecenas' table, who can add to the amusement of the company. Having entered a spacious *triclinium*, looking out upon beautiful gardens, we take our places on the couches about the elegant table, Horace receiving the right of the “*medius lectus*,” the post of honor. Strains of music and pantomimic performances commence, and beginning with the *gustatorium* and the *mulsum*, we go through the *coena* “*ab ovo usque ad mala*,” partaking, in due course, of peacocks, a huge Umbrian boar, and a hundred dainties to tempt and gorge the appetite.

“O noctes coenaeque Deum!”

After three hours thus spent, we adjourn to another saloon, for the *commissatio*. The dice are thrown, and the king of the feast is chosen. Slaves bring in the choicest wines, of every variety, in casks (*amphoræ*) labelled during the consulships of men long since departed. Chaplets are placed on every brow, and the golden *cyathus* begins its work. The swift flight of the vanishing hours is little heeded by the gay revellers, till at last they break up, and go reeling off, some to their homes, others to the stolen pleasures of the Suburra.

—“Haec est

Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.”

So says Horace, and we almost might add, the life also of those who are devoid of every noble aim and every solid virtue. For while we have been contemplating, in Horace's poems, the every-day habits and customs of Rome in his day, we could not but notice the contrast they present to

“*Mores antiquae plebis*,”

to Roman manners in earlier times. This, most certainly, was not the kind of every-day life that developed the manly heroism, the war-like prowess, and those glorious virtues, which had spread over the known world the majesty of Rome.

A nation's private life is an index of its character, a sure sign of its greatness, or of its weakness and decay. It will be interesting and instructive, then, to endeavor to trace the causes of this degeneracy in the private life of Rome.

First, it was the natural consequence of the political changes inaugurated by Augustus. The substitution of the absolute despotism of the Empire for the liberty of the Republic, of a court, with its extravagant and luxurious surroundings, for the simple arrangements of the Republican system, while it had debased patriotism into a servile adulation of the Emperor, had in just the same way and just as inevitably, paralyzed those other noble motives, which had in former years stimulated the Roman citizen.

The government was now limited to the Emperor and his few ministers. Thus men of rank and men of talent, deprived of the ambitious incentives, which, in the time of the Republic, would have driven them into the stirring arena of politics, led a life lapped in luxurious leisure, an easy prey to the extravagances and corruptions of the court. Thus too the common people, in becoming subjects and parting with the dignity of Republican citizens, parted also with their self-respect; and sank into that depth of degradation and vice, in which we always find the lower classes in a country swayed by despotism.

Reasonably might the old-school Roman, Labienus, clinging fondly to memories of by-gone days, have lamented the existing order of things, even more bitterly than Napoleon's critics represent him as doing.

But a cause lying deeper than this, was the corruption and decline of the religious sentiment. The early Roman had one of the noblest creeds that human reason ever did or ever could devise. The word itself, *religion*, is a Roman term, and means an obligation—something *binding*. The ancient faith had, for its central idea, duty and strict obedience to Law, and was opposed *etymologically* to *licentiousness*. Its result was seen in the joining in the one word, *virtus*, the ideas of manhood or courage, and goodness or virtue. And what was the *courage* of Rome's conquering legions, or that of her heroic Regulus, but a stern discipline, a religious surrender of self to the dictates of duty? But even deeper still was this loftiness of soul implanted in

the honor of Rome's *women*, and the world has yet to see chastity purer than that of noble Lucretia.

Now the great imperfection of this faith, so earnest and lofty, so different from that which actuated most of the characters that people Horace's pages, was, that it was not fixed—that it was not open to additions. So the *conquest* of *Greece* introduced the deities and doctrines of the Grecian religion, the central principle of which was not duty, but beauty and refinement.

Roman youth went to Greece, (as did Horace himself,) to imbibe the doctrines of her teachers; and in many instances were Horace's words true :

"Gracia capta ferum cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."

But this religion of beauty and grace, appealing to the *senses*, of necessity tended to *sensuality*. Thus the Roman religion, corrupted and enfeebled by the introduction into her comprehensive Pantheon of the deities of the Grecian and other religions—deities that were personifications of all the baser passions,—led, not to loving trust in God, nor to hopeful endeavor after good, but to fear and superstition, and eventually, by a kind of reaction, to the atheistic Epicureanism so prevalent in Horace's day.

This Epicureanism, with no belief in superintending Deity, and consequently no fear of avenging visitations, consisted in the grossest sensuality, or at best, in a refined selfishness, with pleasure for its chief motive.

And then it is worth while to note *why* this degeneracy of a noble nation (such a melancholy spectacle!) was permitted by Providence. In the Divine preparation for Christ's coming, it revealed the world's need of a Saviour. The universal and shameless corruption in the times of Horace, witnessed to the depth of that abyss into which unaided humanity had plunged, and to the impotence of *natural* religion to arrest the downward course of evil.

Then, in the fullness of time, the blessed light of Christianity dawned upon the waiting world, and shone into that abyss; and while it revealed the true meaning of Earth's History, as but the harmonious development of a Divine intelligent plan, and linked together all ages and all events by the unity of one Great Purpose; it also, by unfolding the sublime doctrine of Immortality, gave precious hopes, noble aims, and a lofty dignity to *every-day life*, revealing the meaning of its mystery and the compensation for its misery.

C. B. B.

Charlotte Brontë.

THE life of Charlotte Brontë was one of sorrow. It was a ceaseless conflict with adverse circumstances. Her character was such as adorns human nature and of all those whose names grace the annals of literature, I know no one whose life and literary works offer more valuable suggestions for the conduct of life. To attempt the delineation of her character, and to note the prominent characteristics of her literary works, will be the purpose of this brief sketch.

While studying the character of this remarkable woman, one's attention is immediately arrested by the exceeding delicacy of her organization. United with this, was surprising firmness of texture. Her mind seemed wrought with threads of elastic steel. From such an organization, one would expect a potent individuality, enchased with subtle beauty. In this noble woman, all this was realized. She displayed qualities of the greatest worth. Among her many striking endowments, her high spiritual attributes shone with a tranquil, enduring charm. Throughout a life of awful trial, she adhered with lofty faith to the rule of right. Her excellent virtues were not the result of a spontaneous flow of good feeling in a happy heart. They cost her somewhat. She fought for them, wrenched them, as it were, from adverse fates. Her nature was not passionless. Her life had in it, little soft, serene, sunshine. On the other hand, hers was a heart rent with a great tempest of passion. How little the quiet exterior indicated the flaming life-tide that throbbed in every vein. Nature gave her a tameless, terrible spirit. Then again, an oriental wealth of sensuous life thrilled her soul. These powers give life its chief fascination: at the same time, they constitute its most alluring peril. She was, also, not a little aspiring. She burned with all the ardor of conscious power, to achieve literary eminence. Over these chaotic forces, it was her difficult task to acquire control. Fiery passion must be wrought into steady energy. She must away with the subtle fascinations of sense. Clear intellectual insight would be far more serviceable. At whatever cost, she must obey the mandates of duty. At its inexorable command, she must give up, if necessary, all the hopes of a lifetime. More than once, too, she was called upon to sacrifice her life-hopes. In such hours, when men grow mad with the anguish of conflict, she never shrank from her duty. Weary, nervous, sick, disappointed, worn with wild passions, distressed by heavy domestic

calamity, this woman was never wanting in fortitude. She believed in God, and became steadfast as a rock. She was, also, a patient woman—gentle in all pain—helpful always—ready ever with a cheering word. She was never wanting in the minutest household duty, even in the loftiest inspiration of genius. Again, she was thoroughly genuine. Conventionality she abhorred. She loved true people. Steadiness marked her feelings and affections. In literary labors, her perseverance might be worthily emulated by the most iron nerved man. Again and again were her manuscripts refused. Still she did not despair; she only worked the more intensely. Nothing could subdue this heroic woman. At length she roused into tremendous power, the slumbering energies of passion and eloquence. Such may be the force of a delicate woman. Yet with all this indomitable spirit, this powerful genius, she was in society extremely diffident. A protracted visit, where she was necessitated to encounter strangers, was sure to result in distressing illness. When, however, becoming interested in any topic, she could feel at ease, her conversation was eloquent. Then her countenance would become radiant with fine intelligence. At such times, her language, always choice, would glow with the action of her fiery genius. She had powers of critical analysis, and her views always gave evidence of intellectual precision. With her exquisitely sensitive spirit, she united, also, a great heart. The unfortunate always found in her a generous advocate, a sympathizing friend. Her gentleness could be manifested, perhaps, in no better way, than by her extraordinary love of animals. These, also, with an instinct often penetrating to the real character more accurately than man's insight, were always drawn to her with surprising affection. This is a testimony to her worth surpassing all the plaudits which this world can give. In person, though perfectly proportioned, Miss Brontë was very slight and small. Her senses were very acute. She was troubled with nearness of sight, but in the range to which this limited her, she had extraordinary keenness of vision. In physical structure, she was exceedingly sensitive. Slight changes in the atmosphere always wrought a consequent elevation or depression of the spirits. Through this, she could predict a storm with almost absolute certainty. Such were the prominent characteristics of Charlotte Brontë. Her's was a noble, generous spirit. No single powerful faculty, despotically giving shape to all thought, distinguished her genius. On the other hand, scope, intensity, balance of faculty, belonged to her mind in a remarkable degree.

Her literary works are few. They, however, more than atone for their paucity by their genuine power. In what she has written, it does not seem her object to depict any particular phase of society. Her design seems rather to describe human life as it exists in the inner realm of the soul. She deals with the source from which spring into being the forces which give shape to the external life. The method which she employs to accomplish her design, is, I think, quite obvious. It is a singular process by which she reproduces, never, however, with offensive ostentation, her own individuality. In the most striking characters which she has delineated, it is not difficult to detect the writer's own modes of thought. Indeed the force of her delineations is dependent almost entirely upon that disposition of circumstances which enables her to project into her portraiture her own experience. She critically analyzes the action of her own mind. Every emotion that springs into consciousness, she traces to its source with surprising acuteness. Through this process of self scrutiny, she has great insight into human nature. Her deep, intense nature, rendering her keenly alive to a large range of experience, would clearly present to her view all the complexities of motives and action which render much in human character so inconsistent. The reader is also at once impressed with the sinewy strength of the individualities which she portrays. They, to a remarkable degree, seem real persons. The process by which she endows her creations with such life-like attributes, is well worth attention. In the first place, nearly all her characters have in them the germ of reality. The characters of all who approached her were subjected to a most thorough analysis. Piercing all conventionalities by which the real men are often concealed, she saw clearly the *real attributes* of the *spirit*. These constituent elements, by the combined action of which the individuality was formed, she took as the germ of her imaginary character. How she would feel and act, endowed with a given combination of mental qualities and involved in a net work of imaginary circumstances, seems now the problem which she proposes to solve. Her surprising insight into the profoundest workings of the soul, would endow her with eminent skill in this method of construction. Hence, there is wrought into very many of her characters, something of the delicacy and sinewy strength of her own remarkable mind. There is evidence, also, of the subjective character of her intellect in the matchless power with which she delineates the social elements of human nature. Of these, the passion of love, in particular, she depicts with remarkable force. Such delicate skill can be attained only by the profoundest research into the deepest mysteries of passion. It is,

also, a remarkable fact, that she fails in the forcible portrayal of these sentiments, unless the character in which they are displayed is so situated, that she can project into it the life of her own passionate heart. Again she displays great power of imagination. Its force is second only to her clear intellectual insight. It seems, also, her constant purpose to subordinate its action to the dictates of clear, calm thought. Occasionally it lifts the writer into a vein of harmonious eloquence: again it displays passages of wild splendor of exceeding power. The influence of the imagination upon the intellect, is shown in her works in a striking manner. This quality in conjunction with the thinking faculty, lifts the vision from mere matter of fact views, to large, philosophic insight. It makes thought incisive. It enables the mind to pierce the superficial and perceive the central.

This was a part of the work of imagination in Miss Brontë. It gave her intellectual qualities a philosophic scope. It endowed her characters with the massiveness of representatives of classes. Through the influence of this force, she wrought out with perfect clearness the most hidden workings of the soul. This ideal insight enabled her to completely merge her own individuality in the character which she was portraying. Through this quality, also, her views of life acquired a profound wisdom and a delicate adjustment to man's essential requisitions. Thus her ideality intensified every quality which she employed in the production of her works. Every thing she touched was wrought with delicate care. Her characters seem not only real, but are exquisitely drawn and highly finished. The commanding magnetism of genius gives every page a singular fascination. In her *purely* imaginative efforts, she displays surpassing power. The strength of pinion, the commanding grace of movement, are seldom equalled. Again, she displays the force of this quality by the skill with which she invests ordinary phenomena and trite conceptions with a fresh, poetic life. This creative power, that breathes a glorious life into every day thoughts, is the strongest evidence of an affluence of imagination. By her transforming touch, the wind becomes an intelligence. In her ear, its voice sounds prophetic. It becomes the herald of calamity. In "its restless, hopeless cry," sounds the warning of coming pestilence and impending death. In reproducing the aspects of nature, she, also, evinces her genius. Only the eye quick to detect the poetic element in her ever varying phases, could thus invest her with such grand beauty. Here, also, she displays how largely her individual experiences control her constructive processes. A deep gloom was the prevailing mood of her mind. Hence, with a sable tint.

she colored her reproductions of nature. Rarely in her representations is nature robed in her joyful and radiant attire. Nearly always, she chooses to paint her when most gloomy and terrible. Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the shadowy realm over which she reigns is stifling with the presence of unutterable woe. Creations of awful grandeur, and shapes as if born of darkness, stalk abroad in these mighty confines. Of her profound imaginative insight, the description of Lucy Snowe's sensations when under the influence of a drug, is a striking example. It is said to be a perfectly correct representation of the influence of opium. As it is known that she never had any experience of its influence, it seems that only a keenness of vision almost preternatural, could thus search into the mysterious workings of the inner life. Again, her partial belief in supernatural phenomena strongly attests to the intensity of her imagination. This is a trait which usually distinguishes the most finely organized minds. Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and Sir Walter Scott employ this power with marked effect. The most prominent example in which it is displayed, occurs in "Jane Eyre." The preternatural voice that penetrated the stillness of the night, inspiring with fresh courage its struggling, almost conquered heroine, well exemplifies this characteristic. Finally, in considering the main features of Miss Brontë's works, her style would seem to demand especial attention. Hardly too much can be said in its praise. It possesses astonishing force. Flexibility, also, is a distinguishing excellence. With remarkable ease, it subdues its rugged strength into the tenderest pathos. It becomes terse in argument, graphic in description. In the denunciation of wrong, it rises to overwhelming power. With all its energy, however, it is quite unpretending. She was exceedingly critical in the choice of words. She labored assiduously to find the precise expression that mirrored her thought. When this was found, she never hesitated to make use of it, whatever the source from which it was derived. On rare occasions, there is a kind of rudeness in its wild power. By constant freshness, however, it more than atones for occasional lapses of this kind. There are gems, also, of thrilling eloquence that no language can surpass. Another remarkable feature of her style is the sweet sense of harmony which very many of her phrases convey. Sometimes her winged words, as some soft musical vibrations, thrill the soul with strange delight. The spirit enchanted with melodious utterance, seems to float away in an atmosphere flooded with celestial song.

Such are the prominent qualities which her literary works display. Yet in regard to their value there is much dispute. All concede

to her, however, very great original gifts. There are some, indeed, who are disposed to stigmatize her works as immoral in their tendency. Nevertheless, it seems not too much to say that her powers entitle her to a place among the very first writers of fiction in the English language. I would, also, add that she seems to me to merit a place high among that corps of earnest souls whose lofty duty it is to regenerate social life. She had the strength of pinion that would enable her to soar to heights unheard of in the realms of fiction. Death, however, smote her while her powers were yet immature. Yet, in a tremendous, fascinating spirit with which every page of her writings is impressed, in grandeur of imagination, in a mighty force of insight into the soul, in heavy denunciation of evil, in tender pathos, in originality, in the high spiritual tone of her works, in the air of reality which pervades all her writings, she is not surpassed in the whole realm of fiction.

J. W. H.

Sunday School Eclogue.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis,
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura—
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.—*Hor.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STREPHON,	{	Shepherds,	{	Of ye Sunday School flock.
CORYDON,				
DAPHNIS,				
DAISINA,	{	Shepherdesses,	{	Judex.
SCARBRINA,				
MELIBOEUS,				

ARGUMENT.

Young Strephon sadly 'plains his woe;
Swain Corydon a cure doth show;
They name wise Meliboeus judge;
They sing in turn; not one will budge;
Wise Meliboeus reproves the twain;
The shadows lengthen o'er the plain.

Beneath an elm young Strephon lay reclined;
Poured out in sighs the sadness of his mind;

Ah me! Woe's me! alack! incessant plained;
 Adown his cheek salt tears incessant rained.
 Swain Corydon by chance that happ'd that way,
 Saw where the youth in fruitless grieving lay,
 And drew anear and blithe the silence broke
 In mocking tones, that Strephon's anger woke—
 "Ha! silly swain! can'st thou no comfort find?
 Still doth Daisina prove to thee unkind?
 Go foolish lout, seek 'mid the Sunday train
 Some softer fair! ne'er think on her again!"
 "Alack!" quoth Strephon. "love has made me weak,
 Else shouldst thou sadly rue what thou dost speak.
 Daisina's hard, yet if the tale be true—
 She grieves not me as doth Scarbrina you."
 "Come now!" said Corydon, "along yon walk
 With stately tread see Meliboeus stalk;
 Wisest is he of all the shepherd rank,
 Knows each strange wrought machine and eke the crank,
 Encompasseth the weather round about,
 Hath turned the laws of grav'ty inside out,
 Let's leave the case to him—he shall decide,
 I vow by Meliboeus to abide.
 And, as we twain alternate praise our fair,
 That he for my Scarbrina shall declare
 I'll wager this my faithful meerschaum pipe
 Full deftly fashioned in the latest type."
 "See here," returned the younger swain, "a hat,
 As good a tile as e'er upon was set;
 I pledge it tall, and sleek, and leather-lined,
 He, first of maids, shall my Daisina find."

(Meliboeus draweth nigh.)

MELIBOEUS.—

I take the trust and go so far as say
 I'll rule the contest with impartial sway.
 Begin eftsoons, nor let the envious clock
 The rival burden of your sonnets dock.]

STREPHON.—

Sweet is the brook goes bounding o'er the lea;
 Sweet is th' unmeasured laughing of the sea;
 Sweet is the pumpkin-pie, the choc'late-cream:
 Before Daisina all most bitter seem.
 Nor cream, nor pie, nor sea, nor limpid brook,
 Can e'er compare e'en with her *sourest* look.

CORYDON.—

Divine long draughts of thick molasses are;
 Divine the flavor of a dime cigar;
 Ten times divine is iced egg-lemonade:
 Scarbrina throws them all in deepest shade.

More sweetness in her little finger lies
Than in three score and ten Daisinas' eyes.

STREPHON.— As once in Winter towards my school I went,
My strength in struggling with the blast, nigh spent,
Daisina, far in front, did chance to smile,
The bright effulgence spread full half a mile.
My tortured feet and ears no longer froze,
The storm beat vainly 'gainst my cheerful nose.
Come then Daisina ease thy lover's woe,
Nor light, nor warmth, he 'll need where'er he go.

CORYDON.— As once in Summer's heats I journeyed far,
Sped o'er the plain in fleetest Westville car,
The sickening warmth tight pressed me like a belt,
By Jove! good Meliboeus, I near did melt,
When straightway as Scarbrina oped the door
And stood beside me on the straw-strewn floor,
The airs of Ceylon seemed around to play;
Refreshing coolness drove my warmth away.
Scarbrina come—return my ardent love,
And hot simooms shall coolest zephyrs prove.

STREPHON.— When my Daisina walks, her little feet
Trip in and out, and out and in, so fleet,
I scarce can watch their glancing flying track,
As in they go, and out, and forth, and back.
Trim as some oyster-boat with swiftest keel,
She scuds along and ev'ry heart doth steal.

CORYDON.— As I have seen some stately ship of war
Strike terror by her form though distant far;
So doth Scarbrina with her glancing eyes.
Who rashly dares her looks sore wounded dies.
She steals no hearts, ne'er uses tim'rous theft—
By force and might her captives are bereft.

STREPHON — Boast not bold Corydon thy happy lot,
Scarbrina—this I know—for thee cares not.
She courts young Daphnis, of the auburn sides,
Nor e'er when teachers meet her pref'rence hides.
With him she walks each Sunday up the lane;
His fond umbrella shields her from the rain.

CORYDON.— The tale is false—thou canst not prove it true;
And now shalt thou thy envious malice rue,
For know, forsooth, Daisina loves not thee
Thy dear Daisina burns with love for me:

As this doth show—when she a pencil sought
 And might have chose what six small pupils brought,
 She them despised i' faith and turned to me
 And blushing asked my pen her loan might be—
 Nay more——

MELIBOEUS.—

———Peace rustics! I have heard ye twain;
 Your wrangling discord half hath turned my brain.
 As long as splashing fish in sea shall swim,
 As long as rustling bird shall perch on limb,
 So long shall you bombast your rival fair,
 So long shall they for you no farthing care.—

I would observe I long have wished a hat:
 I'll say thus much, this meerschaum comes quite pat.—(*Aside.*)
 Yet I, being skilled in Nature's deepest lore,
 Have *marked* mankind for years a hefty score,
 I 'll plead your cause and see what I may do,
 Meanwhile I 'll safely hold these things for you.
 But see, the shadows lengthen from the west;
 I must obey yon beck'ning sun's behest. B.

The Liberation of Humanity.

THE ancients, to find the golden age, followed up the stream of life till it disappeared in the twilight of legend. Primitive heroes, the offspring of gods, were also the fathers of men. Poets traced the lineage of kings to the domes of high Olympus, deriving from Jove himself their title deeds to crowns. Laments for the degeneracy of the race mingle with the epics chanted thirty centuries ago. For them the bright and joyous, the beautiful and grand, reposed in the past. The gradual decadence of the race, with its prophecy of grim and cumulative misery, entered as a cardinal dogma into the beliefs of the time.

The moderns look to the future. Songs of the coming glory, swelling with the march of ages, drown the wails of antiquity, and proclaim that the golden age is yet before us. No one now born may live to see its morning splendor, yet the eastern sky glows already

with the light of the promised dawn. Millennial visions of Hebrew prophets hasten to their fulfilment.

That this inspiring faith in the future is not groundless, the revolutions of the time, sweeping and radical, though often noiseless, abundantly indicate. During ancient and medieval periods, the multitude were enslaved to the few. Repression was the law, free development the exception. History passed in silence over millions of subjects,—their customs, their acts, their wrongs,—to expatiate upon the follies of nobles and the triflings of kings. While palaces rung with sounds of revelry, want and misery, ignorance and degradation dwelt in the hovels that sheltered the populace from cold and storm. Hope could find no fulcrum for her lever. The soul, weighed down with traditional wrongs, hungered for something better, but saw no way of deliverance. The true relation of man to his fellow and to his God, was yet practically unknown. Hence many of the hardest struggles of the race proved well-nigh fruitless. Sufferings, blood, martyrdom, too often purchased no permanent meliorations. Advantages gained by the heroism of one generation, were sacrificed by the follies of the next. Thus, for more than fifty centuries, the progress of man was marked by advances and retrogressions, lines of light and darkness, of joy and gloom, falling across his pathway in endless blendings and alternations.

We have entered upon a new era. The day of long and disastrous reactions against newly discovered truths, has passed forever. Shackles are broken. Cumbersome formulas are thrown aside. Errors, undisputed for many generations, vanish in the dissolvents supplied by our own. The change is radical, derived from correct appreciation of man's rightful relations in the universe. The cardinal idea now in course of evolution, asserts the value of personal liberty, personal responsibility, personal worth. In politics, it demands the right of self-government; in morals, the right of free thought. Toward these foci the master currents of mental energy now converge. Here is to be found the inestimable superiority of the modern over the the medieval and ancient spirit. At last we are acting, distantly it is true, but with a growing appreciation of its profound significance, upon the maxim that one soul is of more value to its possessor than the whole world beside.

The magnitude of the issues springing from the triumph of a single idea, may swell into immensity. Not long ago, the most practical of nations built its constitution upon the postulates, that the king rules by divine right and can do no wrong. For centuries those propositions

stood unquestioned. Now the mention of such fictions provokes a grim smile the world over. We have learned that in the normal distribution of authority, governments were created for subjects, not subjects for governments. Intrinsically, the mightiest of rulers is no more than the humblest of peasants. The accidents of position, great as they appear to the untutored eye, dwindle to a point, in comparison with the attributes, the responsibilities, and the destiny that are common to both.

Political and moral liberty flourish most in close companionship. The Great Republic of the West proclaims to the world that the people are the ultimate and rightful depositaries of power, and the world hastens to apply the lesson. Despots, clinging with tenacious grip to prescriptive privileges, find it needful to concede much to retain any. In Europe, the struggles for the enlargement of liberty are yearly crowned with fresh victories. The king of Prussia signs a constitution to save a crown; Austrian tyranny reluctantly seals the bond of Italian nationality; the Czar, by a signature, emancipates twenty millions of Russian serfs; German liberalists bear the banners of freedom to the very front of the fight; and even Napoleon Third professes to be a democrat. Far-sighted rulers, like the Czar, realize that they must throw themselves as leaders into the current of the new movement, or be left behind,—wrecks upon the shore.

The bloody revolution from which our Republic is now emerging, with truth, justice and victory inscribed imperishably upon her banners, offers another illustration of the resistlessness of the modern idea. Not for conquest, not for glory, but for a principle, discovered late, yet loved fervently, two millions of brave hearts forsook the comforts of home to meet hardships and wounds and death. Viewed historically, the greatest marvel perhaps is the quietude with which those armies were absorbed, when the occasion for their existence had passed. Such self-restraint, in the flush of triumph, proves that brute force, as an elementary power, is no less repulsive to the spirit of the age than slavery itself. Hereafter, ideas must rule the world.

Liberty, fortified by culture, lifts man into a serene atmosphere, above gusts of passion and the hurricanes of fanaticism. It renders him solid, thoughtful, philosophical. More and more he sees things as they are, in the clear white light of truth. Tales of supernatural terrors cease to agitate him. As nature in her perfection reflects the omniscience of the Creator, he interrogates her for the law, with a view to obey its behests. Strong from sublimity of purpose, and uplifted by a sense of the intrinsic grandeur of life, he strikes out from

the vantage ground of the present, with stout arm and flashing eye, to subdue to human use what before seemed the blank of chaos.

As the multitude advance, the superiority of leaders declines. It is growing more and more difficult for individuals to tower above their fellows in lonely but dangerous supremacy. In the good time coming, no Alexander, greedy of power, will find armies to lead to sacrifice as the price of empire: no Peter the Hermit will draw into barren crusades hosts of deluded followers. 'Is it right?' 'Is it rational?' 'What will it do for man?' will be the crucial questions. To this inquisition all schemes must submit upon the threshold.

The liberation of humanity from the bonds of error and the dominion of false leadership, is attended with ever-increasing ameliorations. The mechanic of to-day lives in a degree of comfort, to which the monarch of the twelfth century was a stranger. Feudal castles, open to wintry winds and blackened by smoke, were beggarly habitations, compared with the homes of the humblest among our industrial classes.

Science, and art, too, combine with liberty to elevate the masses. Human ingenuity is taxed to its utmost tension, to bring the products of every new invention and discovery within the reach of all. Successive improvements have made the steam-engine the loom and the printing-press what they are to-day. The ruling agencies of the modern world are essentially democratic. There is no exclusiveness about Railroads or Telegraphs. At nominal cost, the most exquisite creations of art are multiplied indefinitely, to beautify the homes and educate the tastes of the million. Wide open stands the door of the school-room, to rich and poor alike. In many places, learning is freely offered, without money and without price. Whatever can minister to comfort or culture, is now produced in such abundance, perfection and cheapness, that wealth and power confer practically but slightly superior advantages.

Pity, then, for the despondent soul that can see nothing in this triumphant march of humanity, but emptiness and mockery! Blind amid beauty, deaf where sounds of celestial harmony are borne upon the winds, he gropes among the graves, all unconscious of his privileges and of his crown.

R. W. W.

A Study of Enoch Arden.

EVERY now and then, men who have attained to intellectual greatness by long and patient effort, toss the results of their labor into the eager teeth of snarling critics, and await their fate with such anxiety as did the accused of olden time when their innocence or guilt was proved by fire. Rarely has an author reached a place in literature against which critical assaults could not prevail, and the glory of which critical praise could not much increase. Yet such a position the Poet Laureate of England has now, more unquestionably than any other writer of the present age, attained, and it would be, perhaps, presumptuous as well as vain in me to attempt a critical analysis of the poem before me; especially since this task has been repeatedly performed by men of undoubted abilities and large experience. Yet certain thoughts have presented themselves during a somewhat careful perusal of the work, which I have not elsewhere seen expressed, and which may be worth the attention of our readers. Making no pretensions, then, to an exhaustive criticism, I offer them as they occurred, and not in the order of a finished essay.

A quality of the work particularly noticeable, is the permanence, distinctness and harmony of the impression left upon the mind of the reader. Almost all who have made themselves acquainted with Enoch Arden, find themselves entertaining the belief that they have read a long story, and can scarcely credit the fact that there are less than nine hundred lines in the poem. The incidents related range themselves among the memories, thoughts, experiences and imaginations of the reader, as the ground-work of a novel threads its way among conversations, reflections, and descriptions of scenery. Parts of one's own life suggest themselves, quietly and naturally fitting in to complete the story. The outline which thus briefly enwraps a lifetime, is so surcharged with feeling, passion, hopes deferred, fulfilled, destroyed, that it expands in the mind, taking to itself all those accessories that go to make up the history of completed lives, yet retaining and conveying a sense of an ever-present, warm, active existence.

Yet the material which has been made thus potent and suggestive, has apparently been selected with a view to the exclusion of many of those elements which make up a story calculated to touch the heart or please the fancy. The characters do not appeal to the reader for sympathy by means of physical beauty or any sensuous attractions. Nor does pride of birth, or lordliness of power intrude itself to awaken

regard for the lowly. All the developments are as completely confined within the sphere of humble life, as if riches and temporal power had never been a boundary line separating one class from another. Even in comparison and illustrations the author ignores the existence of all save a single class. When Enoch would have reconciled his wife to his long voyage over unknown seas, and spoke

"On Providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets its overflow."

The poet has entered a condition of human life, of the peculiarities of which, personal experience has taught him nothing, and has resolutely shut himself in.

Equally, at least in direct allusion, does the author ignore all evil thoughts and purposes in the human mind. Intrigue and the vengeful hate of jealous lovers are not introduced to lend interest to the story. From these fair pages of unpretending goodness, there looks out but one impish face, and that has vanished after a single glance. Yet in those two lines Satan himself, recognizing his own portrait, would acknowledge the hand of a master-artist :

"One in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpents' eggs together.'

In these respects, as far as my limited experience enables me to judge, the work is an anomaly in literature. It has compared with most of the poems of its class a further peculiarity in the fact that most of its interest and variety arise from the incidents and affections of married life. It is, apparently, a belief commonly adopted among authors of fiction, that all the romance of life lies between the first awakening of love and its consummation in marriage. But the single object of this poem seems to be, to teach us that love in its maturity makes life most interesting, and that, when once it has attained its proper and healthy existence in the soul, it is thenceforth the chief guide, the animating principle of life.

The poem, having indicated this as its subject, divides itself into three heads : Love in hope, in contentment, in despair. To these, all other feelings are not only subordinate, but tributary. As soon as Enoch's passion grew into steady purpose, all hopes of happiness, ambitions and anticipations that centered in himself, were forever forgotten.

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Love, hoping, is present with him on stormy seas, and keeps alive his energies on foreign shores. It is not Enoch of whom we read, but an all-pervading animating spirit, making itself known through him. It created the finale of a climax of pictures, united to express the grand principle which is the subject of the poem, in an arrangement that might almost be considered the perfection of human expression. The shipwrecked wanderer, on the island,

"Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea,"

but for the absence of that, the presence of which would have made his life complete, would have been gladdened by a sight that might have ravished eyes long used to Nature's beauty. He saw

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately elms, and ran
Even to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world."

The details of the landscape are marked out with the distinctness with which they would strike upon the morbid sensibility of a man, conscious only of his utter loneliness, occupied by no cares, pleasures or satisfied affections. The picture itself conveys an idea of hopeless and sickening monotony. This is heightened by the skillful combination of words and arrangement of metre. It is still further strengthened by the description of unvarying repletion that marks the onward moving time.

"No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms, and ferns, and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the waters overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

This impression is then intensified to the utmost limit of our pow-

ers of feeling, by contrast. Blurring and confusing his vision of all this horrid glare and splendor.

“ A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him; * * * *
The babes their babble, Annie the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yew tree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming clowns,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.”

These pictures, beautiful as they are, would be almost meaningless, were not all the power of delineation and force of expression employed to make more prominent the sense of utter loss which was ever present to the solitary sailor. Yet

“His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred, old familiar fields,”

Still gave animation to his life, till

“He like a lover down through all his blood,
Drew in the dewy, meadowy morning breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall.”

It is made to appear that the same unselfish devotion furnished all the happiness of Phillip's through the many years of an enforced separation from the object of his love; and formed at last the picture which Enoch saw through the cottage window, standing in the chill mist of a November evening. But when Enoch saw all that had made him happy, hopelessly taken from him, he gradually, but surely passed from life. * For

“Work without hope draws labor in a seive,
And hope without an object cannot live.”

Thus, if I read aright, the poet would assert that Love once fixed in the soul, becomes at once and forever the chief actuating motive; and that its complete removal destroys also the life which it gladdened and nourished.

But I do not believe that this poem was introduced solely or principally to teach the beauty of devotion in married life. It is meant to be much broader and more universal in its application. The Venus of true poetry, its living and life-giving principle, is a compound of truth, honor, purity and unselfishness. She hovers over multitudes of

readers who never listen to her waiting wing, yet she never entered the *heart* of any man, but that from thence transfused into his actions and life, she has made made him nobler and better. She looks out like a nymph from a pure fountain, from every page of this poem, and as we turn from it we may almost hear our author saying :

“Let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true lovers and true workers born.”

A. E. D.

Tobacco.

“*Ex fumo dare lucem.*” Horace, *Ars Poetica* 143 line. “*Nunc est fuman-
dum.*”* *Carminum* 1, 37, 1.

The introduction of tobacco from the wilds of the New World to the luxurious epicureans of Europe, has been generally ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh; but a correct interpretation of these lines of the old Roman, indicates a far more classic use of the “divine weed.” We see Horace at his Villa near Tibur seated in his easy chair (we suppose they had easy chairs in those days) and whiffing away his cares in a cloud of smoke. If he was puzzled to decide whether to sow his ten acre lot with pulse or onions, or if some intractable spondee or dactyl refused to fall into line in the true Horatian metre, he lit his pipe to clear his mind. He evolved light from smoke, the clear light of certainty from the smoky recesses of indecision. Doubtless if research were made into the private habits of Homer, we should find that he too was a votary of tobacco; but his life is too much involved in obscurity. notwithstanding the treatises and lectures of learned professors, to be able to ascertain this fact with certainty. Smokers are

* The best manuscripts give this reading. Anthon, Lincoln, Maclean, and several other inferior editors, have adopted “*bibendum*,” which is evidently a corruption of the texts and rest only on the authority of obscure manuscripts.

therefore content to regard Horace as the first person of literary eminence who mentions and commends the use of tobacco. His experience has since been verified by thousands, and his motto has been adopted in one form or another by the whole community of smokers.

Perhaps no habit to which men have been addicted has met with so much opposition as the use of tobacco. The simple minded peasantry of England regarded their comrades who came back from voyages to America, breathing forth fire and smoke, as possessed of the Devil; and an amusing anecdote is related of Sir Walter Raleigh, showing the perils by land and water, (especially by water,) to which he was subjected on account of this habit. Sitting in his study one day, rolling forth volumes of smoke, he rang for the servant, and the latter, never having seen any one smoking before, rushed from the room in terror and returned with a bucket of water. Before Sir Walter perceived his intention the servant had drenched him with water and extinguished the spontaneous combustion which he thought was consuming his master. Newton so offended his fiancée by using, in a fit of abstraction, one of her lily white fingers to press the ashes into his pipe, as to sunder their engagement. King James thought it not unworthy of his royal time and talents to write a "Counterblast to Tobacco," which is more entertaining from the variety of opprobrious epithets which he applies to tobacco than from the number and cogency of his arguments against its use. He terms smoking "a custom both fulsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmfull to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smells of the pit that is bottomless." While condemning its use thus severely, he nevertheless admits the great popularity of "the weed" even at that time; for he asks, "Is it not a great vanity that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend but straight they must be in hand with this roguish tobacco, for it has become in place of a cure a point of good fellowship." Notwithstanding King James "Counterblast," and the fact that men in his time were punished for using it by the mutilation of their ears and noses, the subtle fumes of tobacco seem to have wrought a spell upon the mind of its devotees. Of the long list of its admirers, students and men of literature, form no inconsiderable portion. Sir Walter Raleigh rode to his execution calmly smoking a short black pipe. Milton drew from his favorite Trinidado the inspiration which made his name immortal by the production of *Paradise Lost*.

The custom of smoking, initiated and countenanced by men of such high literary merit, is a prevalent one among college students. It is

claimed by those who ought to know, that in this respect, as in most others, Yale leads the van of American colleges. In olden time strenuous endeavors were made to check this virtue or vice, (the reader according to his view of the subject may choose between these words—we prefer the former,) by the college authorities. The law against smoking on the college grounds, is still in force at Harvard. Not long since a colporteur addressed a friend of ours, an inveterate smoker, who was enjoying his cigar in the Post Office, with these words: "I appeal to your conscience, my friend, not to smoke." The smoker taking his cigar from his mouth, heartlessly replied to this effort for his conversion, that "his conscience didn't smoke." College authorities, colporteurs and individual reformers have been powerless to prevent the spread of this habit. In fact the number of those who smoke in each class when it graduates, is nearly twice as large as when it enters. The strangers who come to us every autumn, fresh from the bosoms of their families, are during the first week initiated into the sacred mysteries of tobacco by the process of "smoking out," as conducted by Sophomores; and as each class severs its active connection with our alma mater on Presentation Day, the last rite of friendship is to smoke the "pipe of peace." These two parentheses of smoke enclose our college course and are typical of the sociality and pleasure of student life. Smoking, too, has given us one of the pleasantest books in the English language, "Reveries of a Bachelor," endeared to us especially as the production of one of Yale's most honored sons; and we cannot well close this rambling sketch better than by quoting the last stanza of a piece published in the Yale Lit, something more than a year since. It expresses, more happily than we can do in prose, one of the chief pleasures and benefits of smoking, the stimulation of the imagination.

"Forth from the pipe the most exquisite fancies
Shine in its light like the light of a star,
Wildest adventures, fantastic romances
Float with the smoke of a glowing cigar."

J. G. F.

Palamon and Arcite; or The Knight's Tale.

"Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love."

It has frequently happened since the days of the Ionian father, and probably even before the birth of Leda's daughter, "sister of the stars," that love and friendship have had strange conflicts, and we might add, queer results. Many individuals not lineally descended from Jove, without the assistance of interesting goddesses and mythical personages, have felt that they too were sadly repeating the story of Alcander and Septimius, at least so far as agreeable to themselves, in sighing for *one* Hypatia. Some of us have probably noticed that it is not an unfrequent occurrence for two or more Mr. Guppy's to admire the same Opera Box, and sit staring at the same Esther until the fifth act of life's play is finished; and they are compelled to "depart unsatisfied," in the language of Horace, "pining for what is not," in the language of Shelley conjecturing "what might have been," if things had only been different,—shadows flitting from existence, not at all prepared to "lie down to pleasing dreams."

The Knight's Tale, or the Story of Palamon and Arcite, is perhaps calculated to suggest the above reflections, and at least affords a slight excuse for a person to indulge in strange meditations. The Poem contains a little more than two thousand verses, and is perhaps justly considered the finest of "The Canterbury Tales,"—the crowning work of Chaucer's old age. As principal characters, two knights are introduced, Palamon and Arcite, having the strongest friendship for each other. They fall into the hands of Theseus, and by him are held in confinement. While in prison, they have a *smiling* acquaintance with a certain beautiful Emily, sister of Theseus, and each loves her. Palamon having seen her first, had the presumption on his side to claim her, but Arcite, less familiar with Whateley, was unwilling to yield. Arcite was finally freed from prison, and banished from the country, but returned in disguise, and meeting with Palamon, was leaving the decision to the sword—the great arbiter of human justice. They were discovered fighting, by the king, who learning the cause of the quarrel, gave each a year to obtain a hundred knights, and one year from that day each should appear with his chosen knights, and the one that conquered should obtain the hand of Emily. Arcite

offered up vows to Mars to aid him in the conflict; Palamon to Venus. Each divinity promised that the prayers of each would be answered. Both prayed for "success in arms;" one for victory,—the other for Emily. Arcite obtained victory; Palamon was wounded, but by an accident after the conflict, Arcite was mortally injured, and on his death-bed gives to Palamon the hand of Emily, and thus the prayers of each were answered.

This is a brief analysis of the poem, which for variety of incident and sudden turns of fortune, has hardly a parallel in truth or fiction; and yet, as it seems to me, not a single incident is unnatural; every thing has an air of reality. If not wholly consistent with Greek character; if Palamon and Arcite have too much of the old English sentiment and spirit of Chaucer's times, let us consider the limited facilities of the fourteenth century for learning the character of distant people, and pardon Chaucer that he was born a Saxon instead of an Athenian, and remember that it would be difficult for the "father of English literature" to be direct in descent from Euripides.

Of course the existence of Tournaments in the reign of Theseus, and other inconsistencies not of *plot* but *material*, might be questioned; but not thinking it an "*operæ pretium*" to search for sand in the midst of gold, we are willing to attribute them to the knight who told the story, as Chaucer was only modestly acting as a reporter for a miscellaneous company relating stories while making a religious pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas-à-Becket. Leaving these points for those called critics to investigate, who seem to think the only purpose of criticism is to display a writer's faults, we will notice briefly a few of the many poetical thoughts and expressions which the poem contains.

The old English and quaintness of style at first so unnatural, after a little familiarity, seems only to heighten the beauties of Chaucer, and his descriptions are often so concise and vivid, that they seem to take the form of pictures in the mind. How finely he portrays the feelings of Arcite, when in banishment.

" And solitary he was, and ever alone
And wailing, all the night making his moan,
And if he herdé song or instrument,
Then would he wepe; he mighte not be stent,
So feeble were his spirits, and so low
And changed, so that no man could know
His speech or his voice, 'though men it herd."

He was free, but sighed again for the prison and the grated window, which overlooked the garden where Emily walked.

Lovelace's charming lyric finds here another attestation :—

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;”

“ And if he herde song or instrument,
Then would he wepe, he mighte not be stent.”

These lines always remind me of that beautiful painting, where the broken-hearted Linda sits listening to her brother singing the songs of her childhood,—in these alone finding comfort “for a mind diseased ;” for when the song ceased, life again became a blank, a *dream*, wild and confused, where memory dared not enter. Music, whether sad or joyous, seems to have but *one* effect upon a broken-heart. If sad, it accords with the feelings, and intensifies, while it seems to soothe ; if joyous, it shows the contrast between happiness and one's own misery, and makes wider the channels of grief. This is perhaps no where better illustrated than in “Shelley's Ode to a Sky-lark,” after the purely descriptive part of the Ode is completed. As he sits musing, the “purple clouds” fade from the sky, the glow of sunset just lingers, separating with a golden belt the sky from the Tuscan sea ; the solemnity and stillness of the hour awaken sadder thoughts, and the clear music of the lark still “filling earth and sky,” only intensifies his sadness, presenting a strong contrast to a saddened heart looking in upon itself.

In the funeral of Arcite, Palamon appears,

“ With flotery beard and ruggy ashy heres
And—passing over of weeping Emilie
Was reufullest of all the company.”

Envy was all gone now, his rival was dead, and pure friendship wept beside his grave.

His description of morning, poetically considered, is, perhaps, the finest in the poem, and we think it unequalled even by “rosy fingered aurora,” so *original* with our later poets. Why “the feathered throng” always delight in contemplating the early dawn, can only be satisfacto-

rily accounted for, as it seems to me, because to them it is a mythical hour, and therefore presents a better field for poetical speculation.

The last few verses of this description we often find ourselves unconsciously repeating :

“ The busy lark, messenger of day
Saluteth in her song the morne gray,
And firy Phoebus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth at the site
And with his stremes drieth in the greves
The silver dropes hanging on the leaves.”

There are two lines rather strangely introduced, which in justice to the poem we certainly ought not to overlook. We question whether any lamp-post in its *strangest* soliloquies ever presented a finer description of uncertainty.

“ A drunken man wot well he hath an house
But he ~~ne~~ wot which is the right way thidder.”

Yet with all due respect to Chaucer's poetical conception, to Burns alone was it left to describe *more accurately* the uncertainty of mathematical calculation, perhaps attributable to *Spherical Aberration*.

“ The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cummock hills out-owre
To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r
I set mysel;
But whether she had *three* or *four*
I cou'd na tell.”

The words of Arcite when dying, so touch the heart that we entirely forget the poem, and seem to stand beside his death-bed.

“ Alas the woe! Alas the paine's strong!
That I for you have suffered and so long!
Alas the death! Alas mine Emelie!
Alas departing of our company,
Alas mine heartes' queen! Alas my wife
Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world? What axen men to have?
Now with his love. *Now* in his colde grave
Aloue withouten any company
Farewell my sweet farewell mine Emelie.”

Byron's parting of Conrad and Medora in the Corsair, and Moore's parting of Hafen and “Erin's blooming child” in the fire worshippers,

are beautiful, but the sudden breaks and changes here, in the language of another, "represent the sighs and sobbings of a broken spirit."

We would gladly say more concerning "The Canterbury Tales," but we have said enough, at least in quantity, to call the attention of some, perhaps for the first time, to these poems, written under the old oaks of Donnington Castle, by the "sire of English Minstrelsy," when the bridge of Mirza was almost passed. How he reminds us of Milton, in his old age, writing *Paradise Lost*, the long purpose of his life, to whom night came early only to reveal the stars and clearer visions of a sublime eternity.

W. B.

Spiritualism.

BELIEF in spiritual existences forms a necessary part of the constitution of the human mind, for it lies at the foundation of our belief in God, the Father of spirits. When Descartes sought to establish the fact of his own material existence, he could find no better proof than the argument "*Cogito ergo sum.*" He thus appealed to a spiritual existence within, exercising spiritual powers, as to a fact which was self-evident to the consciousness of every one, in proof of the reality of his being.

From the grossness of our conceptions derived from the material world, we are prone to attach to the term "*spirit*," the idea of something shadowy and unreal,—destitute of properties, and incapable of moving or exerting a physical influence on material bodies. Analogies drawn from the physical world will show the unreasonableness of such an idea. Take for instance light *changing* material substances; fire *consuming* them; electricity or magnetism *moving* them bodily; chemical affinity and the moving principle of vegetable life converting and *assimilating* them into other material substances. We make no progress in determining the nature of these agencies by calling them imponderable fluids, forces, or properties of matter. They are subtle permeating, but *real* existences; capable of changing, moving, destroying and building up material forms; and presenting in the known world of Nature, a striking analogy to those spiritual beings which

are believed to exist in the unknown world. They might be properly called the Spirits of matter, in contradistinction to the Spirits of men and angels.

We deny, therefore, that there is anything unreasonable in a belief in the existence of spiritual beings, but, on the contrary, we hold that such a belief is a fundamental principle of the human mind. No nation or tribe of men has ever existed without entertaining it. There can be no recognition of the Deity without it. In its natural and unrestrained exhibition, it takes the form of Superstition; when regulated and enlightened, it is the basis of true Religion.

A belief in the *supernatural* is very naturally, almost inseparably, but not necessarily connected with a belief in spirits. If the agencies of heat, light and electricity were only occasionally manifested, under circumstances unknown to us, we would naturally suppose them to be supernatural; but since they are constantly manifested under known circumstances, we acknowledge them as natural agents. So also with Spirits. If they had a constant and determinate agency, either physical or moral, assigned to them in the affairs of men, which though unseen we could recognize, we should not be justified in calling such agency supernatural, for it would form a part of the regular plan of nature's great Author. But if such agency were exerted only on special occasions, for special purposes, and under special circumstances,—all of which conditions were unknown to us beforehand,—then we should justly term such agency both supernatural and miraculous.

Whether such agency is now, or ever has been exerted, is a question of *fact*, which can only be settled by the best evidence that the nature of the case will admit of.

The Bible asserts, most unequivocally, the supernatural and miraculous manifestation of Spirit agency. The credibility of its statements rests upon the same conclusive proofs which establish its authenticity as the Word of God. A discussion of these proofs would be out of place here,—but there are certain facts connected with the Scriptural assertions of supernatural or Spirit agency, which bear directly on our subject. We would remark that we include in this term, "Spirit agency," the action of all intelligent beings not belonging to the same world or to the same state of existence as ourselves.

The first fact which we cite, is, that every instance of Spiritual agency which the Bible contains is expressly attributed to the miraculous manifestation of the Divine power, or to Demoniac influence,—thus attesting the existence of two great personalities, the Good and

the Evil one. No instances can be found of a *direct* commerce between the Spirits of living and dead men, or of any kind of spiritual agency which is not directly attributable to God or the Devil. The case of the witch of Endor is only an apparent exception, the true explanation of which is, that God, to the utter amazement and consternation of the juggling sorceress, did actually cause the spirit of Samuel to appear, and in His name rebuke the impious king, and, moreover, *prophecy* the righteous judgment that He was about to inflict on him,—which no Spirit of man or devil could possibly foretell.

The second great fact which we cite, is, that every exhibition of supernatural agency which the Bible records, was made for a special purpose not only worthy of such exhibition, but absolutely requiring it. Thus the Prophets worked miracles by the power and in the name of God, for the purpose of showing, by these necessary credentials, that they were authorized to make a revelation of His will to man. This is precisely the kind of evidence which human reason demands in proof of such a claim. It can be satisfied with no other, and without it, man would have been reasonably justified in rejecting the Old Testament as the word of God. Thus, also, our Saviour, in His own name and by His own authority, cast out devils and raised the dead, to show that He was very God, and had power over Death and Hell.

Bearing in mind, then, these two significant facts, let us examine modern "Spiritualism," (so called,) and consider whether its phenomena are attributable to physical causes or supernatural agency.

Modern spiritualism claims that the spirits of deceased persons are able to communicate at will with living persons, and impart to them their knowledge of the unknown as well as of the known world. This commerce is established and kept up through the intervention of certain susceptible persons called "*mediums*," who profess to be involuntary and, in some cases, unconscious agents of the Spirits. The language in which these communications were first made, as in the case of the Fox girls, was always by mysterious knocks or rappings, which were supposed to be made by unseen Spirits, who were personally present, seeing and hearing all that was done and said. As the art advanced, and the number of its practitioners and believers were multiplied, numerous cases of imposture were discovered, in which these mediums performed the rappings attributed to the Spirits. After this discovery, the Spirits adopted other and more expeditious methods of communicating with their friends. Without entirely laying aside the old method, they employed the hands of their mediums in writing or for making *visible* raps,—the mediums themselves being, *of course*,

involuntary and passive agents of this Spiritual manifestation. These methods, though a great improvement on the old system, were found too slow and inconvenient to answer the demands of the increasing multitude of curious inquirers, or to satisfy a crowd of ambitious and loquacious immortal Spirits, eager to communicate with mortals on all sorts of subjects. They, accordingly, now employ what are called "trance mediums," which mode of communication leaves little to be desired in the way of improvement. These trance mediums are really, or are supposed to be, in a state which simulates natural somnambulism, or, rather, what is known as the artificial mesmeric sleep. In this state they ask and answer questions with facility, and pour out, with great volubility, the lucubrations in prose and poetry of departed Spirits. In this manner mourning survivors can receive long, consoling dispatches from their departed relatives, immediately on their arrival in the "Celestial Republic." We accordingly find, in the "*Banner of Light*," whole columns of advertisements to answer calls "to attend funerals." But the Spirits have advanced, lately, a step beyond this. Some of them have been able to "*materialize*" themselves to such an extent as to be "known physically and recognized." The modus operandi of this process, as described by the Spirits themselves, may be seen in a certain number (Jan. 27th) of the "*Banner of Light*."

The editor avers that the communications which we refer to were truly made by Spirits through Mrs. Conant, a trance medium. One of them, named Wm. Livingston, says, "I succeeded in reproducing my old body, whether all my old friends recognized it or not." Another says he is the familiar spirit of the Davenport Brothers, or "Eddy Boys," who are reputed honest spiritual mediums by the brotherhood, and so accredited by the "*London Spiritual Times*," as well as by the "*Banner of Light*." This Spirit is very wrathful that the "Eddy Boys" should be accused of imposture. He pours out a torrent of abuse and threats against those who attempted their discomfiture by proving that there were real material hands in the dark cabinet which were not tied. He admits that the hands which were seized were *material*, but asserts that they were *his* (the spirit's) hands. He proceeds to give an explanation of the process by which a spirit who has shuffled off this mortal coil may also shuffle it on again, if it is necessary to do so for the *benefit of his medium*. He accounts for the effects of some snuff which was thrown into the cabinet, thus:—"Well, when we materialize ourselves we have got to breathe, we have got to have organs, such as you have, for a time,"

and, consequently, would suffocate without air, and must cough and sneeze, just as mortals do under the same circumstances. This Spirit proposes to any one, but "to that man in particular who made the trouble with (his) medium," that he should go into the cabinet and make another attempt to prove him a humbug. In case any one should avail himself of this "chance," the Spirit says, "I'll thrash him till he owns up I am what I say I be."

Did not the Editor vouch for this irate effusion being a real communication from spirit land, we should consider his publication of it as an intended burlesque, or else a bare-faced attempt to whitewash a detected imposture.

If the Spirits have already succeeded in materializing themselves to this extent, we predict further progress in the same line. Those "immortals of the celestial republic," who find themselves uncomfortable in their present abode will doubtless resume their mortality in a material form and return to their old haunts on this earth. What is to prevent them, if there is a particle of truth in the above Spiritual communication?

Although the above pugnacious *material spirituality*, which can not only be seen by others besides the medium, but can also be *felt* by them, may be considered a very recent and somewhat questionable development, yet Spiritualists constantly affirm that deceased persons frequently appear in a visible form to certain mediums, who have thus been able to describe their dress and appearance to the full satisfaction of anxiously sympathetic friends,

It is alleged that Spirits can at will communicate with mortals, if they can only find the proper mediums, but it is not claimed that mediums can at their will call up from that "vasty deep," which constitutes the place of departed spirits, any one whom a friend may desire to converse with. Notwithstanding this admission, it is nevertheless true that no private circle of *sympathetic* believers is ever disappointed of a communication. Still more, no mixed audience who attend the numerous *paid* exhibitions fail to get the worth of their money in supposed communications. By applying to any of the numerous professional "test mediums," an anxious enquirer may be sure of receiving a communication from his deceased friend,—provided a consideration be paid in advance.

In this connection there is one fact which is very strikingly significant. While there is no difficulty in procuring paid answers to the most frivolous questions, which are alleged to be perfectly correct; while there are hundreds, nay thousands of mediums scattered over

the country, who follow their avocation for its emoluments, and support public journals for the purpose of increasing the number of their customers by spreading a belief in the truth of Spiritual communications; while there is this manifest greed to make Spiritualism a source of profit, there is no instance of its being turned to a profitable use in the business of life. If the Spirits are able and willing to tell a man the age of his wife and the number of his children, why should they not in New York tell us the price of cotton in Liverpool, and in London the price of gold in New York? If they can tell where Aunt Sally's spoons are hid, why can they not tell us where are the best silver deposits in Montana or Nevada? They would be invaluable witnesses in a court of justice, and the murdered man could establish to a nicety the whereabouts and guilt of his murderer.

It would be a matter well worth consideration of the Sophs of Yale College, to subsidize some departed Spirit *pony* to carry them safely over the mathematical and classical course.

It is difficult to treat with becoming gravity a belief, the pretensions of which are so stupendous, while its claims rest on very slender foundations. After admitting all the phenomena which Spiritualists advance, the intuitions of common sense irresistibly lead us to the conclusion that the whole system is a superstructure of self delusion, credulity and importunity, resting on some unexplained physical facts.

There is not a particle of direct evidence to shew that the admitted phenomena are attributable to the agency of Spirits. The opinions or the theories of credulous minds who have assumed the truth of this agency, are of no value till the *fact* be established beyond contradiction by direct proof, that the alleged phenomena are produced by spirit agency. It requires just such kind of evidence as the pugnacious spirit, above quoted, volunteers to give, and it would be perfectly safe to leave it to such an arbitrament fairly conducted.

In the mean time, let us consider what modicum of physical truth lies under this preposterous superstructure, and what explanation is thus afforded of the alleged phenomena.

The phenomena of Spiritualism are similar in character and not more wonderful than those which occur in natural *Somnambulism*, and in some other abnormal states of the system, especially that which has been described by the French writers under the name of "*extase*." Very many cases are on record which surpass any of the exhibitions of Spiritualism. Although it is difficult and in some cases impossible to give a satisfactory explanation of some of them, yet they have never been attributed to Spirit agency, because they have all fallen

under the cognizance of scientific physicians, such as Abercrombie, Gregory, Pond and others who have invariably traced them to diseased or *abnormal* states of the cerebral organs and nervous system.

The first phenomena of the present system of Spiritualism fell under the notice of observers ignorant of physiological and biological science, and were readily attributed by them to spirit agency. This assumption, for it was nothing more, was afterwards fortified by the theories of more intelligent but equally credulous men, and propagated by parties interested in keeping up the delusion. It is true that some men, standing high in legal and other science, have adopted the philosophy of this doctrine. This is not strange, for scientific men have frequently *one* soft spot in their brain, and it is by no means uncommon to see them manifesting an excess of imaginative credulity on matters not pertaining to their special department. These phenomena legitimately belong to the domain of medicine and physiology, and we venture to say that very few, if any, scientific physicians, possessing ordinary analytical powers of mind, have ever been converts to this superstition.

The positive facts which have been established in *Mesmerism*, or, as it is commonly called, Animal Magnetism, and which have been traced to physical causes, throw far into the shade all the *real* phenomena of Spiritualism, when stripped of its gratuitous assumptions, its psychological hypotheses and its humbugging tricks to get gain. No trance medium ever made a revelation of the unknown world of Spirits half so astounding as Martha Loomis made of the known world of physics. A short account of this wonderful girl may help to discover what physical truth lies buried under the *meta-physical* and supernatural rubbish of Spiritualism, so-called.

(*To be continued.*)

Question.—Is Suffrage a Natural Right?

The 1st prize was awarded to H. V. FREEMAN.

" 2d	"	"	"	{ F. ATWOOD,
				{ H. W. RAYMOND.
" 3d	"	"	"	{ E. HEATON,
				{ W. MCCLINTOCK.

Subjects for Townsend and DeForest Compositions.

- 1.—Roman Life at the Fall of the Republic.
- 2.—Love in Modern Fiction.
- 3.—The Executive in the National Government.
- 4.—John O. Calhoun.
- 5.—Sir Walter Scott as a Man and Writer.

Society Elections.

The elections for campaign officers in Linonia and Brothers in Unity, Wednesday evening, May 30th, resulted as follows:—

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

President—W. H. INGHAM.
Vice President—IRA S. DODD.
Censor—H. C. SHELDON.
Secretary—J. L. VARICK.
Vice Secretary—T. W. SWAN.
Orator—J. W. SHOWALTER.

LINONIA.

President—E. G. STEDMAN.
Vice President—E. W. CLARKE.
Secretary—WILLIAM PARSONS.
Vice Secretary—WM. C. CLARKE.

Boat Races.

Challenges from Glyuna Club. for Shell and Gig Races, have been accepted by Varuna Club. Races to occur June 6th.

The crews are as follows:—

GLYUNA.

Shell.

Stroke—A. B. Herrick, '66.
 L. D. Bulkley, '66.
 F. S. Thompson, '66.
 H. W. Payne, '67.
 L. L. Palmer, '67.
 H. D. Cleveland, '67.

Gig.

J. H. Wood, '66.
 H. W. Walker, '67.
 W. McClintock, '69.
 T. McKinlay, '66.
 W. G. Nicoll, '66.
 A. C. Walworth, '66.

VARUNA.

Shell.

Stroke—G. P. Davis, '66.
 I. Pierson, '66.
 S. Parry, '68.
 J. R. Holmes, '68.
 J. Coffin, '68.
 C. F. Brown, '66.

Gig.

W. E. Wheeler, '66.
 A. Post, '66.
 C. T. Collins, '67.
 L. L. Hicks, '69.
 W. H. Terry, '68.
 L. Lampman, '66.

Beethoven.

This Society, under the management of Messrs. MEAD and SPIER, of '66, and Mr. ELLIOT, of '67, has recently given three Concerts,—at Boston, April 11th; Brooklyn, May 22d; and New York, May 30th. Another Concert is to be given at Providence, June 6th.

Base Ball.

The first of three games, to decide the championship of Connecticut, came off between the University Nine and the Charter Oak Club, at Hartford, May 26th. At the 8th innings the game was even, but at the close, Charter Oak stood 18, and Yale 15.

Editor's Table.

KIND READER,—We have been duly initiated by our illustrious predecessors, into the mysteries and pleasures of the "Yale Lit" editorship. The "Editor's Table," notwithstanding the insinuations of the Courant, we have proved, not long since, to be both real and substantial. Though the enthusiastic account of certain late interesting ceremonies thereat, manufactured by the enterprising "local" of the Palladium, appeared in that journal, just one day *before* their occurrence, we must admit the accuracy of his description and confess to having been "both hilarious and gustatory." The inspiriting effect of the exercises was strikingly manifested, on the following morning, in the general bearing of the board and their brilliant explanations of the phenomena of "double refraction," as well as in their evident appreciation of Bowen's remarks on "indistinct concepts." But the night referred to is not the only time at which we have gathered around "our table." We are seated at it *now*, and with your permission, reader, will take this opportunity to introduce you to the several members of the new board. There at the head of the table, you may know him by the poetical curl of his raven locks, sits our chairman—our literary man, *par excellence*. He writes prize compositions off-hand, and poetry by way of relaxation. He was daily accustomed last term, at one and the same time, to both pay due attention to our Professor's valuable and interesting remarks on Plato and Plutarch, and to commit to heart certain pages of Paradise Lost, managing, moreover, to be keenly alive to any sport going on within a rod of him. This term he mingles Tennyson and optics. A man of wondrous quickness, versatility and nervous energy.

On his right, sits our high-orator man, the orator and lady's man of the board. He too is tunelessly disposed, and can cover a ream of foolscap with his rhyme in an hour's notice. Opposite him sits one of equal scholastic attainments, to whom we all yield precedence as regards editorial ability—a gentleman who, we understand, conducted one vacation with signal success a journal of wide circulation. A little back, with his chair tilted against the wall, is our modest metaphysician, who takes up Sir William Hamilton by way of light reading, and who when roused, sweeps

all before him with the ponderous sling of his sledge-hammer logic. At the bottom of the table, with feet crossed thereon, with cigar in mouth and note book in hand, is your humble servant, the scribbling Bohemian. He has perhaps, just been irating his philosophical friend by an attempt to draw forth his Platonic acumen in the discussion of some such question as that proposed to Socrates in "The Clouds,"—"When a gnat hums, whether the sound doth issue, &c.?" At present, however, our metaphysican is in a quandary. Some excellent friends have favored him with certain sentimental sonnets for publication, which he has magnanimously presented to the board. The board, as magnanimously, votes them back to him as private property. Now our poor friend is in much the same fix as the Eastern Vizir to whom his Sultan presented a white elephant. To return the gift would be uncourteous, but what on earth will he do with the brute. We would like incidentally to give notice that if any such cattle stray into *our* box, we shall put them into our Lit "pound" to be returned to their owners on receipt of the requisite "quarter." Our chairman helps our friend with the suggestion that one of the board is the fortunate possessor of a very poor memory, and that if he will only turn over his elegant sentimentalisms to that gentleman, by way of safe keeping, till he is ready to publish them, they will not be at all likely to give him further trouble. This matter being settled, the "Metaphysican" and "Bohemian" club their heads together and secure the appointment of the Chairman, and the poetical-oration-man, as a committee of revision and expurgation on all

"Versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae,"

which may be addressed to this periodical. Business being concluded, the others adjourn, that the present custodian of the table may hurry up for the printer the remaining pages of his LIT. Thus, reader, by this peep into our sanctum, you see us all,—valiant knights of the quill, pledged to do our "devoir" right manfully, as best we can, trusting confidently the while to experience not only your forbearance but your hearty cōoperation, without which this Magazine can never attain the ends proposed by its founders.

Our valuable little weekly, at the success of which we are heartily glad, has rendered superfluous any attempt on our part to record, as hitherto customary, the routine of the day. Of this, it suffices to say that we have no reason to deplore our condition, as compared with that of the Yale student of a century and a half ago,—when the Freshmen studied Hebrew; when resident bachelors and undergraduates "disputed syllogistically" from once to five times a week; when "Fridays were devoted, in all the classes, to ethics and the *Theology of Wollebius*;" when *Ames' Medula* was recited on Saturday mornings, and on Saturday evenings the "*Assembly's Catechism in Latin*," and when *Sundays*, even,—and those were the days of nineteenthly discourses,—were additionally occupied by "an exercise in *Ames' Cases of Conscience*." Those were the pious times, when, "at the beginning of *every* recitation, a portion of the Hebrew Scriptures were read by the Class into Greek; when "graduates and undergraduates committed *Sermons* to memory, and pronounced them publicly in the College Hall," and when no efforts were spared to uproot all tendencies to dangerous and abominable "*Arian and Prelatical heresies*."

A comparison of the present studies of our own Class,—atheistical French and free-thinking German,—with the schedule just given, proves that College Faculties are sometimes guilty of new ideas, even though our halls do go unlighted, at the

risk of "life and limb," and though we have nothing to sit on out-doors, but the fence, which almost rivals the Chapel pews in hardness and asperity.

Talking of new ideas, puts us in mind of an almost forgotten promise, and so, before it escapes us, we will acquit ourselves of an important commission.

Gen. Daniel Pratt, "the great American traveller," has authorized us to state, that having ended his arduous task of cramming the Seniors with original and grand ideas for their "Townsend's," he is about to publish, by subscription, a wonderful paper, which is to mark an era in our country's literature. It is to be entitled "The Beacon of Light, or Mental Mirror." It will be, he says, a "generality of generalities, a history of ideas and their ultimate results," going back, for instance, to "the first great invention,"—Mrs. Eve's fig-leaf apron, and tracing it downwards, as modified by multitudinous concatenations of circumstances, till it reaches its perfection in the hoop-skirt and the crinoline.

Having accomplished this vast undertaking, Daniel, who claims to be "inspired," will proceed to furnish us with numberless *original* and sublime conceptions, designed especially for conferring fame on all who may elaborate them in their commencement orations. To those, also, who meditate prize compositions, his paper is cordially commended. They will find it particularly worth their while to study assiduously his reflections on the "Cartesian, Corpuscularian, and Peripatetic philosophies." At present, the "General's" time is taken up by the "Shada." We have seen him, occasionally, in close consultation with a Yale representative, gesticulating vehemently, and unfolding, characteristically, his views of the political situation. Daniel looks every inch a "shad." He will soon, however, be about again, to collect the coppers requisite for his purposed enterprize. By the way, we would advise all who are desirous of maintaining a high respect for the laws and statutes, not to stay quite as long in "the House," as the writer did some day since. Fowler once told us that our bump of reverence was very small,—that bump is now, we fear, of sadly inappreciable diminutiveness.

We are brought to a halt. We had hoped, reader, to have had an old fashioned rambling chat with you on a great many subjects, but our good printer tells us that he "*must* have the rest of the manuscript *right away*, if the LIT. is to come out to-morrow," and thus saves you from being bored longer.

So, hoping that you may never be afflicted with the "Type-us fever," or have your peace disturbed by any "Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's Hell," or be obliged by circumstances beyond your control, to write a table "on time," I bid you, for the while, farewell—Benedicite!

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

JULY, 1866.

No. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Hearthstones.

THERE is no place where the past and present more strangely meet and find a stranger sympathy, than in the garret of an old country residence. Each generation has here its representatives, as if met in centennial gathering, and every year contributes something to the almost living memorabilia. The oaken chair of more than a century ago, bearing the look of age, but not of weakness, finds leaning against it the mahogany and rose-wood of to day, with broken arms, and otherwise seriously injured, too weak even for the usages of Parlor life. Spinning wheels and many formed reels, reminding us of Evangeline in happy Acadia; paintings of departed worthies—perfect models of gravity and deportment; books mouldy and yellow, bearing evident traces of the fingers of time and the children of many generations, with countless other relics half lost in dust and cobwebs, present at least the outlines of pictures which probably most of us have seen, who have either lived at a little distance from ceremony, or ever visited those old gable roofed houses among the hills, where every day seems a Puritan Sunday embalmed, “where every breeze breaths health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity.”

Up in these old garrets, filled with inanimate poetry, called rubbish by our practical generation, we frequently find all that is left of many hearthstones—andirons worn and rusty, the very names of which sound so strangely to many, that they can hardly believe that only a

few years have passed since those whose names they bear were gathered around the hearthstones of which these are the only relics. But to some of us, these old hearthstones are a part of our very childhood, every vein in the marble, every broken corner, every crumbling brick, find their proper places, as we revisit in memory the dearest of all familiar spots; for the most vivid pictures of our early lives will always be seen in the light of those hearthstone fires. It is not the glare of noonday that shows the picture best; the sunlight of the present is often too bright to view the past. The *softened* light of those long ago firesides gives distinctness to the features and character of every loved one, until the invisible world seems to give back, for the time, the forms and even the voices of those who have gone before us. No wonder then that these firesides cause

“A thousand pleasing fantasies
To throng into our memory.”

when all that that our childhood loved were gathered here. No wonder, when the hearth is growing cold, and other hands have taken away all that is familiar, that we take an ember from the dying flames, to light in our hearts those vestal fires which go out only with our lives.

On an island in a beautiful lake, almost midway between the Catskills and Berkshire hills, and commanding a view of each, stands an old mansion, rapidly falling into decay, once belonging, as tradition says, to a romantic personage of the Livingston family, to which a large tract along the Hudson was ceded by a grant from queen Anne. At present, but little more than the walls remain, weather-stained and windowless, through which the autumn winds make strange, weird music,—yet not so strange, perhaps, to those primeval forests, whose whisperings have been forever lost upon those still waters that in my childhood seemed to guard a fairy island, well fitted for another Undine's home. Here, deeply set in these massive walls, can still be seen the old English fire-places of almost two centuries ago, the most perfect of all that remains. And here, as I have sat musing, while the long twilight deepened into night, strange thoughts have come over me, or rather undefinable feelings, which all of us at times have felt, that shut the door to language, until the night winds, stirring the leaves, have recalled me from my dreams of infinity, only to be plunged into another revery; for now again, as I sit musing, the fire burns upon the hearthstones, perhaps brighter than it ever did in reality; bathing in rosy light even the old paintings my fancy hangs upon the

walls, and looking into the strange faces that have silently gathered here, I endeavor to dream out the unwritten histories of a hundred lives. Perhaps here, in these very halls, long, long ago, were repeated tales of Indian cruelty,—dark romance of our early history; here were recounted stories of the revolution, by those just from the deadly conflict, here the last farewell given by trembling lips, dreamed over again and again at Valley Forge, or inciting to courage on the bloody field of Monmouth; for voices all about us whisper deeds of truth and daring, and in the gloom of the old ruins gathers that noble family, whose names and deeds are a part of our history.

The fires have again all gone out. The stars look in through the broken roof upon the cold hearthstone, but a moment ago glowing in the light of a century past, and we turn away from the old ruins, thinking how vain are the longings and strugglings of life; how little there is to be won, even if our fondest hopes are realized, and our life-long desires are accomplished, which have become a part of our very existence. I think then these deserted hearthstones teach us the truest philosophy; that ambition is but an empty dream, and that he best fulfills the design of his creation who lives not for himself, but for those around him, who, burying his selfishness in love, teaches the world to recognize the truth of those beautiful lines of Coleridge :

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.”

Perhaps we now think that we have found the Philosopher's stone; that “man's inhumanity to man” has been the source of all life's bitterness, and life to *us* at least will now be happy. Yes! it might be, but to-morrow's light reveals the world striving and struggling, and we, unmindful of our good resolves, plunge madly into the unreal conflict of this feverish dream. But I still believe the Philosopher's stone lies somewhere buried in those hearthstone fires, and perhaps occasionally in the “we sma hours beyond the twal,” as *suggestive* songs swelling forth musically under the branches of the old elm trees, in imagination fill the old chapel with the twenty years hence of the never to be, some of us fall asleep thinking that perhaps poor Burns was right, and that we *sometime* can say with better grace than now,

“To make a happy household clime
To weans and wife
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

Then I know we will have *real* hearthstones, and in the long winter nights will read occasionally from the truest household poet of any language, at whose word each pleasant home, as if he possessed the lamp of Arabian story, became a fairy dwelling, the abode of virtue and happiness; and as we read "The Cotters Saturday night," we will perhaps teach little ones to repeat the words of England's greatest poet,—

" 'Tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content
Than wear a golden sorrow,"

and the Bible will not grow dusty upon the shelf, but its well-worn pages will become familiar to eyes running over with early sympathy, as it teaches the story of Him who on earth was homeless and had no place to lay his head.

Happy indeed these fireside gatherings, compared with the costly feasts of pampered luxury! for if the true history of all "our fashionable life" were written, how few would be the homes of happiness and purity! Pride, detestable pride has crept into our homes, as well as our hearts, and an aristocracy of a *few months* standing raises its hands in holy horror at the simplicity of a life that at least kept our fathers from crime. No wonder that Horace turned gladly to his Sabine farm, from the "Imperial City," wallowing in sinful pleasure and corruption, and lingered by the little Bandusian fountain, unheeding the entreaties of Augustus. No wonder that old age, to-day, draws his chair from the fireside to the threshold, as if ready to go, wondering in the twilight musings of the evening, drawing near, why improvement and refinement should progress so rapidly as to deprive the world of its sweetest and purest pleasures. Yes, the philosophers' stone is buried in the ashes of our father's firesides, and yet we endure the heated breath of Stygian furnaces and blank looking stoves, that have taken the places of genial hearthstones. We may leave it there if we will, but let us at least ask ourselves, in the language of Hawthorne, "Is the world so very bright that we can afford to choke up such a domestic fountain of gladness, and sit down by its darkened source, without being conscious of a gloom?"

W. B

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

Roman Life at the Fall of the Republic.

BY HAMILTON COLE.

THE character of the Roman and the career of the city were foreshadowed in the legends of their origin. Their founder, nourished by the most savage of animals, became the parent of the "wolves of Italy." The city, founded in violence and blood, passed through a career in which the legendary scenes of its foundation were many times reenacted, in which brother fell by brother's hand, and disputes were decided by the sword.

The Roman was the Puritan of antiquity. He was sternly virtuous, unforgiving to the faults of others, cold in his nature, and harsh in his practice. The rough and rugged in his nature entirely crushed out the finer qualities. He scorned all the gentler pursuits of life. War and agriculture were the only pursuits in which a Roman could with dignity engage. Severely practical, he looked with contempt upon the subtle speculations of the Greek, as the vagaries of an effeminate mind. Order expressed in law was the great object for which he was continually striving. In his political system the individual was nothing, the State was everything. The conception of the individual was lost in the grander conception of the State. Add to these qualities a lofty sense of personal dignity and superiority, drawn from the contemplation of their celestial origin, and an invincible belief in their destiny as a conquering race, and in the destiny of their city as a universal ruler, and there was but one obstacle to their at once starting forward in their conquering march. The State itself was not a unit. At last, after long and arduous struggles, by repeatedly asserting their rights in times of peace, and when this failed, by defection in times of war, the lower classes attained their proper position, and participated in the same honors, the same laws, the same religion, with the dominant class. Every obstacle was now removed. The necessary process of consolidation had taken place. All classes, animated by a common instinct, and looking towards a common object, worked together. In a solid phalanx they started forward in their career of conquest. Nothing could withstand their resistless impetuosity. The rude Gaul and the barbarian on the

Danube, succumbed to the power of a still ruder adversary. Egypt yielded up her products to the destroying hands of the Roman soldiery. Asia was waked from her dreamy slumbers, by a people whose onsets she was powerless to withstand; while all the lands which look upon the Mediterranean saw the imperial eagle raised aloft, and the embroidered pennon wave in triumph over their conquered territories. The destiny of the city was accomplished. The world obeyed her commands and revered her power

Now came the great trial. War may test the brute strength of a nation; peace and prosperity will surely test the foundation principles of her Government, and the strength of individual character. There were grave defects in the Roman Government, in the Roman social system, and in the Roman character, which, lying concealed while war occupied the attention of all, while minor considerations were all absorbed in the one object of conquest, sprouted forth and grew with alarming rapidity, so soon as prosperity had mellowed the soil in which they had lain dormant.

The tribunician power worked great evils in the Roman Commonwealth. At first confined to the protection of the people, it finally came to exercise an absolute control over the State. To-day the State is without leaders. A tribune has obstructed the elections. An excited mob rules the forum. A tribune is at their head. This power, absolute and irresponsible, became a ready instrument for serving the purposes of faction, for gratifying personal ambition and personal malice. By introducing disorder and confusion into public affairs, it aided greatly in forwarding that downfall, which from other causes was surely approaching.

The mode of governing the provinces introduced corruption and disaffection. The highest offices at Rome were sought, not for the honor they would confer, but for the after emoluments they would bring. Did an extravagant noble become involved in debt? The consulship, with its reversionary province, was a ready means for his salvation. Did he have designs against the liberties of the Commonwealth? He could return from his province with an army cemented to his interests. Bribery could be fully used, for the bribes could be paid in the next year by the riches extorted from his victims. The provincials had no redress. Did they complain at Rome? The offenders were shielded by those in power, who were indirectly enjoying the fruits of those very enormities which were complained of. The Roman had justice for the Roman; for the Provincial he had neither justice nor mercy.

The Provincials writhed in agony under the heel of their oppressor, and hailed the prospect of any change with delight. They were ready at any time for revolution, and any adventurer could be sure of finding support from this heaving mass, in which the fires of discontent were continually smouldering.

The great evil in the Roman social system was slavery. But what need to detail the blighting effect of slavery upon the Roman, when we ourselves have seen its workings at our very doors. The results in each case were precisely similar. Slavery destroyed the Roman yeomanry. Italy, instead of being divided into small farms, each occupied by an industrious citizen, became engrossed by a few large proprietors. It undermined the morals of the upper class, by the habits of luxury and indolence which it introduced, and by the opportunities for licentiousness which it gave. It formed an under-stratum of society, from which disorder was continually springing.

It took a long time for even these powerful causes, with their usual train of minor ones, to sap the sturdy character of the Roman, but in seven hundred years they had produced their legitimate results. Wealth had flowed in from the provinces and corruption, its inevitable attendant, followed close upon it. In public affairs disorder and confusion, in private life dissoluteness and immorality now reigned triumphant. A great change had taken place in all departments. The Senate, that august body which had defied the invading Gaul, which Cincinnatus had likened to an assembly of Kings, had lost its ancient simplicity and dignity. The older members had spent their youth in the hardships of war. They remembered with horror the bloody proscriptions which had followed the civil dissensions. They wished for peace and quiet, not from any regard to the interests of the State, but that they might enjoy those fortunes which they had amassed. They turned their eyes from their early toils and sank away to sensual pleasures. The martial names of the republic are celebrated for the elegance of their dancing, and for the size and equipments of their fish ponds.

The younger members were restless and intriguing. They had not experienced that violence is surely followed by violence, that blood can only be washed out by blood. For them the readiest way to remove an adversary was by the cup of the poisoner, or the dagger of the assassin, while popular tumults were the golden opportunities by which they might gain the coveted objects of their ambition. Zeal for the public welfare had changed into desire for private advancement. There were, indeed, a few honorable exceptions, but a Cato and a Catulus only faintly illumine the darkness of that age which produced a Piso and a Gabinius, a Clodius and a Cataline.

The composition of the army too had greatly changed. Now all classes filled the ranks. Transported to distant lands, and detained for long periods, they transferred to their leader that devotion which they owed to the State. They were ready to follow anywhere their imperator, whether he wished to lead them against a foreign foe or to employ them in advancing his own interests, by destroying the institutions of their common country.

Meanwhile slavery had destroyed the occupations of the people, and in a body they had flocked to Rome. Unable to support themselves, too proud to work, they still have the right of suffrage, and for this they are courted by the aspirants for power. To-day they follow Pompey, to-morrow they will applaud Cicero, on the next day, under Clodius, they will lay waste the city with fire and sword. They constitute an unreliable constantly-shifting element, a very hot bed from which riots are constantly springing, which there is no power in the State to control.

Everywhere is unblushing selfishness, venality and corruption. To administer justice is impossible. A corrupt government finds itself outbidden by corrupt individuals. All, from the Senate down to the people, have their price. The Ambassador of Pyrrhus came to Rome and found no one to corrupt. Jugurtha comes, and with a purse emptied by bribes, exclaims with contempt as he departs, "A city for sale if she can find a purchaser."

Corruption in public and private life marched hand in hand. In no one thing is the condition of a people more clearly shown than in the relations of the family, for we have here a miniature representation of the State itself. When disorders in the State find their repetition in the domestic circle, we may be sure that the evil lies deeper than the surface, that the moral character of the people is involved. The Romans had come to this point. Divorce, which had been allowed only under severe restrictions by the laws of Romulus, which for centuries had been looked upon by the people with peculiar aversion, had now become a matter of daily occurrence, and that form of marriage was most used which afforded the readiest facilities for separation. Nor did the most moral men of the times scruple to avail themselves of this pernicious privilege. Cato yields up Marcia to Hortensius, and upon his death re-marries her to gain possession of her new fortune. Cicero divorces Terentia and marries his rich ward Publilia, from whom he soon separates upon some trivial pretext; while many contract alliances with persons of fortune with the expectation and hope, that their indiscretions will afford an excuse for divorcing them but retaining their fortune. The women vie with the men in

their immorality. They descend from their sacred position in the family and become the agents of political intrigue, nor do they hesitate to traffic their charms in support of their cause. Instead of a Cornelia a Fulvia stands as the representative of the times.

The nations of antiquity had no belief in an unchanging Divinity. The God of each nation was the projection of its own moral character. Gradually, as men advanced and desired something more tangible, systems of rules, founded upon principles of human nature, sprang up by which they guided their actions. That system into which the Roman would naturally merge was Stoicism. It was founded upon the sterner principles of man's nature. The doctrines that souls will finally return into the divine essence, and that of immutable fate, were peculiarly adapted to a people who believed in their celestial origin and in their destiny, while the general severity of its principles accorded with the sternness of the Roman mind. But its rigid rules could find but little favor in this sensual age. A more flexible creed was demanded. Epicureanism appeared. Its doctrines were eagerly embraced, and with pleasure as their pole-star, the Romans went on in their career of voluptuousness and vice and justified their course by the principles of their creed. Epicureanism did for Rome what the principles of Voltaire did for France. It gave a degrading conception of man's nature and destiny. It took away all hope for the future, it made the present all in all. It gave no support in adversity, it left no energy in prosperity. Its avowed object was individual pleasure; its direct consequence, political apathy; its logical result, imperial despotism.

And now with empire undermined, with integrity gone, with no hope for the future, and an indifferent resignation in the present, exhausted by the conflict of their own passions, they listlessly sank into the arms of a dictator, and the days of the Republic were ended.

Rest and Unrest.

Tenderly kissed by the twilight
Day breathes her dying sigh,
And night in her garments of mourning
Draweth gloomily nigh.

Fastly creep the grim shadows
Over the face of the dead,
Yet Night was but feigning her sorrow,
For the life of her rival has fled.

Gatheringly looms up the darkness,
Shrouding the midnight skies,
Till the stars subdued by the shadow
Pressing forth in mute surprise,

Gaze long on earth's dark beauty,
Saddened by human woes,
Till, wrung from the depths of their being,
The tear drop silently flows ;

Falls through the startled silence,
Glistens awhile afar,
But man, by a wondrous misnomer,
Sees but a "falling star."

Eyes with beautiful mellow light,
Shine over earth's troubled breast,
Weeping, your tender vigils keep
O'er a world so full of unrest.

For up from the wond'ring stillness,
Borne on the breath of pain,
There rise deep moanings of sorrow
Like the weary sobbing of rain.

Throbbings of physical anguish,
Death with his livid scroll,
Life with its strange ceaseless sorrow
And stranger yearning of soul,

Sweep over passionate heart strings
With touchings of wild despair,
Till the straining of chords so tender
Seems more than the heart can bear.

Till the air is filled with sighings,
Till earth grows black with fears,
And hope in her flowery beauty
Melts away in the mist of tears.

O weary hearts cease sighing,
Though life be crowded with care,
Though thorns cling close to the roses.
Their perfume floats on the air.

Though night be gloomy and barren,
Though Heaven no light betrays,
Yet the hours draw forth at morning,
Bird-warbles of gushing praise.

Though clouds deep veil the horizon,
And their drops with our tears correspond,
Though the eye sees but darkness and shadows,
Smiles the same blue Heaven beyond.

And when over passionate heartstrings
The sorrows of life madly sweep,
When man in his anguish grows weary
God "giveth his loved ones sleep."

C. L. A.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

The Executive in the National Government.

BY EDWARD YOUNG HINCKS, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

ANALYSIS.

- I. The actual governing power of the Executive shown (1) not to be determined by his constitutional functions, (2) to have exceeded its proper limits.
- II. The cause of this excess stated to be the substitution of democratic for representative theory in the popular mind. (1) The two theories and their tendencies defined. (2) The representative theory shown to be embodied in the Constitution. (3) The origin of the democratic theory shown to be the influence of the French revolution, and the teachings of Jefferson.
- III. Progress of the democratic theory in connection with the growth of executive power traced in three periods of our history: (1) The administration of Jefferson, in which the encroachment of the Executive was owing to the logical result to which his mind was led by his own democratic principles. (2) The administration of Jackson; in which the forces impelling to executive usurpation were the blind confidence of the people and the imperious will of the President (3) The

civil war, in which the overruling necessities of the time compelled the popular will to express itself through the President.

IV. Teaching of history shown to be confirmed by our situation to-day.

V. Remedy for executive encroachment shown to be return in practice to the representative principle.

ORATION.

The government of a nation does not necessarily find in its written Constitution its true expression and perfect embodiment. Though the forms of Constitutional law be observed with the utmost exactitude, yet, in the absence of an independent will animating one or the other of the different departments, division of power may become a fiction, and the nation swayed by the will of a single branch of the government. The actual governing power, rightfully and really possessed by the Executive in our National Government, rises into far higher importance, therefore, than a mere question of constitutional law. It involves the conflict of different theories of government, represented by the two great departments of national power whose struggle is to-day shaking the land.

The limit of the rightful influence of the Executive in the actual management of our national affairs is to be found in the fact that this is a representative republic. The free exercise by the national legislature of the powers conferred upon it by the Constitution would make it the great moving power of the State. Wielding those august functions which lie at the foundation of all government, the power of making law, of disposing of the public money, and of declaring war, it is the brain of the body politic in which lie its deliberative wisdom, and its executing force. Duties of a secondary, though distinct character are assigned to the Executive. Within the limits marked out by the Supreme Court, the one possesses the originating and guiding power, the other its application to particular cases. Clothed with ample power to carry out the plans of Congress, the Executive is powerless to cause Congress or the country to adopt his own.

It needs but an appeal to an unbiased consciousness to assure us that these relative positions assigned to the Legislature and the Executive, in the Constitution are not those which they occupy in the government. Of how many a stormy conflict between them does our history testify, as to the adoption of measures involving legislative action, terminating in the triumph of the Executive and the embodiment of his will in law! Using the veto as a temporary check, he turns to the people with whom the decision must ultimately rest. By his prestige and patronage he secures their approval, and through them the

control of the National Legislature. And thus the will of the Executive, finding its expression through the action of other departments, becomes the mainspring of government, and the fountain of law. A noiseless, law-abiding, but how dangerous usurpation! The Constitution is obeyed in form, but where is the spirit of representative government which that form was designed to embody?

If we turn from contemplating the fact of Executive encroachment to seek its cause, we shall find that it lies far deeper than individual usurpation, or encroachment of the General Government. It is not an abuse of power by those to whom it is entrusted, but a diversion of power from its proper channel, commencing at the fountain-head. The will of the people is the great force behind the Executive, thrusting him forward into prominence and arming him with power. The people, finding in him the direct expression of their immediate will, look to him rather than to Congress as their representative. This is the result of the introduction into the popular mind of a different theory of liberal government from that entertained by the framers of our Constitution. All modern conceptions of free government take their prevailing characteristics from one or the other of two great types. One of these, starting with the principle that government finds in securing the highest interest of the governed the necessity for its existence and the justification of its power, allows its intelligent citizens as much power in the management of its affairs as is consistent with the accomplishment of this, its primary object. Following this rule, therefore, the will of as many as are qualified to vote, passes through the clarifying medium of a representative body, before it is clothed with the power of law. The other theory, upon the foundation of popular sovereignty and equal political rights, builds a governmental structure which furnishes a medium for the direct and simple expression of the will of a majority of its citizens. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, is its motto, universal suffrage its condition of political existence, and democratic imperialism its inevitable and logical result. For, as the will of the people finds its most direct and simple expression through the person of a single individual, the irresistible tendency of this theory of government is to centre all power in an Executive head.

There can be little doubt which of these theories possessed the minds of those who framed our Constitution. The instrument itself, with the ample powers assigned to Congress, and the limited functions entrusted to the Chief Magistrate, and the Supreme Court sitting far above the swaying tide of popular impulse, and assigning limits to the action of both, affords ample evidence that nothing was

farther from the mind of its framers than a government administered by a single ruler in the name of the people.

But not many years after the adoption of the Constitution, the French revolution broke out. Bound to France as we were by the strongest ties of gratitude, and easily moulded as were our opinions from our national youth and inexperience, what wonder that such captivating principles as were presented at the breaking out of that great struggle, should carry away so impressible a people? To the introduction of those principles into the popular mind, was lent the influence of Jefferson's great name and the power of Jefferson's great intellect. Under these combined circumstances, democracy shot up in our nation with a sudden and gigantic growth.

If, now, we proceed to trace the progress of this theory in connection with the growth of Executive power, we shall find, at the outset of our investigation, the most convincing proof of the vital union of the two. Jefferson, who had always lifted up a warning voice against the power of the Executive, commenced the work of encroachment. He did this, not through treachery or ambition, but because, as the representative of the sovereign people, he felt himself to be but logically carrying out his fundamental doctrine of their direct and irreversible power. His unauthorized purchase of Louisiana, his asserted independence of the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, his general tendency to overshadow Congress, afford indisputable evidence of the direct connection between democratic theory and Executive encroachment.

We pass on now to a second period of our history, in which democracy having struck its roots deep into the national life, bore its appropriate fruit in an enormous increase of Executive power. For a quarter of a century the popular mind had been worked with the leaven of democratic ideas, and those ideas had made a tangible and permanent impress upon our institutions. Restrictions upon suffrage had been in great degree removed. Social equality and equal political rights were the popular cry. And the person whom the swelling tide of democracy bore forward to prominence and power, was, above all others, the man best fitted for a popular autocrat. With powers of conciliation only equalled by his impatience of opposition and his inflexibility of purpose, the name of Jackson was a spell, his will was law. Immediately upon entering office he proceeded, by filling every position with loud-voiced advocates of his measures, to turn the whole civil service of the government into a means of Executive aggrandizement. Then, gathering to his aid all the great forces at his command, he threw himself into conflict with the most illustrious Congress which ever adorn-

ed this nation, broke down its determined opposition, and, for eight years, made his will the controlling power of the State. The United States Bank excited his wrath; he lifted his arm and smote it; it tottered and fell. The protesting voice of Congress was drowned by the roar of popular acclamation; democratic imperialism ruled the hour. Then the masses learned to look to the President as their representative, as the exponent of their immediate will, and their champion against opposing Congress. Then was born that feeling of which our present Chief Magistrate endeavors to take advantage by comparing himself to the Roman tribune, defending with his veto the common people against an aristocratic Senate.

A third period of our history rises into view, exhibiting Executive encroachment on a grander scale. This is the recent civil war. The assumptions of the Executive during that great struggle, were more extensive in their nature and more dangerous in their influence, because finding so complete a justification in the overruling necessities of the times. But through those necessities may be traced the operation of the same great law of unchecked popular will, finding its expression through a single ruler. In such times of peril as these in which we were involved but yesterday, the people swallow up the will of the government in their own, and ask it, will allow it but to carry into execution their own designs. Then the Executive stands forth as the government, and Congress, the vitality of whose functions the necessities of the occasion have taken away, is forgotten. But when the storm of war is past, and the people restore the sceptre to the hands of the government, the Executive still stands at the head of the State, wielding, at the dictate of his independent will, those tremendous powers which he exercised as the agent of the sovereign people.

This, then, is the result to which our historical review brings us. Democratic theory and Executive encroachment have grown with our national growth and strengthened with our strength, have warped our government from its Republican character, and are rapidly sapping the foundation of our liberties. And the voice of history finds its full confirmation in the situation of to-day; the Executive assuming to himself the exclusive performance of the mightiest task which ever taxed the energies of the national Legislature; sounding the rallying cry of usurpation against the Congress who are endeavoring to assert their rightful prerogative; and using the addresses of the demagogue and the patronage of his position, to obtain the popular support. It is the part of a far-seeing patriotism to discern, in this

great struggle, rising far above the conflict of temporary issues, the contest of representative republicanism and imperial democracy for the interpretation of the Constitution and the Government of the land.

What, then, shall be done to curb the swelling power of the Executive, and restore to our Republic its Republican character? History and reason both answer in solemn tones, that if we would prevent our Republic from becoming a Democratic Imperialism, we must prevent its becoming a Democracy. There is a direct and inseparable connection between unqualified suffrage and absorption of governing power into Executive control. Our history affirms this. French history re-affirms it. And, in yet louder and dearer tones, the voice of reason tells us that the blind, head-strong will of the masses seeks but the most direct mode of its expression, which is a single will and a single arm. Let, then, ignorance and corruption be kept by impassible barriers from the ballot-box; let the intelligence of the nation rise to its rightful position in its management, and our representative government will again find in the Constitution its perfect reflex, its various departments moving on in their several spheres with a grand harmony like that of the rolling worlds.

Prescott, the Historian.

EVERY enlightened nation treasures up the memory of her literary men, and transmits their names from generation to generation as an inheritance of priceless value. She glories in their prosperity, and claims a share in their renown while they are living, and when the grave has closed over their mortal remains, she gathers up the beautiful thoughts which they have strewn along life's pathway, and transfers them to her crown as gems of unfading glory. A nation is justly proud of her historians, her poets and her statesmen. To them she looks for honor and distinction, to them she grants to chronicle her noble actions, and upon them, more than any other class of men, depend her dignity and reputation.

We admire England, because she has handed down to us the names of so many illustrious men "who have filled history with their

deeds and the earth with their renown." So will the name of America be forever venerated for the sake of those of her sons who have done so much to enrich our literature, and have left to the world imperishable monuments of genius. The names of her Irving and her Prescott, her Poe and her Longfellow, will be dear to mankind until beauty, grandeur and pathos shall cease to appeal to the human heart.

"Well may the world cherish their renown, for it has been purchased not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. They have shut themselves up from the delights of social life that they might the more intimately commune with distant minds and ages."

To few of the American authors do the people of our country owe more regard and affection than to Prescott, the historian. Few have ever left behind them a more unsullied fame, or secured a more enviable position in the world of letters. Both his character and writings possess a peculiar charm. His mind was of a delicate, sensitive organization, to which was united a temper of almost marvelous smoothness. In general, those in whom the former of these traits exists, are troubled by an irritability of disposition, while those in whom the latter is prominent, are for the most part characterized by a culpable degree of indolence. The union of these admirable qualities is indeed a rare combination. The encomium passed upon one of Ireland's great men might well be applied to Prescott.

"Nature made but one such man
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

His felicity of disposition could not but insure the goodwill and affection of those with whom he was thrown in contact, and the circle of his friends was always very extensive. He, however, in early life gave no remarkable indication of those superior mental powers for which he was afterwards distinguished, and little did he dream, as he strolled over the grounds at Harvard, that in less than a century he would be known all over the world as one of the greatest of American historians.

He was noted while at College for his genial disposition and fine social qualities, rather than for close application or brilliant scholarship. During his Junior year his studies were interrupted by an accident, which deprived him of the use of one eye, as well as seriously impaired that of the other, and brought on a long period of physical prostration, which he endured with a fortitude and resig-

tion in the highest degree commendable. This appears to have been in a measure the decisive point of his life, and to this partial loss of his vision is largely attributed that full flood of light which subsequently irradiated his mind and burst forth upon the world in a blaze of glory. How often do such circumstances illustrate the truth that

" Evil is only the slave of good,
Sorrow the servant of joy."

The most deformed trees often produce the choicest fruit. The rose blooms not on a stem without the thorn.

This accident tended to place a check upon the wild flow of his spirits, which had they pursued their course unimpeded might have brought him to the vortex of destruction. Upon resuming his studies it was apparent that across his hitherto joyous life there had flitted a shadow

" Like that by a cloud in a Summer's day made
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover."

and his happiness

" Was a little dimm'd, as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face."

but was more deep and peaceful than before. He exhibited, while in College, an extraordinary memory, and any exercise which called into use this branch of his intellect, was performed with wonderful facility. His other great powers were not yet known, but down deep in his soul, they were then slumbering, and needed only to be called forth to excite the admiration of men of refined taste, both in the old and in the new world. He was thus far distinguished for grace and beauty of person, great attractiveness of manners, and a generous, sympathizing nature, which lighted and cheered every thing which came within the scope of its influence.

His position in society was well calculated to free him from every embarrassment. The circumstances of his father were such as rendered him capable of gratifying every reasonable desire, and as far as pecuniary matters are concerned, he never was subjected to any inconvenience. He had purposed to make the Law his profession, for the study of which he had every advantage; but his imperfect sight, and the extreme sensitiveness of his eyes, compelled him to abandon all hope of ever successfully pursuing this branch of business. After most careful and earnest consideration, he decided to devote his life to literature.

Few men have ever entered upon this profession, with a greater combination of circumstances to oppose their progress. The first requisite for the work which he had undertaken, was a thorough and extensive knowledge, which at that time he did not possess, and for the attainment of which, he had no very flattering prospect. His eyes were in so precarious a condition as to preclude the possibility of his ever using them, to any great extent, in the prosecution of his investigations. The greater part of his information, then, he was compelled to acquire from the reading of others; but yet he was determined to lay a broad foundation, and with indefatigable industry bore up under a multitude of difficulties, until he had completely mastered the Spanish and Italian languages. He had constantly to strive against his inclinations; he went to his work at times with great reluctance; and he was furthermore troubled by physical disabilities.

Surrounded as he was by genial friends, his situation was one which held out every inducement to a life of ease and luxury. His fondness for society, also, tended to draw him away from literary pursuits; and had he yielded to the seductive charms which all these things were ever presenting, his conduct could never have been subject to censure. He was not, moreover, spurred on in his work by an ardent desire for fame, for which many would not hesitate to make any sacrifice, nor by any pecuniary considerations; and it seems almost incredible that one could so assiduously devote himself to an undertaking of such magnitude, without being powerfully affected by one or the other of these motives. It is true that he was not insensible to the applause of men, but he chose literature as a profession, from a love of it, rather than from any desire to be rewarded with "the laurels of immortality." Having, however, once attempted the work, he seems to have resolutely determined to accomplish it, and adversity could no more move him from his purpose, than the wild waves of the ocean can stir the massive cliff, which for centuries has resisted their fury.

He never attempted to write, until after the most elaborate research, and careful consideration of all books and manuscripts, which were in any way connected with his subject. He was not content with a superficial survey of the materials which might be of use to him, but desired that every assertion in his works should be fully substantiated by authentic history. He made no random or unreliable statements, nor did he indulge in any theories and speculations which were the creations of his own fancy. In the language of one of his eloquent friends, "he has driven his Artesian criticism through wretched mod

ern compilations, and the trashy exaggerations of intervening commentators, down to the original contemporary witnesses, and the sparkling waters of truth have gushed up from the living rock."

Such accurate knowledge of the subjects of which he treated, as he evinces in his histories, could have been secured by no one without the most constant and tireless exertions. What then must have been the energy and perseverance which it required on his part to gain possession of so much information? The state of his eyes would often compel him to suspend for a time, or diminish his labors; sometimes his inclination would draw him away from his toil, and countless other things frequently conspired to turn aside his attention. It is impossible for us to fully appreciate the disadvantages under which he labored from his imperfect sight. Had he been stricken totally blind, he would have made up his mind to endure his affliction with resignation, and a peace would have succeeded like the calm which follows the shock of a tempest; but he was continually fluctuating between hope and fear, and could any thing have soured the sweetness of his disposition, and fostered a petulant spirit, the trials of his situation would have been sufficient. He did not, however, murmur, or manifest any moroseness, but a casual remark would sometimes show how deeply he felt his misfortune. When the materials for his *Ferdinand and Isabella* had been collected, and he was unable to peruse them, he thus forcibly depicts his disappointment:—"In my disabled condition, with my Transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance." What could be more touching than this which he wrote in his memoranda concerning his eyes. "I find a misty veil increasing over them, quite annoying while reading. The other evening a friend remarked, 'how beautiful the heavens are, with so many stars.' I could hardly see two. It made me sad."

His habits of thought seem somewhat peculiar to himself. He would revolve large portions of his writings in his mind, modeling and re-modeling them, until he was suited with their arrangement. He was often deeply engaged in the composition of his histories, while walking or riding for recreation. It would be difficult to find among the great men of ancient and modern times a more finely disciplined mind than that of Prescott. He had gained the highest victory that man can gain, for he had conquered himself. He had indomitable perseverance, great tenacity of purpose, and complete self-control. He was keen in his perceptions, and cautious in his judgments. He was free from all arrogance and undue self-esteem. He

had a fixed system and method in the performance of his daily labors, and regulated his life by rules of which he was scrupulously observant. He had a well balanced intellect, which enabled him to overcome the evil effects both of adversity and prosperity. He had restrained those inclinations which he considered injurious in their tendency, and every good impulse he had cherished and cultivated, until his mind was like some beautiful piece of architecture, in which all the parts are united with perfect symmetry. His great brilliancy and strength of intellect, did not in any degree tend to check the growth of those amiable qualities of heart, which had been so conspicuous in his boyhood. They shone forth in his manhood, even brighter than in his youth. It is the universal testimony of those who knew him, that in kindness of disposition, and charm of personal manners, he was pre-eminent over all those into whose society he was thrown. He seems to have had a fascinating power in his very appearance. The benevolence, which beamed from his open countenance, the rich tones of his voice, and the ease and grace which he possessed, tended wherever he went to make him the centre of attraction. Some men carry about them a chilling atmosphere, and the mere sight of them seems to turn joy into sorrow, as looking at the head of the fabulous Medusa transformed the beholder into stone. Prescott "never came into a room without bringing a sunbeam with him." His friends could almost say of him,

"Shadow of annoyance never came near thee."

He moved around in society "shedding his kindness as Heaven sheds dew."

Wit and humor also were prominent traits of his character, and often sought relief in his letters and conversation, in expressions of sparkling vivacity.

There is perhaps, nothing in the life of Mr. Prescott more admirable than his filial affection. He had ever cherished and valued the opinion of his father, and relied much on his advice in all matters of importance. A short time prior to the publication of his second great literary work, the hand of disease was laid upon that father, and in his memoranda are recorded these beautiful words: "He has always been a part of myself, to whom I have confided every matter of any moment, on whose superior judgment I have relied in all affairs of the least consequence, and on whose breast I have been sure to find ready sympathy in every joy and sorrow." He clung to him like a child as long as he lived, and when death had removed him there was a void crea-

ted in his heart which nothing could ever fill. Long after this mournful occurrence, and after time, "the healer when the heart hath bled" would have melted the sorrow of most persons into a subdued peace, in a letter to a friend, written from the birth-place of his father, we find these words of surpassing pathos. "One bright spot in life has become dark—dark for this world, and for the future how doubtful. I endeavor to keep everything about me as it used to be in the good old time. But the spirit which informed it all and gave it its sweetest grace is fled. I have lead about the heart-strings, such as I never had there before. Yet I never loved the spot half so well." It would be difficult to find in all literature a more tender exhibition of the love of a son to a parent.

Mr. Prescott was also particularly happy in his reputation. From the commencement of his literary career he had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts were never undervalued. He was not like Milton, who after having written works of unequalled grandeur, in which he portrayed almost every passion which sweeps the strings of the human heart, died unappreciated by a cold and unsympathizing people. He was not like Goldsmith, who was tossed on the fluctuating waves of fortune, and often reduced to penury by the indifference of his countrymen. He was not like Shelley, whose sensitive spirit was continually wounded by the stings of an ungrateful world, and whose fame, though bright, was yet,

"A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want."

He was not like Hood, whose soul flowed out in humor, but who sang in sorrow,

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

The sun of *his* prosperity rose in glory, and advanced unclouded to the zenith. If there were things to discourage him in his literary pursuits, there were also many to cheer.

He has woven a wreath for his brow, which will never wither. He has erected an enduring monument to his memory in the hearts of the American people. The light of his soul was not extinguished in death, but still beams from the written pages which he has left us; and throughout ages to come his name will be venerated, and the world will ever continue to admire his works, which in the skill of their execution, the extent of their range, and the charming flow and elegance of their style, if equalled at all in American literature, are only equalled by the incomparable productions of Washington Irving.

A. P. T.

The Legend of Knockshegouna.

SCENE LAID IN IRELAND NEAR THE SHANNON.

Principal characters a Mr. O'Lairy
And a very mysterious beautiful fairy,
Who at twelve at night, in spookish white,
Frequently *quite* made hideous the night,
Which hung o'er the hills of Knockshegouna.

PART 1ST.

How the following poem was brought to light.

The other night, not long ago,
As the moonlight fell on the new fallen snow,
By my window I watched the trembling tears
Now and then trickling along the sky,
Drops of crystal light on high,
And wondered if they were really spheres
Drifting with music far away,
Nearer the light of eternal day,
Or whether they were not drops of dew
That nightly upon those meadows fell,
Meadows of blooming Asphodel,
The home of the blessed, the pure and the true.
I sometimes think the poets are right,
And they are but crystal drops of light,
For when the rising sun appears
They pass away like Aurora's tears,
How can they then be rolling spheres?
And while I looked at the earth and sky,
White below and *blue* on high,
The following words from Heaven blue
Floated to earth as if to cheer
A dying race o'erwhelmed with fear,
If you'll be *pure* then I'll be *true*.
Thus musing, on my ear there fell
The slow-struck *twelve* of the College bell.
One—one—one—one
Slowly, solemnly, now 'tis done,
Slow and solemn, as if the hands
On the old white disc had friendly *grasped*
And did not wish to be *unclasped*,
But clung in spite of Time's commands.
And Orion with his starry eyes

Looked down on the world in mute surprise,
As up through the skies there floated away
The hour of twelve—strange hour of dreams
As the spirit floats over Lethe's streams.

The Poet slept, and in *his* dreams there came
A Goddess fair, and lovely as the Moon
When first she rises o'er the distant hills.
Adown her shoulders hung in twisted curls
The "golden fleece" which Jason got *one day*
At Colchis, and her veil thrown back—so white,
It almost seemed as 'twere the rising mist,
That hung about those golden waterfalls—
Revealed such beauty as we seldom see
Except when lost and buried in our dreams.

And she threw a spell around *mé*,
Such as never before bound me,
'Till I broke the dreadful silence,
Shivering trembling half for fear.
What's your name you fair immortal?
You who've crossed my sanctum's portal?
Tell me! Tell me! I entreat you,
Tell me what you're doing here.
And the Goddess, then replying,
Answered rather faintly sighing
In a tone I still remember,
I know once a maiden here.
Long I sat without expression,
Wondering at the strange confession,
'Till I heard a sentence whispered
So do *I*, that's nothing queer,
This I s'pose *I* must have whispered
As no other one was near.
You mistake me in my meaning,
Said the Goddess slightly *grinning*
For my mortal name was Ino,
Once a maiden dwelling here.
Oh! I remember, you were mated
To a person Juno hated,
And was afterwards translated
To a *brighter* happier sphere,
As I believe it was related
In the Greek of "Freshman Year."
You have asked me what's my mission
'Tis to aid your sad condition,
Help you with a composition,
This is what I'm doing here.
So the Goddess left her blessing,

And the *following*, with a *pressing*
 Invitation to call on her
 When I left the present sphere.
 And she told me, heed this warning,
 Copy it before the morning,
 For when Phoebus brightly beaming
 Wakes the world again from dreaming
 Then the book will not be *here*.
 And when morning's purple flushes,
 Called by some, Aurora's blushes,
 Trimmed with bright and golden fringes
 Hung along the Heavens clear,
 I awoke, and by the beaming
 Of the sun-light richly streaming
 O'er my table, saw the following
 Scratches which I've written here.
 Whether this is Ino's metre
 Or my own, I stand like Peter,
 When the prison shook, and wonder;
 No matter whose, you have it here.

PART 2D.—POEM, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

On the banks of the Shannon near old Tiperary,
 A castle still stands deserted and dreary,
 Around whose turrets the ivy creeps,
 Around whose walls even *silence* sleeps,
 Deserted and drear is the ruined place
 As 'twere the grave of a buried race.
 Tradition says that long ago
 Perhaps four hundred years or so,
 A family came from a town somewhere,
 With *obvious* intentions of settling there,
 For a castle they built, prodigious in size,
 That filled the neighbors with such surprise
 That it literally made them "stick out their eyes."
 And as the right is with the strong,
 No way had they to redress the wrong.
 But, strange to say, on a certain day,
 A woman in white on the walls appeared,
 Perhaps a Goddess, perhaps a fay,
 And marshalled them all and led them away,
 For all who looked upon her feared
 And, trembling, could not but obey.
 And so deserted were those halls,
 For none returned who once were seen,
 And very few were those I ween
 Who dared to pass those castle walls.
 And many the legends mysterious and queer,

About that home of perpetual fear.
 We hear that often at midnight hour,
 When the moon was full, on the central tower,
 Her cold light *trembled* with fitful glare,
 And *music* strange filled earth and air;
 As 'twere a dirge for the freed from pain
 Or sorrow subdued for those that remain;
Sorrow! of all life's song, *the refrain*.
 And other tales more weird and wild
 Were told to Highland and Lowland child.
 Some of them rather inclined to be "scary,"
 But for real tragedy not to be
 Compared with the fate of Harry O'Larry.

The poet proceeds at this point to state, that in the northern part of Ireland lived a maiden by the name of Margie, beautiful and lovely, who, strange to say, fell in love one day, with the said Mr. O'Larry, resident of that section. In course of time they were married, but just as the "You do?" and the "I will" had been pronounced, it being the hour of twilight, a fairy came and took away the lovely and interesting Margie. Harry and the family for a few days, spent most of the time in weeping *

'Till at last a gleam of sunlight
 Lighted hope where all was hopeless,
 For 'twas said that of't at moonlight,
 In the southern part of Ireland
Two were seen upon a castle,—
 Two, and both were dressed like fairies.

Harry immediately leaves for this locality, examines the old deserted halls, sees nothing of his Margie, in short finds—as usual in such investigations—nothing more than might be expected. He therefore, buried in grief, sat down upon an old turret, and sadly hummed the following measure:

It is sweet to sit at evening
 When the west is painted red,
 And to think of friends once with us,
 Of the *living* and the *dead*.
 It is sweet to sit by moonlight
 Where the waters laugh and play,
 While come back sweet days of childhood,
 Gone! forever passed away.
 Ever fonder, ever dearer,

* Concerning the occasional occurrence of prose notes, although Coleridge frequently indulged in them, and this is an exact transcript of the poem as left the other night by the celestial muse, we feel constrained to say that we prefer to have poetry less *prosy*. Perhaps, however, this might be called one of the tendencies of the age.

Seems our youth that hastened by,
And we love to live in Memory
When our fond hopes fade and die.
Yes, like forests that seem fairer
When the leaves their freshness lose ;
So the past, those leaves now fading,
Tinged with Memory lovelier grows.

The echoes startled from their sleep
Had hardly died away,
When forth from the old Castle keep
The fairy held her way.
No shadow she threw in the moon's pale beams,
But like a passing form of light,
Presented herself to our Hero's sight,
Quite lost in sorrow and his dreams.
And thus the fairy began to say,
I've watched you, Harry, for many a day,
Weeping and wailing, but all in vain,
For ne'er can you see *your Margie* again.
Weep! for your darling with eyes so blue,
Weep! well you may, for she was true,
Few maidens ever loved as she,
Weep! weep! it does not trouble me.

The Goddess, at this point, however, moved by a singular pity for the unfortunate youth, proposed the following riddle, which the world had never been able to guess; and on the condition of his answering it correctly, promised to make him also immortal, so that he could live forever, with his fairy, with his Margie.

Where grows the flower, and what's its name,
Which blooms in winter and summer the same?
The language of which some say is true,
Some say is false; now what say you?

Our Hero knew not what to say,
In answer to the cruel fay.
But a Muse from here,
And "I know" who,
To his rescue flew,
And in his ear
Whispered the answer plain and clear,
And, to the fairy, mute with surprise,
He answered somewhat in this wise.

Say not all the flowers of the valley fade,
When painted leaves on the ground are laid,
And the carpet of Nature, curiously dyed,
Covers the vale and the mountain side.
Oh! no; there's a flower earth's frost never nips,
In many a valley the sweet "TWO-LIPS."

We find them in bowers of nature wild,
Wherever we see the forest child ;
Where'er streamlets flow or soft winds blow,
In lands that are wrapped in eternal snow,
We find these flowers, for sun nor shade
Ne'er blights nor blasts nor makes them fade.

The Fairy vanished, but again appeared,
Leading his Margie through the ruined halls,
And, in the silence of that midnight hour,
Again were joined those hands once rudely torn.

We leave the reader here to guess the rest,—
How many times "two-lips" were fondly pressed,—
How long they sat and watched the moonlight fall
Upon the ruined towers and castle wall.
And still the people of that section say,
That when the stars roll in their middle way,
The immortal pair upon the turrets stand,
Just as they should be, always hand in hand.

Spiritualism.

(Continued.)

Martha Loomis was a country girl of eighteen years of age, who traveled with her father, an illiterate farmer, through the Northern and Western States, some thirteen years ago, and excited astonishment everywhere by her wonderful exhibitions. She had long been suffering under some obscure nervous disease, for which Mesmerism had been resorted to, at first with apparent success, but, a year or two after these exhibitions, she died in a Lunatic Asylum.

The facts which we present, fell under the cognizance of a physician, who, in 1852, had the opportunity, in his own house, of studying her case carefully for many days, and of testing accurately her powers.

Martha fell, very readily, almost at will, into the mesmeric state. After her eyes were bandaged, it required but a few passes from her father, or the physician, to induce this abnormal condition. In her normal state, she was an uninteresting and rather stolid person. Though not stupid, she was heavy and taciturn. But as soon as the mesmeric state was induced, her whole morale was changed ; she then

sparkled with vivacity and wit. We will repeat only a few of the many observations made by this physician.

In a large room, so dimly lighted that the countenances of friends were scarcely distinguishable, she described accurately the features and dress of those in the most distant part, specifying minutely the material and workmanship of shirt buttons and other ornaments, too small to be seen by those who stood next to her. In scrutinizing any distant object, she invariably turned towards it the upper and front part of her head, being the part, as she said, through which she saw best.

A bank-note taken from his pocket-book without his looking at it, placed by the Dr. on the above spot and covered with his hand, immediately drew from her an exclamation of surprise and mirth, in regard to the engraved "picture," which she criticised with great minuteness and spirit. When asked to read the printing, she proceeded to do so, but almost immediately reverted to the picture, which seemed to engross her eye. Upon being required to quit the picture and read the text continuously, she did so, pettishly, but accurately, only boggling at the signatures. On examining the bill, no bystander could have described or read it more accurately.

The Dr. wrote four lines of Greek in common character. This she refused to read, saying it was "gibberish," and pushed away his hand from her head. On being ordered, peremptorily, by him to read it, she complied, whimperingly, but recovered her spirits when towards the close she observed that the Dr. had made a *blot*, and that his hand-writing was as bad as his gibberish.

When a double-cased hunting-watch was placed on her head, she told accurately the position of the hands, though they were frequently altered. A Clergyman who was present placed on her head a similar watch, and asked her if there was anything written inside of the cover. After some scrutiny, she said there was an inscription, which she read. He then opened the watch, and handed it to the by-standers, none of whom could see any inscription (it being microscopically engraved) till a lens was used; then it appeared that her abnormal eye had read accurately through a gold cover, what their normal eyes could not even see, when uncovered.

We have not time to recount many other interesting tests, but we will mention two facts which the Dr. discovered, and which he thought very significant in the way of explanation. He observed when her eyes were lightly bandaged and a candle placed near them, that her vision was imperfect, but it was immediately restored when

the light was removed, or the orbits well stuffed and thickly bandaged. The other fact was, that the *visual ray* or medium between any object and the sensorium, was not intercepted by any substance which he interposed, except only *iron*. An object which she saw plainly when held in his closed hand, placed over the clairvoyant spot, became obliterated when it was in an iron tinder-box, and then held as before. Her remark was, "I see nothing, it is all black."

In that state which is known as reflected or *sympathetic* magnetism, the powers of Martha Loomis, though remarkable, were not so astonishing as in direct clairvoyance. When the Dr. held her by the hand and put different sapid substances in his mouth, she perceived the difference of taste, and discriminated correctly between them. So also, when patients were placed "en rapport" with her, she described their sensations and symptoms in a manner to astonish them, and inspire the most implicit confidence. She constantly spoke as if she *saw* their lungs, heart, and other organs, but when asked if she really saw them, she replied, "No, not as I see you, it only seems to me that I see them." She also made prescriptions which astonished the Dr., on account of the pharmaceutical knowledge which they manifested, for in her sane or normal state, she was ignorant of such knowledge. He accounted for this, by ascertaining that she had read medical books, and though unable to recall their contents in her natural state, they were all present to her mind during this abnormal state, and applied with a discriminating judgment and acute penetrating tact, which a practitioner might envy. Her natural powers of mind, while in this state, were wonderfully intensified, and so to speak, *exalted*, making her conversation extremely interesting, though at times eccentric. Her delineation of the traits of character, mental and moral, of those placed in contact with her, was something marvellous, they and their friends being the judges. It is not strange that such exhibitions should produce, in the minds of the common people of a country village, a belief in her possession of supernatural powers, and they accordingly frequently applied to her to foretell the future. Church members also, of the better class, who at first refused to believe in the fact of her clairvoyance, unable to resist the testimony of their senses, were disposed to attribute these effects to *witchcraft*, and to believe that she was possessed of a devil. In such a community, and under such circumstances, how easy and rapid would have been the growth of spiritualism, if there had been any one *interested* in propagating such a doctrine.

If Martha had only stated that she was the '*trance medium*' of spirits, she would have been generally believed, and with far more evi-

dence in justification of her claim, than the best trance medium of Boston or Chicago. Are the silly effusions which they claim to be revelations of Spirits, or the alledged marvels which are advanced in attestation of the claim, at all comparable, in marvellousness, to the positive facts and the wonderful exhibitions manifested by this unsophisticated girl? Certainly, there would have been far more reason in attributing the above phenomena to Spirit agency, than any that Spiritualism can pretend to advance. The physician, however, who observed the phenomena, saw nothing in them but physical effects from physical causes. We will endeavor, as briefly as we can, to give the gist of his explanation:—

Vision exists not in the eye, but in the mind. The eye is simply an organ adapted to transmit the rays of light from the object to the sensorium. According to Sir Isaac Newton, there is a pervading ether, extending from the object to the brain, which is made to vibrate at the bottom of the eye by the rays of light, and this motion, propagated through the optic nerve to the seat of sensation, produces vision. He thus recognizes the necessity of some *medium* more subtle than light, to act as a substratum between mind and matter. The only use of the rays of light is, to bring the mind into connection with this vibrating medium, which is the proximate cause of vision, and the only way in which light can reach the sensorium, to produce this vibration, is through a transparent organ, like the eye.

Now, if we admit that this ether of Newton, this necessary medium interposed between mind and matter, is, in its nature, electric, electro-galvanic or magnetic, (these terms denote but one principle,) then we can account for visual sensations in accordance with all the facts, and without the objectionable theory of vibrations. Thus, in the healthy normal state of the system, this subtle magnetic aura accompanies the rays of light, through the eye to the seat of sensation. In the magnetic trance, which is a diseased state, it proceeds directly from the object to the sensorium, through tissues, whose functions have been morbidly affected, and which, in this abnormal state, perform the office of the eye. Hence we can understand why, when a candle was brought near the eye of Martha Loomis, her magnetic sight was disturbed by inducing a return to natural vision. We also find in this magnetic aura, an explanation of the fact, that her magnetic sight would not take place if an *iron* plate was interposed, inasmuch as the magnetic current will not pass through iron. There is abundant evidence to prove that the peculiar current or principle called nervous fluid, vital spirits, and lately, *odyle force*, which is generated in the brain and spinal marrow and muscles, which travels from

them along the nerves, to impart vital action to the different organs of the body, and which, in its reverse current, is the medium of communication, through the senses, between the external world and the sensorium,—is analogous in nature, if not identical with that great principle of motion in the etherial world, of which Electricity, Magnetism and Galvanism, as well as Light, Heat and Chemical affinity, are kindred and modified forms. The brain, indeed, in composition and structure, is a complete galvanic battery, and experiments show that the galvanic fluid may be substituted for the nervous fluid, in continuing for a time the vital actions and the vital functions. It is now also an established opinion with physiologists, that there is no exercise of the mind in thought or sensation, without a corresponding *physical* change in the brain. If these views be admitted, and we believe they can be established, then we hold the clue by which to explain not only the positive facts of Mesmerism, but also the pretended miracles of Spiritualism.

The changes and motions of a telegraphic battery placed in New Haven, are immediately and accurately repeated by a similar battery placed in New York, if the connection and other conditions are perfect, but not otherwise. If the wire, which is the connecting medium between them, should be concealed, we would, nevertheless, infer its existence, from our knowledge of the construction of the instrument, and of the peculiar principle or current generated by it. If we were ignorant on both these heads, the occurrence of the above phenomena would be considered just as marvellous and supernatural as spirit agency.

The above illustration will help us to explain in some degree the ascertained phenomena of sympathetic Mesmerism. If the human brain be a similar electro-magnetic or galvanic battery, generating a similar current, as we have reason to believe, then it is not difficult to understand if a brain in a normal state should be brought into perfect connection with a brain in a morbidly susceptible and abnormal state, that the motion or change in the physical state of the former attendant upon thought or sensation, might be repeated in the latter, just as in the telegraphic battery, and thus give rise, more or less perfectly, to the corresponding mental impression or sensation. Thus Martha Loomis seemed to taste the sapid substances which the physician placed in his own mouth. It is true we cannot see the connecting medium or *mental voice*, but have we not as much right to infer its existence in this case, if the phenomena are proved to exist, as we had in the other case, when we saw the effects of the telegraphic machine but not the wire?

(*To be continued.*)

Memorabilia Yalensia.

De Forest Oration.

The speaking for the De Forest Gold Medal, which heretofore has occurred the Friday following Presentation, took place in the Chapel Monday afternoon, June 25th. The order in which the speakers came, and their subjects, are as follows:

I. The Executive in the National Government, by Levi C. Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

II. Roman Life at the Fall of the Republic, by Hamilton Cole, Claverack, N. Y.

III. The Executive in the National Government, by Edward Y. Hincks, Bridgeport, Conn.

IV. John C. Calhoun, by John M. Hall, Willimantic, Ct.

V. The Executive in the National Government, by William G. Bussey, Utica, New York.

VI. The Executive in the National Government, by Lovell Hall, East Hampton, Ct.

The medal was awarded to E. Y. Hincks, whose oration appears in this number.

Wooden Spoon Promenade Concert.

Monday evening happened to be most excessively warm, but every one felt happy that it was pleasant, and long before dark quite a number of the fortunate? might be seen going gladly (?) for hacks to convey quantities of lace and perfection to perhaps the most finely ventilated and well arranged hall in the country, containing three windows and two flights of stairs. For the space of an hour and three quarters, and perhaps more, the eyes of those who had come especially to see, were drawn from one point to another of the fluttering gallery in quick succession by new arrivals of youth and beauty, until at last the music of Helmsmuller's Band—the happy smile of whose leader Yale misses so much—crowded the floor with grace and loveliness in lace. In the language of Mr. Billings "we gazed for hours in mute astonishment upon the exciting scene," and securing a piece of unfortunate lace, to assure ourselves in the morning that we had not been dreaming in quotation marks from the Arabian Nights, went home thinking that the Promenade Concert was a decided success.

Wooden Spoon.

All day Tuesday it seemed as if the weather grew hotter and hotter, until "excessively warm" ceased to be applicable. The hall by 8 o'clock was crowded as usual to overflowing, but, as far as heard from, no one fainted on the occasion, a decidedly remarkable exception, and gratifying to most of the assembly. The audience eagerly awaited the rising of the curtain (which circumstance transpired about half past eight) and the opening load, which was evidently not fully appreciated by all. Between the scenes we had all the time desirable to examine the decoration of the hall, its flowers, mottoes and inscriptions, which showed at least the usual amount of skill and taste displayed on such occasions. The Latin Salutatory was well received, and listened to with pleasure even by those partially ignorant of the drift of the discourse. Probably they were reminded of Peter the

Hermit, speaking unintelligible Latin, and as Hume remarks, "perhaps with better effect than English." The delicate compliment paid to the College choir was well appreciated by all who had the pleasure of hearing it, and was well worthy of applause. We might also add at this point, that the exercises would have been more satisfactory to the majority of the audience if the "good things" had been more distinctly heard. Mr. Stoddard played his part splendidly, and as he stood at last victorious over his prostrate foe, weakened "by days of toil and nights of waking," we could not but admire the tragic effect of "Sic Semper Tyrannis," which even Forrest or Booth might envy. The "College Rush" upon the stage, and the unoffending "peeler," reminded some of us perhaps of Library street and High a little more than a year ago, and the repeated applause led us to ask ourselves whether we were not gradually drifting, as a people, to the love of gladiatorial shows and gory conflicts. The singing of the evening was probably good, but as we have not asked anyone or heard anyone say, we hardly dare to venture our opinion. We are certain, however, of one thing, viz.: that the audience smiled quite frequently at Mary and the Little Lamb Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom. *Of course* during the Presentation of the Spoon by Beverly Allen, of St. Louis, and its acceptance by James Allen, also of St. Louis, who richly deserves this tribute of our affection, the audience, as usual, began to leave, showing a high respect—quite peculiar to New Haven audiences—to those who endeavor to entertain them. It would be a useless task to recount all that suggests itself; as usual everybody that had a good seat and delightful company, went away satisfied, and as we were fortunate enough to be so situated, we will long remember with pleasure the Wooden Spoon Exhibition of July, 26th, 1866.

Presentation Day.

We feel almost certain that the mathematical portion of the Faculty, moved with a peculiar affection for our Class, selected these three days by accurate observations of the heavens, and put over the exercises one week. For lo! in the midst of all this rainy weather, *three* days appeared in succession with hardly a cloud upon the sky. Words fail to express our gratitude for this kindly consideration.

Beautiful indeed "rose the golden morning" of Presentation Day, the happiest and saddest day of the College year. At half past ten the usual amount of intelligence was assembled in the Chapel to listen to the Poem and Class Oration. The Oration was delivered by Mr. George C. Holt, Pomfret. The Poem by James Brand, Saco, Me. Both did honor to their class and the occasion. The oration is probably one of the finest ever delivered at a class parting, and as we were listening to "The Necessity of a Broader and Higher System of Education in America," we all felt glad that we were Yale men, and as he spoke of "that restless tide of life, which for a century and three quarters has surged through and through these halls," we felt with him "a veneration for the dear old place."

The exercises in the afternoon on the College green—reading the class history—passed off with the usual amount of smoking and cheering. Forty cents apiece by the various members of College was well invested in the erection of comfortable seats, and of all the gatherings we ever saw—including various camp meetings—we can say truthfully that we never saw so fine an assemblage as that under the shade of the old elm trees, and, as we looked down from the 4th story of So. Middle,

we could hardly refrain from writing an ode suitable to the occasion; all our friends feel highly gratified that we passed the occasion safely without attempting to woo the Muse. But the three days of sunshine, according to previous observations, were completed, and distant mutterings of thunder adjourned the class to Alumni Hall, and near its frowning archway, through which they will never go trembling again, as they often have in the past, and as we still go, the Class of '66 bid each other "good bye." The Class Ivy was hastily stuck into the ground, for the sky, as if it had borrowed grief, began to weep most profusely, and all hastily

"melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoll'n and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew."

Thus ended Presentation Day, and the College Chapel misses many familiar faces. According to Primogeniture, my classmates, we have inherited the middle aisle, and when we leave it, as we must a year hence, may we feel that at least our last year in College has made us nobler and better.

Prizes.

The following is a list of the prizes, as announced by the President, in the Chapel, immediately after the Oration:

English Composition—Class of '68.

	1st DIVISION.	2d DIVISION.	3d DIVISION.
1st Prize.	Oscar Harger.	William A. McKinney,	Anson P. Tinker.
2d Prize.	{ Russel W. Ayres. John Coats.	{ John Lewis. William A. Linn.	Henry P. Wright.
3d Prize.	{ James Coffin. William H. Ferry.	Edward A. Lawrence.	{ John H. Webster. Sheldon T. Viele.

Prizes in Declamation.

	1st DIVISION.	2d DIVISION.	3d DIVISION.
1st Prize.	Chauncey B. Brewster.	{ George H. Lewis. John Lewis.	Anson P. Tinker.
2d Prize.	John Coats.	{ Robert A. Hume. Oliver C. Morse.	N. P. S. Thomas.
3d Prize.	Russel W. Ayres.	{ William A. Linn. Frank More.	{ Thomas C. Welles. Henry P. Wright.

Prize Poem.

Sheldon T. Viele.

Mathematical Problems.—Sophomore Class.

1st Prize, Biddle and Miller. 2d Prize, William C. Wood.

Freshman Class.

1st Prize, Charles H. Bullis. 2d Prize, Charles W. Bardeen.
3d Prize, Harton and Walling.

The Clark Classical Prizes were awarded,—For the best Classical Essay, to
Theodore L. Day.

For excellence in the Greek of the second term of Junior Year to,
Peter R. Taft.

The *Berkeley Scholarship* has been awarded to Henry B. Mead, of the Senior Class.

Woolsey Scholarship, Class '69.

Arthur Shirley.

Hurlburt Scholarship, Class '69.

Edward P. Wilder.

Runk Scholarship, Class '69.

Charles P. Wirtzel.

For excellence in Latin Prose Composition.

1st *Berkeley Prize*, Edward G. Coy.

2d " " Rufus B. Richardson.

A Clark Prize, for the Solution of Mathematical Problems.

Frank Atwood.

Beethoven

The following gentlemen are elected as officers of the Beethoven Society for the ensuing year:

J. M. SPENCER, President.

H. D. CLEVELAND, Vice President.

C. S. ELLIOT, Director.

W. A. HAMILTON, Secretary,

P. B. PORTER, Treasurer.

A. L. BROWN, Librarian.

Temperance Society.

Dr. Jewett favored the Temperance Society with an address, Sunday evening, June 24th. At the close of his remarks, quite a number signed the pledge, which lasts through the College course. Among others, we were happy to see one or two Seniors, although I believe their last examination took place the next day. The Society at present is in a very flourishing condition, and we hope it will receive the hearty support of the incoming class. Before the meeting adjourned, the following persons were elected as officers:

HENRY M. DEXTER, President.

HENRY P. WRIGHT, Vice President,

HENRY V. FREEMAN, Secretary.

The Yale Courant.

The Yale Courant, which many, a few months ago, regarded as an experiment—perhaps of a year's duration—has become so much a part of the College, that we would really feel lost without it. We are surprised, as we look over its pages, to learn how much is going on under these very elms. We are happy that it has begun the year so prosperously, and can sincerely unite with their board, in hoping that the Courant and Lit. will ever be on the most friendly terms. Its Editors, for the coming year, are—

C. C. CHATFIELD, Alumni Editor and Publisher.

J. G. FLANDERS, }
W. H. BISHOP, } Class of '67.
R. E. DEFOREST, }

Editor's Table.

WE can probably remember when we were little children, not long ago, how glad we used to be when we came to the *last* page of well worn second or third Readers and Elementary Arithmetics, and a year or two later how happy we were to recite the last Proposition of the third book of the Supplement of Euclid, in the old Atheneum, one end of which is situated directly under the College Observatory, formerly known as the Chapel spire,—and probably some of us have the same kindly remembrance of the last page of *Anna-Lytica*, so-named, because frequently *missed* and rather inclined to Elliptics. But however our readers may feel, we cannot say, on this occasion, that we are particularly pleased to find that we have arrived at the last page of this number; for there are times when it is difficult to *individualize* the point of a pen, and we are willing to leave it to the judgment of any person, whether one of the “afore-mentioned times,” in the language of Webster, does not occur, when the thermometer is 92° in the shade.

If the present state of the weather continues, “as such,” we think some of calling a meeting in the President's Lecture-Room or “Hall of Phi Beta Kappa,” for the purpose of laying a tax of 40 cents on each individual of the classical department, to be expended in obtaining a “small boy” to *fan* the New Haven House Thermometer, in order to moderate the weather until *most* of us get through the impending annual, a plan that has been tried with *marked* success at Heidelberg and the Royal Academy in Paris.

While speaking of the rapid progress and strange results in science, we regret to say that the old Pipe leading from Parnassus to Yale, and terminating in an ink-stand near the center of the far-famed Table, ceased, a few days since, to supply the usual flow. The Board thinks it remarkably unfortunate, but hope to discover the cause, and remedy it before the appearance of the next LIT. It always has been a matter of wonder with many of our readers,—I know it was so with ourselves a short time since,—that the LIT. table should bear an air of inspiration, or what is nearly akin, of Poetical distraction; but as we look at the old ink-stand, we can readily see where all the eloquence of the past had its origin; for, as we dip the point of the pen into this miniature fountain, supplied by the crystal springs of shady Parnassus, and bring the upper end of the Pen to our mouth, a strange electrical “circuit” is formed, and we can say, with wild enthusiasm slightly approaching insanity,—

“Upon our lips the mystic bee has dropped
The honey of Persuasion.”

Alas! that the fountain is *dry*; alas! that the board is also dry, financially considered, for if 'twere otherwise,

We might like Virgil draw
Our inspiration through an *Oaten* straw.

The last remark reminds us of a small village in the outskirts of New Haven, called Westville, and perhaps it would be interesting to some of our readers to listen to the recital of a thrilling scene which recently took place near that section in Horse Car No. 32. Directly opposite from “a piece of the Board” who had

visited West Rock, were seated two beautiful and fascinating creatures, gazing intently in a diagonal direction at a middle-aged lady, attended by a Baby and a small dog. Said dog quietly reposing in the lap of a Merrimac dress, while the other portion of the family was gracefully endeavoring to maintain an upright position upon the floor. It certainly was a scene of paternal affection, and we expected, of course, a remark of pity from the opposite corner, for they still continued to gaze upon the Domestic scene. At last, the one in blue challi Delaine remarked: "Jul, what *ears* that dog's got, I wonder if it hurt him to have 'em cut; Sarah is going to be married next week." We turned to look at the unfortunate dog whose ears *had* evidently been *elided*, but the remark of that attractive person in "Challi" touched a chord in our nature that still continues to vibrate.

But time fails us to dwell on scenes like these, for the inexorable printer says that we must conclude our remarks *immediately*; besides, we are all in the midst of Examination, and have little time either to talk or to listen. We cannot, however, pass over, in complete silence, one or two poems lying upon our table. They are not very lengthy, and we regret that we are unable to publish them; the first one, as we learn from an accompanying note, was written during the recital of the Class Poem, Presentation Day, and begins as follows:—

And are those curls? that graceful fall
Of auburn hair o'er shoulders white,
They *may* have been but long ago
They must have been the other night.

Proceeding in this way for a few lines, it finds rather a sudden conclusion in the following *striking* simile:—

And terminating all together
Like clothes hung out in rainy weather.

We think that if the writer would only take subjects suited to his ability, he would certainly more than realize the fondest hopes of his parents.

We also wish to express our thanks to "all whom it may concern," for an introduction to the mysteries of Chemistry. We think it has been introduced quite "apropos" for the Board, as some of us have learned more than we ever knew before about "Type-cal formation." We will ever entertain the highest regard for the little Pamphlet, (Price \$1.,) and long remember the kindness of our Professor, who most deeply sympathized with us Presentation Week, recited for us occasionally, and marked us four. As a proof that the study of Chemistry is one of the most important of the College course, we recently heard one of the lights of the Class ask another whether alcahol was a "*gin-eric* species."

Wishing you all, therefore, success in the present time of doubt and uncertainty, we bid you "Good Bye" for a little while, and in our next will, probably, as usual, wish you all a happy vacation.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

AUGUST, 1866.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

The Victories of War.

HARDLY had the roar of cannon ceased to reverberate through the valleys of the West, at the close of our late struggle, before the hosts of Europe commenced arming for conflict. The little cloud upon the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, suddenly overspread the firmament. During four years of fiery trial and patient suffering, our Trans-Atlantic neighbors read to us long homilies on the folly of war in general and our own in particular. England seconded France in profuse offers of mediation. One would have thought that in the Arcadia across the seas, the doors of Janus had closed forever. But the serenity of Europe was delusive. While the first crop of flowers still blooms upon the graves of our slain, the flames of war are kindling from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, across the breadth of a continent that embraces within its borders all the grand historical races—races which have conquered the rigors of nature, converting barrenness into fertility; building countless cities, and filling them with trophies of art, invention and learning; and which, as pioneers, have borne the banners of commerce and civilization to the remotest corners of earth. When the inquirer asks the cause of this fierce commotion, amid which thrones tremble and the lives of millions hang by a thread, he can get no satisfactory answer. Two or three ambitious rulers wish to re-construct the map of Europe. For the sake of enlarging territorial lines, and transferring the allegiance of a

few thousand families whose wishes in the matter are entirely ignored, they

"Make mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell."

Cui bono? As the smoke lifts from that battle-field, a hundred thousand ghastly faces upturned in death or mortal agony, reveal the infinite suffering compressed into a day. Like dogs the dead are hurried to burial. Hospitals near and far overflow with the mangled forms that a week before stood erect in strength and hope. But a great victory has been won! Bonfires light up the public squares; bells ring forth their loudest peals; drum and trumpet proclaim the "glorious news" from hill to hill. Now come the never ending lists of killed and wounded, beginning with illustrious names, and descending with fatal certainty to the obscurest soldier. Not a village or hamlet escapes untouched. Here the only support of a widowed mother has been torn forever from her eyes; here a brother, the incarnation, perhaps, of manly excellence, whose soul was dearer than life itself to the survivors; here a father whose little ones will long cry in vain for his coming, even yet realizing too little the magnitude of their irreparable loss. In the face of an event that buries multitudes in anguish, what mockery the peal of bells and the boom of cannon in honor of victory.

Did God create the thronging millions, endowed as they are with regal capabilities, that await opportunity only to rise to the highest plane of development, to be mere puppets for kings? If a nation swarms with a population, ignorant, poverty-stricken and wretched, the governing class must in great measure bear the responsibility. Naturally ambitious, man will strive with tireless energy to better the condition of himself and offspring, unless he sees the struggle to be hopeless. Overwhelming must be the pressure that can crush aspiration out of the young and buoyant. Let the prince have exchanged places in the cradle with any one of the intelligent soldiers who now move like dummies, without volition, at the word of his command, and those human machines could have been educated to fill his place with equal ability, and perhaps with far more wisdom. But a gulf deep with the wrongs of centuries divides them. Parted at birth, manhood brings them to opposite sides of the impassible barrier, to travel far apart, till the impartial hand of death at last throws high and low again together.

What interest have the common people in the fierce wars that shake

the world like earthquakes? We know that the fires mount up to heaven, fed with fuel from their blood, but what the motive or compensation for the costly sacrifice? Not one in a thousand ever gave a thought to the merits of the questions in dispute, while still fewer pause to speculate upon ultimate issues. They go, some from love of excitement, some from martial enthusiasm, but the vast majority, because there is no escape from the gripe of the conscription officer. At the will of one, columns move mechanically to slaughter. Seated upon luxurious cushions, amid pomp and splendor, the monarch may listen exultantly to the achievements purchased by the blood of his bravest, for he has no son or brother there among the slain. But how will the news be received in countless homes that on the field of "glory" were robbed of the joy of the present and of the hope of the future? Will remembrance of victory during the long years compensate the cripple for loss of limb, or supply cheer in the place of the bread which he is too much shattered to earn?

But as a positive implies a negative, an up a down, so victories in the march of nations are correlated by defeats. Both sides cannot triumph. While the capitol of the conquerors rings with shouts of acclamation, the country of the vanquished pales with despair. On rolls the savage tide of arms, leaving behind spectral ruins to gleam gloomily in the twilight, devastated fields and tenantless homesteads. In a night the toilsome gains of generations dissolve in smoke. The frosts of morning overtake helpless childhood and decrepit age, stretched coverless upon earth, bereft of natural protectors, hungry and penniless. Then often follow the gigantic robberies, which in prospective first stimulated the avarice of the combatants—the dismemberment of the conquered domain, and the division of the booty among the conquerors. Thus Poland disappeared from the map of Europe—thus many other brave peoples have been stripped of nationality and their treasured traditions to exist in vassalage thereafter.

But says the apologist for war, Right will ultimately triumph, truth crushed to earth will rise again. As applied in the recesses of eternity, where the end is compared with the beginning, this principle may hold good. Applied practically in the affairs of this world, a more stupendous humbug never seized upon the minds of the credulous. The history of man from the earliest authentic records to the present time, repeats over and over, till the heart sickens at the recital, the sad story of the triumph of wrong, and injustice, and cruelty, and where in the deepening darkness of antiquity history fails to guide us, legend steps in to affirm the verdict. The general fact is mirrored in Cromwell's exhortation, "Trust in Providence, but keep your pow-

der dry," and in Napoleon's maxim, "God is on the side of the strongest battalions." Very little avails justice in an unequal conflict. Poetry may tell us that as the murderer steals on tiptoe through the darkness to plunge the dagger into the heart of his victim, the walls, the chairs and all other insensible objects are speaking witnesses of the crime, but notwithstanding such miraculous endowments, these do not wake the sleeper. Else the innocent could never be wronged,—else we should search in vain for the blood of martyrs. When Justice asserts at last her stern supremacy, it is often with one foot in the grave of the criminal and with the other upon the grave of his victim, pressed lightly it may be, yet coming too late to save.

The territorial lines of Europe as drawn to day were nearly all cut by the sword in unholy warfare. Austria is a patch-work of provinces stuck together by bayonets, and loosely cemented by diplomatic villainy. Prussia expands with the gains of several robberies, and now strikes for more. Russia waxes fat on the spoils of Poland, while France permits a general conflagration for the sake of enlarging still further her borders. The weak have no protection save the mutual jealousies of the strong. When the passions and cupidity of the nations are aroused, might becomes the only acknowledged law of right.

Says the objector, wars are sometimes unavoidable, instancing as an example, our late bloody but triumphant struggle for the preservation of the Union. Admitting that under the stimulus of a lofty purpose, strengthened much of the time by the purifying power of adversity, the virtues of the heroic age were revived under the eagles of the Great Republic, we must still be permitted to believe that this also, viewed in the light of reason and humanity, must take its place among the needless wars of the world. We have neither time or wish to enter into its antecedent history; the criminations and recriminations; the sectional differences that deepened into anger, and finally blazed forth in fiercest hate. It was the height of fatuity in the Southern leaders to expect that an institution, obsolete elsewhere, and utterly antagonistic to the spirit of modern civilization, failing to win by argument should yet triumph by the sword. Had the North in turn with wise foresight systematically avoided the inflammable theme, trusting the issue to time and God, universal freedom would have come, without bloodshed and without tears. Comparatively the South could furnish but a small emigrant population to occupy the new territories. Lines of free States were closing in around slavery like walls of adamant to stay its speed. Confined to a given territory, it must have soon devoured its own vitals, and the master would have been the first to pray for deliverance. When will the world

learn that ideas are mightier than bayonets,—that cannon are coarse and unworthy instrumentalities for warring against heart and will?

It is needless to dwell upon the demoralization of public and private virtue during periods of war. Amid vast expenditures, the gates are thrown open to every variety of fraud and corruption. Vultures swarm around the public crib, fattening on the spoils of the land and the miseries of the people. Fortunes made fraudulently without effort, and spent without discretion, poison whoever drinks from the fatal stream. In the minds of many lookers on, the success of “speculators” and “contractors,” inspires disgust for slow but honest gains. They too venture into the treacherous waters, cautiously at first, but with gradually emboldened steps, till not a few lose their foothold and are swept to destruction. Let the doubters, if doubter there be, look to the records of our criminal courts for the past two years.

Equally marked are the deleterious influences of campaigning upon the soldier, far removed from the sweet influences of home, and the restraints of domestic life. Long periods of inaction, alternating with hours of fervid excitement; the temptation to appropriate the property of “enemies;” familiarity with violence and bloodshed; unavoidable association with the dissolute,—these and similar perils assail fearfully the bulwarks of good habits and good character.

Nor do the oppressive effects of war cease when its visible traces have been obliterated from the face of a country, when the mourners have been gathered to the lost, and when in the haziness of distance even carnage becomes mellowed into a sort of romance. The debts accumulated during its progress remain,—monuments more durable than brass. To-day the national debts of Europe oppose the most formidable obstacles to progress, binding fetters upon the poor and robbing them of comfort and culture. Taxation cramps dwellings, banishes books, cuts off luxuries, curtails the supply of food, and in short makes vassals and slaves of men nominally born free. Remove the incubus from Europe, and in two generations, the son of the peasant would be peer to the son of the king. National credit, as reflecting the honesty of governments, may be worthy of the encomiums lavished upon the theme, but practically it is an unmitigated curse. The requirements of morality are as binding upon governments as upon persons, and “pay as you go” is the only safe policy for both.

It was our design to compare with the barren victories of war, the victories of peace, beautifying, ennobling, blessing,—flooding the earth with light and love. But for reasons sufficiently obvious, the fulfillment of this purpose must be delayed.

R. W. W.

The Club.

MAN is peculiarly a social creature. The intercourse of acquaintance, the sympathy of friendship, and the confidence of intimacy form the noon-day of his being; solitude is his midnight gloom. Not only does this appear from the very existence of society, but from the most conventional (and therefore most unnatural) rank of the social scale, down to that where no fashion trammels word or deed, we may clearly trace this daily requirement of the human soul.

Various indeed have been the results flowing from the gratification of these social longings. Besides the circles of wealth, birth, and fashion, into which society is of necessity divided, we behold other and closer unions,—unions where men are knit together by ties more binding than mere outward circumstances. Similar tastes draw men together, to share the enjoyment of common pleasures. The man of the world seeks companions like himself. The sculptor and the painter affiliate with those who possess a delicate appreciation of the beautiful in art. The realm of fancy is the enchanted ground which allures the man of letters to “charmed converse” with the poet. The muses, all, have their zealous devotees, and these, from the shrine of their worship, derive an inspiration which ordains mutual support, harmony, and affection.

At this time, however, we propose to consider that phase of social alliance which will, to the greatest extent, develop the intellectual and the social man; and which will thus render him both acute in thought and cordial in manner, and as a result of these excellencies, liberal, also, in opinion. While intellectual growth is best promoted by stimulating to literary effort, we must remember that, in most cases, the strongest incentives are encouragement and praise. All men crave after the approbation of those they respect and love; and where they are striving for the appreciation of intimate associates, who possess a cultivated taste, the prize, if won, is more highly valued. Thus we incite the mind through the medium of the heart.

Yet, from among the motives which may urge to labor, we must, by no means, exclude a generous emulation. Surely, a desire to excel cannot, properly, be termed a failing; or, if so, it is a failing which leans to virtue’s side. For, should this desire be gratified without exertion, the superior faculties of the mind would soon lose their vi-

talities. But when a man sees the object of his hopes in danger of falling into others' hands, the fiery spirit of opposition and rivalry is aroused within him. His enthusiasm is kindled; and, in his ardor, even dormant faculties awake to action. He thus throws into his task all the powers of his mind,—all the energy of his nature.

But more still can be accomplished by the phase of society we are now considering. Thoughts are not derived from books alone. The liveliest conceptions and most striking fancies often spring from our intercourse with friends. Opportunity, then, should be afforded for contact of ideas and an interchange of opinion. But most of all do we look for friendly criticism. Faults corrected, errors righted, with a candor free from all censoriousness and breathing the spirit of kindness, not only lead to future improvement, but also foster in the present mutual good-will.

Freedom like this tends to cultivate warm feeling and a genial temper. It makes the friend among friends. The heart that beats with a generous pulse, delights to supply ready aid in extremity; and scarce need hesitate to receive it. But a truly genial nature delights most to breathe the atmosphere of true sympathy. The glance of the eye, the pressure of the hand, the beaming smile, all proclaim the bond of heart's friendship. They form the language which speaks directly to the soul. They are the tones which cheer alike in sadness and in joy.

The members, then, of that society which is most highly conducive to intellectual and social culture, are encouraged to labor by praise and rivalry; they are assisted in their task by criticism and aid; and whether failure or success attend their efforts, their toil, when over, is rewarded with the refreshing sympathy of true hearts.

These are truly the characteristics of a perfect literary association; and once, in the history of our literature, has this Utopia been realized. The "Literary Club" of the eighteenth century stands an unrivalled model for such an organization. Founded and maintained chiefly through the influence of Johnson, and enrolling among its numbers the most prominent names in the literature of the period, it formed the most brilliant constellation which ever adorned the literary firmament. At its weekly meetings were wont to assemble the studious Gibbon, the witty and fashionable Beauclerc, the refined and gentlemanly Reynolds, the versatile and facetious Garrick, the quiet and thoughtful Burke, and the generous, indolent, warm-hearted Goldsmith. Around the social board, amid the genial flow of thought, the sparkling poignancy of wit, and the impartial shrewdness of criticism, they found a grateful relief from the wearying cares of life, and a sym-

pathy of feeling which resulted in the closest intimacies and most sincere attachments. The restraints of society were here unknown. They met as true friends, unshackled by those conventionalities which are wont to restrain and control the natural expression of sentiment. Their faults and virtues were here conspicuous to all, and here alone are we able to form a true estimate,—a just appreciation of these literary gods.

But it were unpardonable to pass over, without especial mention, the center of attraction, Samuel Johnson, with his attendant satellite, the sycophantic Boswell. Yes! *sycophantic*; but while we sneer at Boswell, we must remember that time has accorded to him the merit of being the most faithful biographer of any age. From the offering of his untiring industry we have derived our accurate knowledge of his wonderful hero. The works of nature, in all their perfection and beneficence, are inadequate to convey a sense of God's loving kindness toward men. In works of art we may read the artist's skillful and delicate perception of the ideal in grace and beauty, but we have no indication of the finer feelings of his heart. So, while an author's literary productions allow us to gauge his capacity and estimate the powers of his mind, they leave us, for the most part, ignorant of his inward character. Johnson's own writings, indeed, bear witness to the vigor of his intellect, the keenness of his satire, and his earnestness of purpose. But, as Boswell portrays him, we are brought, as it were, into close communion with the man, and we seem to realize his genial presence, in the readiness of his wit, his moral purity, and his truly generous nature. We see the gigantic force of his character, as it claims ascendancy over the great minds with which he came in daily contact. All acknowledged in him a superior, naturally adapted to preside at their social union, and to harmonize and assimilate their varied tastes and temperaments.

And here we strike upon a rich vein of inquiry,—the cause of the harmonious enjoyment which characterized this secret, literary and social club.

The cord which first drew its members together was their community of interest as literary men. Writers, at this period, could scarcely hope to win the patronage of the great, and found little encouragement in the favor of the public. The age of general reading and diffused intelligence had not yet arrived. The pen afforded but a scanty and precarious subsistence. Poverty forced men of genius to sleep in garrets, and to dine in cellars. Their very linen was often pawned for bread; and when their last paltry penny had been spent,

they buttoned their shabby coats around them to conceal their nakedness. Thus shut out from general society, they sought, in taverns and subterraneous haunts, the companionship of their brother authors. Many a night the tap-room rang with applause at the jolly song of "old Noll Goldsmith," or the rude and cutting sarcasm of Johnson. And when a successful play or admired poem filled their pockets with unwonted plenty, they hastened to revel in extravagance and the gratification of appetites long repressed. So freely and generously they shared their fortune with their fellows, that a few days invariably found them, with empty purses and faded finery, creeping back to their unwholesome dens.

Pride, want, and a morbid sensitiveness combined to make literary men feel keenly the social disgrace of being intellectual outcasts. Strongly united in a common cause, as they thus were, the social instinct impelled them to seek, in the companionship of each other, what they could not elsewhere find,—appreciation, sympathy and respect. They became banded together for defence against oppression, and struggled with spirit to win from the world acknowledgment of the inspiration of genius. As the indomitable spirit of Columbus brooked insulting taunts, and battled against ignorant prejudices, that a new world might be given to the old; as the sublime faith of Luther defied papal anathemas and welcomed persecution, that Christendom might be blessed with a purified religion; so did these noble prophets of a new era in literature manfully endure slights, insults and poverty, that the world might be prepared for the glorious dawning of a brighter day.

Another attraction to this social union, was the eminence which its members had attained in their several specialities. The essays of Johnson were considered as unsurpassed in power and elegance. Burke was already winning a name in Parliament; and the poems of his fellow-collegian, Goldsmith, had found favor with the public. Reynolds was an author of some pretensions, as well as an admired artist. Beauclerc was an acknowledged wit. Garrick had no rival upon the stage. Thus they were men of some celebrity to the world, great men to each other, for genius discerns with readiness the marks of genius. They sought one another's society, not only in consequence of the natural affiliation between great minds, but also because they realized the benefit to be derived from the opinions, criticisms, and information of men accustomed to study and reflection. The thoughts that are uttered in conversation are often like the scintillations of the flint, brilliant and pleasing. They may lack, it is

true, the profundity and reliability of those ideas which an author would be willing to lay before the world. They may not be altogether new, but they are, at least, newly phrased. Thus, around the conversation of the scholar, the poet and the painter, there hangs the charm of freshness and social confidence, which never fails to win regard and admiration.

And when we consider the vast fund of originality possessed by those sons of genius who clustered around their intellectual Mentor, we can estimate, to a certain extent, the advantages which each might derive from such a union. Goldsmith, who habitually turned the events of his life to a literary account, found, in the meetings of the club, a rich mine of incident to embellish with the creations of his fancy, and enhance with the charms of his style. The political philosophy of Burke derived its first nourishment from these feasts of reason. Here Boswell, as he gathered materials for his immortal biography, knelt, "unitarian in his worship," at the shrine of his idol. The gay and dissipated, yet scholarly Beauclerc, with "his love of folly and his scorn of fools," indulged here his ardent love of letters, while he flung around him, in sarcastic raillery, the shafts of his polished wit. Here Gibbon found a most favorable opportunity to observe the springs of human conduct and the motives of action; and when we consider that the various phases of human nature may be most successfully studied when exhibited in the conversation and presence of men of surpassing ability, we may readily detect the source of the superiority which characterizes his life-labor, and which has enrolled his name with that of Herodotus and of Grote, in the triumvirate of historians. Leaving his easel, came Sir Joshua Reynolds, the *Mæcenas*, the "dulce decus" of the coterie, often attended by the renowned Garrick; both of them to study in common, with an artist's eye, the varying shades of passion and emotion, that they might portray them, the one upon his canvas, the other in the drama. And these were the men whose talents called forth the mighty power of Johnson. From their intellects, his own mind received strength. From their acuteness, his own wit derived additional lustre and brilliancy. No where else did he shine so conspicuously as here, among these, his chosen friends. And no other presence shed so genial a glow over that social board.

The class of organizations, of which this is the most illustrious example, achieved, in the development of English literature, a work whose importance can scarce be estimated too highly. These organizations may be said to owe their existence to the opposition which

literary men encountered from an undiscerning public ; and during the many years of their operation, they were thus the incentives to literary culture. With lapse of time, however, as indulgence succeeded to opposition, there arose a tendency towards a relaxation of effort, most fatal to literary excellence. The necessary check may be found in the same influences which before served to stimulate, and which are ever exerted by a social, literary union.

Thus we have considered the nature and influence of the Johnsonian club, and from the character of its members, their position in society, their superior ability, and their natural affiliation, we have inferred the peculiarly social and literary eminence they must have attained. What actually transpired at their weekly suppers in the the "Boar's Head" tavern, we regret that, owing to the obligation of secrecy among its members, we are unable to detail. Enough, however, of their jocose and pleasing conversation has escaped, to show that they could, when occasion offered, throw off their learned dignity, and freely indulge in the pleasures of the table.

And now, as we take leave of this remarkable assemblage, we can find no words more appropriate than these from the pen of Macaulay : "As we close, the club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelette for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton ; the courtly sneer of Beauclerc, and the beaming smile of Garrick ; Gibbon, tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua, with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body ; the huge, massy face, seamed with the scars of disease ; the brown coat ; the black worsted stockings ; the dirty hands ; the nails bitten and pared to the quick ; that remarkable man, whose fate it was to be regarded, in his own age, as a classic, and in ours, as a companion."

J. M. S.

The Mound Builders.

Though man to fullness raises his estate,
And thinks his greatness proof 'gainst any fate;
Though wealth and power, might and fame he own,
Though he above all others stands alone;
Though all that's wished for, is as soon obtained;
Still all is fleeting till the grave be gained:
And where with pride he rules in lordly state,
Soon even there shall none his fame relate,—
His name shall perish, and his fortunes fall,
His greatness vanish far beyond recall.
As sinks the sun in evening's splendid skies,
So sinks the man—for him there is no rise,
And he who once was all the world's delight,
Is soon forgotten in the gloom of night.

In pleasant valleys, and on steep hill-sides,
Where falls the torrent, and the river glides,
In many a sweet, oft a rugged place,
Are found the tokens of a vanished race.
The site of cities can now still be traced,
Nor were they made with unreflecting haste,
For walls and ramparts witness well the care
Of those who lingered ever fondly there;
Close by them works, oft massive and immense
Bespeak the need there was of sure defense;
And always near, the sacrificial mound
That told of God, was reared and now is found;
And many a mound for fun'ral honors made,
But hides its contents when to dust decayed.
These all still plainly mark the ancient spot
Where men once lived—all else is now forgot.

Here dwelt a nation with dominions wide,
That stretched the land across, from lake to tide.
Their towns and hamlets scattered o'er the plain
Told that here was love and with joy did reign.
And as the shepherd from his high surveys
His flock below that still in safety plays,
Each nearest hill that reared its craggy top
Maintained a watch, the nation's surest prop.
For savage races from the farther North
Did oft invade and strive to drive them forth:

But though dread War shrieked loud his dire alarm,
The hill-side ramparts saved them from all harm,
From hill to hill the startled summons flew,
Till all the line the awful tidings knew.
Then rose the men to meet the coming strife,
Then women prayed to save each dear one's life.
Thus oft the foe in shame was driven back,
And turned aside his devastating track.
Then labor took its old accustomed sway,
And happy was each night, and short each day.
Then oft the lover, when the day was done,
And slowly sank to rest the weary sun,
Recalled the maid from household duties light,
And bade her look with him on love and night;
Dropped in her ear the murmured trifles sweet,
Asking but this that love should love complete :
Then rose the moon in silver splendor clad,
And all the earth and sky with her seemed glad :
The stars then shone in heaven's deepest blue,
And tranquil pools returned their every hue ;
The gentle breeze was lulled to balmy rest,
And closing flowers fragrance then express'd ;
The hour 'came such as moves each simple mind
To praise its Maker, shown so good and kind,
And nature used all her most wondrous art
To stir the deep religion of the heart.

When morning dawned, and light and life returned,
On every mound a blazing altar burned.
No maiméd victim on each spot closebound
Gave up his life to some dread god renowned,
But pure and spotless as the sky above,
Their god was one made up of truth and love ;
And high in air their lofty mounds they raised
That great and good, by them He might be praised.
Their off'rings were far better then in sort
Than groans that man can from a man extort ;
Of luxury and wealth, whate'er they owned
They freely gave, and thus for sin atoned.
Such off'rings, joined with songs of birds arose,
And broke the early morning's deep repose.

Then to their toil went forth each willing band,
And hope with labor joined, and heart with hand.
Then first with cheer they tilled the ready earth,
The parent of their joy, and source of mirth ;
For rural Plenty when she leads the van
Brings Peace, and Hope, and Happiness to man :

Then oft they turned with ready hands and skill'd
The lofty mound to raise, the rampart wall to build;
And well were pleased the common good to serve,
And thus their country and their homes preserve.
But oft in sorrow for some great man gone,
His corpse was placed in tomb rough made with stone,
And over this with reverential care,
Earth piled on earth told who was buried there.
But few such tombs as these; which clearly show
That those they loved were laid to rest below.
Perhaps here placed with many honors bless'd,
A shepherd king, a David of the West,
In sweet remembrance still was kept enshrined,
Till name and people were to death consigned.
Perhaps a warrior, full of courage high,
Who made the foe before him ever fly,
At last was conquered, and in death was laid,
And thus his fame and glories were display'd.
Perhaps here rests with good old age full crown'd
Some holy prophet of a name renown'd,
Who while he lived was e'er his country's pride,
And a nation mourned when the good man died.
Perhaps—but cease; 'tis useless so to try
To tell the dead when they no trace supply:
Of all the nation these are left alone,
And e'en of these there scarce remains a bone.
How deep a lesson can these remnants teach
To what vain things men's wishes often reach.

This nation lived and flourished for long time,
As well from all these ancient works we see,
Which were built in their bright and early prime,
While they were firm, and strong, and proudly free;
When not yet forth had come the stern decree
That they must perish; but their hopes were high
That future glories they could foresee,
And all forebodings did but basely lie;
Such hopes as well become bright youth in liberty.

What was the doom that o'er them sudden broke,
And made them vanish from the face of earth
As quickly as dissolve light puffs of smoke?
Was it Discord that banished all their mirth,
And grimly sat on each sad family hearth
Until their faces showed the angry mind,
And want of love, though hatred had no dearth?
Tis ever thus, the happy are most blind
Till Sorrow comes, and dreadful Ruin stalks behind.

Perhaps grim Wars did their fair land invade,
And quickly spoil it of its wonten rest,
When spite of ramparts ever ready aid
They saw their all by the dread foe possess'd;
Who then, like Goths and Vandals of the West,
With savage fury steeped their bloody arms
In all the wealth of that sweet land so blest;
Which, e'er before exempt from dire alarms,
At last was captured, spoiled, and robbed of all its charms.

Perhaps dread Famine, with its wasted hand,
Did beckon on its ghastly horrid train
To seize possession of the fated land,
And there with Want and Woe, Disease and Pain,
To triumph, and hold their malignant reign;
And while they heard sad Plenty's mournful wail
To drain its life blood o'er and o'er again;
While cries and groans did swell each morning gale,
And supplicating shrieks did the soft eve assail.

Whate'er their fate, in gloom must still lie hid
Till darkness does from all things earthly rise,
And all to the dread throne above are bid,
Where each must fling aside his thin disguise,
And then appear as fool or truly wise.
But still not vainly does their tale relate
How quick comes life and then as quickly flies,
If but one soul does its mean pride abate,
And learn but this, that God alone is truly great.

S. T. V.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

John C. Calhoun.

BY JOHN MANNING HALL.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN was a native of South Carolina. Born amid the closing scenes of the Revolution, reared amid the perils of frontier life, his character may have been shaped, to some extent, by the traditions of the one, and the vicissitudes of the other. A descendant of the Scotch-Irish stock, he inherited the characteristics of the race; honesty, bravery, self-reliance, inflexible will, indomitable

energy. His mind was of a metaphysical cast. He seemed to track a subject at once to its last analysis. He had all of Fox's love of abstract thought, little of Burke's broad philosophy. As a reasoner he was original, logical, precise. In public life, no man bore himself with more dignity. The private life of Marshall, and the younger Adams, was not more admirable.

The public career of Mr. Calhoun falls naturally into two eras. Entering Congress in 1811, his parliamentary talent at once made him a leader. His seven years service at the head of the War Department, under Monroe, displayed rare administrative powers and business tact. With all the popular questions, springing from the War of 1812, he was thoroughly in sympathy. Flattered by the press, beloved by the people, commended by the letters of Story, Wirt, Webster, Adams, elected to the Vice Presidency, his position in 1825 was all his most ardent admirers could desire.

But it is the second era of Mr. Calhoun's career which chiefly demands our attention.

Northern progress, in contrast with Southern decline, perplexed the Southern leaders as early as 1825. Diligently they sought the mysterious cause, and found it, as they professed, in the inequalities of the Protective Tariff, and the system of Internal Improvement. The anti-Tariff wing of the Democratic party now arose, demanding the removal of these grievances. Of this party, Mr. Calhoun became the leader. In the face of this opposition the high Tariff of 1828 was passed. The South Carolina Exposition and Ordinance followed.

That the Tariff of 1828 was unjust and oppressive, few will deny at the present day. The immediate arguments against the measure were irresistible. The opposition to the Protective principle itself, is abundantly vindicated by our whole subsequent history. Mr. Calhoun had evidently changed his views since 1816. Daniel Webster had changed as radically. Each had followed his own section. The rule of consistency will not control in experimental questions.

But however desirable the end, Calhoun committed a fatal error in selecting his means. Yet Nullification was not a new idea. Jefferson's Kentucky Resolutions clearly suggest it. The doctrine was never popular, even at the South. But it involved another dogma that has proved more formidable. Impartial history will write Calhoun the first public defender of Secession. Neither Virginia nor Kentucky Resolves hint at Secession. The Hartford Convention never dreamed of it. The whole doctrine rests upon the nature of the Federal Union. Mr. Calhoun held that the parties to the Union

are sovereign States, in their collective or corporate capacity; that the bond of Union is a Constitutional compact; the organization to accomplish its objects is a government of delegated powers; the powers thus delegated by the States to the general government, are expressed in the Constitution; all remaining powers are reserved to the States, which can, at will, resume even those powers which were delegated, and annul the compact which bound the Union.

Opposed to this theory stands the Constitution; its words, its provisions, its spirit. The opinions of Madison and Hamilton are to the contrary. The Supreme Court decisions of Marshall deny it. The immortal resolves of Webster, the unanswerable argument of Jackson refute it; and all unite in asserting that the parties to the Union are the people, in their individual capacity; that the bond of Union is a Supreme law; that the Government has all the powers necessary to enforce its authority; that Secession is Treason, unless by success it towers into Revolution.

An appeal has been taken from this decision to the high court of battle. The verdict sustains the decision. It stands, henceforth and forever, sacred by the memory of the immortal dead; enthroned in the hearts of the loyal living; secure on the eternal foundations of Justice, universal Liberty, and Law.

The enormity of this doctrine has led many to mistrust Calhoun's motives in advocating it. Personal ambition is the controlling motive usually ascribed to him. Undoubtedly Calhoun desired the Presidency. But he was never the trimming politician. He owned a nobility of purpose, that scorned to stoop to low intrigue for self-emolument. He was at all times fearless and independent in action. He was the only man in Adam's Cabinet that dared to breast the popularity of the hero of New Orleans, and move that he be tried for his unwarranted invasion of Florida. He left his party, often, to act with the opposition. His position on the questions of the Navy; the Embargo; Mr. Dallas' Bank Scheme; Nullification itself; the Removal of the Deposits; the suspension of hostilities in Mexico; are instances in point. The dream of Burr never disturbed him. He was not the plotting Catiline. His ambition was like that of Kossuth, or Garibaldi, the ambition which any great mind has to lead a cause, to forward an idea, which it has itself originated, which embodies its own faith. The Tariff agitation revealed to Calhoun for the first time, not only the vast advance the North had made upon the South in material prosperity, but what alarmed him more, the increase of its power in the general government. Here is the point where a narrow,

clanish, sectional spirit, replaced the broad, national, patriotic character of his earlier statesmanship. Calhoun worshipped power. The idea that Southern supremacy was passing away, overcame him. He roused his energies to beat back the inevitable result. The true cause of Northern growth escaped him. He looked at slavery from an English standpoint, rather than a French. He accepted it as an existing fact, without doubting its pecuniary advantage, or thinking of its righteousness. Attributing, therefore, the cause of Northern superiority solely to national legislation, he began to mistrust our system of government. It had failed to protect the minority against the tyranny of the majority. As early as 1833, Calhoun lost faith in free government, resting on a numerical majority, without the recognized right of State-veto and secession. Without these rights, our Constitution afforded no check to centralization and despotism. Hence the establishment of these principles became the one idea of his life. Sincere in his own convictions, he bent all history and law obedient to his false philosophy.

The Tariff question presented an opportunity to test his idea. The compromise defeated his purpose. Still determined to enforce his doctrines, around the hideous form of slavery, he drew the "awful circle" of secession. But he had gone too far. He had roused the sleeping conscience of the North. It rose colossal, nor slept again, till the shackles melted from the slave in the white heat of battle. Calhoun was forced to the defensive. The last fifteen years of his life, we behold him vainly struggling to stifle the agitation he had himself commenced; denying the sacred right of petition; demanding free soil for slave labor; the prime mover in the annexation of Texas and the consequent Mexican War; and dying in 1850, struck down almost in speech, like Chatham and Mirabeau. Yet how unlike them! Chatham, breathing patriotic devotion to country; Mirabeau, pleading for a hopeless liberty; Calhoun, proclaiming the divinity of slavery, and foretelling in Cassandra tones, the downfall of the Republic.

Among American statesmen, the transcendent intellect of Calhoun will secure him a foremost place. He forms one of the great connecting links in our political history. We trace the crimson track of our liberty from the Reformation to Pilgrim Rock and the Revolution. So we may follow our political ideas from point to point, by their representative men. Two streams diverge from the Convention of 1787. Hamilton, Adams, Webster, Seward, mark the progress of the one. Jefferson, Calhoun, Quitman, Davis, tell the fate of the

other. Jefferson's idea trembles on the scaffold. Hamilton's gathers new life from the baptism of the War.

In the second era of American statesmen, three forms move pre-eminent,—Webster, Clay, Calhoun. With less eloquence than either, Calhoun surpassed both the others in close thinking, intense application, integrity of character. As representatives of sections, Webster and Clay had ardent supporters; Calhoun had followers, whose confidence he won like a Themistocles, whose wills he bent like a Richelieu. Compared with Webster, Calhoun was the mover, originator, *doctrinaire*. Webster the defender, expounder, philosopher. Calhoun's eloquence lay in his earnestness, enthusiasm, clear analysis, cold logic. Webster possessed all these, but touched the *heart*. The great debate of 1833, was renewed ten years after both went sorrowing to their graves. Calhoun always shuddered at the thought of civil war; but he prepared largely the explosive material. Another hand applied the match. Half a million dead; the country disgraced before the world; a national debt of three billion dollars; who is guilty?

Calhoun's speeches are searched in vain for a single great moral utterance; and this affords us the key to his failure. For if we measure the statesman by his talents, by his influence in moulding public opinion, in directing political ideas, in moving men, then Calhoun becomes the noble exemplar. He fought his own way to eminence; commanded the respect of the whole country; became the idol of half of it; and his ideas became a moral force, which years after his death marshalled armies in their defense. But if we try the statesman by a higher rule,—by his benevolence, consistency, foresight, moral faith, ennobling his whole being and displayed in his willingness to sacrifice official station and sectional supremacy to great moral purposes, then Calhoun is not the statesman we would imitate; however willful, imperious, logical, practical, he may have been.

The sin of hero-worship attacks us all. We bow helpless before a Cæsar, a Charlemagne, a Napoleon. For what man does in his day and generation, for himself, his party, his section, his country, honorably, all honor. But as he helped his fellow-man, the true glory of his country, the dignity of the laws, the welfare of the race, must he at last be judged.

The Valensian's Pilgrimage.

Few things are more pleasant or more fruitful of good to the graduated student, than his frequent return to the shrine of his Alma Mater. It is seen in the pilgrimages made hither, year after year, by the sons of Yale. For years they came back singly, at irregular intervals, without much definiteness of purpose, but to satisfy an earnest longing to revisit the place of their education, and perchance to meet somebody or something that should help them to recall some of the many pleasant scenes and incidents of their student life. But this irregularity and discordancy have found their end. Within fifty years, an effort at an organization and systematization of these pilgrimages, has taken place, and as we drop along down the stream of time a little further, we find a gradual growth of some new customs that are the outgrowth and result of the rule of previous years, and that serve too, to give direction to the efforts of succeeding Classes, to turn their pilgrimages to the best account.

The third year after graduation, being that in which master's degrees were conferred, naturally brought back many students to Alma Mater, and the desire to come together and exchange experiences, and to rehearse old associations, demanded just the occasion that the supper table gives. Accordingly, a Class supper became a regular feature of the Triennial Reunion. Another was, the presentation of the silver Cup, of which we will speak further on. And still another feature was, the Class Record, which supplied a want long felt, of some common vehicle of communication from time to time to all the Class, of whatever befell each one in his past graduate life.

The complete success and great interest of these Triennial Meetings and Records was such, that soon Classes began to meet at the end of the tenth year after graduation, and then every subsequent fifth year, and to publish Records generally every tenth year. Gradually, then, the custom has been established of Classes electing, at graduation, a Committee to take charge of the first Class meeting, and one of which Committee shall be a Class Secretary, whose business it shall be to issue a Circular to all the graduate and non-graduate members of the Class, inviting them to be present at a Triennial meeting at Yale, three years after the graduation of the Class,

and to collect the statistics necessary to enable him then to present to the Class a "Class Record."

What is a Class Record? Those of the Classes of '58 and '62, which are the most complete of any yet published, contain an account of the Triennial Meeting, giving the names of those present and the songs and speeches, followed by a Biographical record of the graduate, and then of the non-graduate members, and finally, several pages of statistics of graduates and non-graduates respectively, showing when they were born, where they were born, when they entered the Class, when they left the Class, their professions and occupations, what degrees they have received, when, where, and to whom married, if at all, the names and births of children, the deaths of Classmates, their wives and children, and lastly, the present address of each Class-member. This makes a pamphlet of from seventy to one hundred and twenty-five pages; it is paid for by a tax on the Class, and is sent to every one ever connected with the Class. Classes formerly tried to confine their Class record and interest to their graduates, but it was found difficult, unpleasant, and altogether inexpedient, and Classes have come gradually to welcome all to the meeting, and supper, and record.

In 1839, the Class of '36, at their Triennial Meeting, inaugurated the happy custom of publishing a Triennial "Class Record," containing an account of the meeting, together with a brief biographical sketch of the life of each member of the Class after graduation. Their example was not followed, except by the Classes of '37 and '44, until the Class of '47 met, in 1850; since then, no Class has failed to publish a Triennial Record, except that of '58, which published its first one in 1865. After the publication of the first Class Record, by '36, in 1839, older Classes hastened to follow the example, and we find Records of the Class of 1797, published in 1848; of 1802, in 1863; of '10, in 1840; of '13, in 1843; of '14, in 1839 and 1854, both in Circular form, containing little more than addresses; of '16, in 1850; of '17, in 1842 and 1853; of '19, in 1861; of '21, in 1831 and 1836, in Circular form, and in 1841 and 1846 in book form; of '22, in 1840 in Circular form, and in 1845, 1855, and 1860 in book form; of '24, in 1844 and 1854; of '25, in 1865 in Circular form; of '33, in 1843 and 1854. The following later classes have also since published Records, as follows:—'37, in 1840, 1847, 1850, and 1857; '39, in 1865; '40, in 1850 and 1860; '41, in 1851 and 1862; '42, in 1857; '43, in 1859; '44, in 1847, 1854 and 1864; '45, in 1851 and 1866; '46 has published none; '47, in 1850; '48, in 1852, 1859 and 1865; '50, in

1853 and 1861; '51, in 1864; '52, in 1855 and 1862; '53, in 1857, 1860 and 1864; '54, in 1858; '55, in 1859 and 1866; '56, in 1859; '57, in 1861; '58, in 1865; '59, in 1862; '60, in 1863; '61, in 1864; and 62, in 1866.

Let us now enquire, What is a Class Meeting as now held? And to answer the question, we will show what a Triennial Meeting is, as this embraces the ceremonies of all the rest.

A Triennial Meeting begins with a Business Meeting in the forenoon, at which money is raised by taxation to pay any debts the Class may owe, or intend to incur for a Cup, Supper, or Record, and ends with a supper at a hotel in the evening, beginning usually at nine, and ending at sunrise the next morning. At this supper, just before the dessert, the lady and gentlemen friends of the Class are admitted to the supper-room, with the Cup boy and his mama, to witness the presentation of the Cup, a performance demanding more wit than wisdom. After the response, the Class sing the Cup Song, than which there is no livelier, more witty ballad in College literature. The guests having then withdrawn, there follow the dessert, and no end of fun. About fourteen regular toasts, to Alma Mater, The Class, The Deceased Members, The Absent, The Wives, The Children, The Bachelors, The Clergy, Lawyers, Physicians, Teachers, Business Men, The Press, and the Non-Graduates, give those who can't keep still, a chance to instruct or amuse the Class, while the cracking of nuts and jokes, the popping of corks, the blowing of clouds, and the going over of old times, consume the time so rapidly, that it is never a question of what to do, but of finding time to finish before sunrise.

When were Class Meetings first held? We have here to distinguish between informal re-unions of such Classmates as happen in town, which are doubtless as old as Yale, and general Class Meetings, the attendance of every Classmate on which is sought to be compelled by organized effort. Perhaps the Class of 1821, who held their first general Class Meeting at Yale in 1824, were the first.

It is probable that all succeeding Classes have followed the example of holding the Triennial Meeting, although no record exists to show that '23, '25, '26, '29, '30, '31, '32, '34, '35, '38, '40, did so. With these exceptions, at least all other Classes since that of 1821, have met the third year after graduation, except the Class of 1858, which postponed the meeting, on account of the War, until 1865.

Older Classes soon began to make an organized effort to reassemble their members, as we have seen they also did to record their lives. The Class of 1814, met in 1839; of 1810, in 1840; of 1817, in

1842; of 1813, in 1843; of 1797, in 1847; of 1816 in 1850, and of 1819, in 1859.

The data for ascertaining what general meetings have been held by the Classes, are few.

There is another feature of College life, that a somewhat extensive search of Yale Literary Magazines shows has not been touched by the student's pen. Either it has been thought improper to consider past graduate occurrences a part of student life, or it has been overlooked, 'tis hard to tell which, but in either case the omission is unjust. I refer to the annual presentation of the Silver Cup. This custom, for it fully deserves to be called such, since it has already a record of twenty years to look back upon, is one of the most beautiful and touching of the many connected with student life.

It seems to have originated with the Class of 1844, who, at a somewhat informal meeting of the Class, in the year 1846, presented a Silver Cup to the first child born to a graduate member of the Class, which chanced to be a boy.

A few lines from a letter from Dr. William Manlius Smith, of '44, who presented the first Cup, will be of much interest here.

"Mr. Mershon, the father of the boy to whom the Cup was presented, was a Western man, and a general favorite in the Class. He was married in October, after our graduation, and his son was born in October, 1845. The circumstance of a child being born to us so soon after graduation, rather touched our mirthfulness, and it was to give vent to our spirit of fun, as much as for any reason, that the presentation project was conceived. Probably the fact that the child was about weaning age, suggested the Cup as a proper gift."

The following account of the ceremony on this occasion is from the "Morning Courier" of Aug. 21st, 1846. Commencement in 1846 was, Aug. 20th.

PRESENTATION OF THE "PREMIUM CUP."

Among the many pleasing incidents of this year's amusements of Yale College, there was one connected with the Class of 1844, of an interesting and rather novel character. At their annual Class meeting, held on the morning of the 10th inst., it was announced that unto one of them a son had been born! This being the first descendant of the Class, and emphatically its child, a resolution was unanimously adopted by the meeting, to present the little stranger with a token of their interest and regard; accordingly, an elegant silver goblet was procured, and the following inscription placed upon it:—

Henrico Atwater Marshon,
 Hoc poculum defert classis, quæ in Collegio
 Yalensi ad primum in artibus gradum A.
 M. D. C. C. C. X. L. I. V. pervenit.
 Hæc glandula quercus eximia fiat!!
 Die vicesimo Augusti A. D. M. D. C. C. C. X. L. V. I.

At the adjournment of the meeting of the Class, held on the forenoon of Commencement Day, they proceeded to the residence of James R. Marshon, Esq., the father of this interesting little boy,—the hero of the day,—when the Cup was presented to him by Dr. William Manlius Smith, in the following chaste address:—

Fili Amatissime :

Pro Classe, hoc scyphum tibi dono, ut primogenituræ premium. Accipe! Vive et vale!! bonus sis vir!! Patriæ ornamentum—mundi benefactor!!

After the health, happiness, long life and prosperity of the boy had been drank by the company, they bid it farewell with many hearty expressions of interest in its welfare."

The Class of '49 was the first Class to inaugurate the custom of giving the Cup to the first *male* child, the custom as first established having resulted in the Class of '48 in the reception of the Cup by a girl, who chanced to be the first child, and who now thus far enjoys the enviable distinction of being the only female cup bearer.

The Class of '50 went a step further, and required the boy to be present, and to receive the Cup in person, and not by the proxy of his father. The custom, as thus amended by '49 and '50, has been carefully preserved to this day, and since the Class of '44, there have been only two instances in which the Cup has not been presented at the end of the third year after graduation. The only child of the Class of '56, when the Class met three years after graduating, were girls, and the Class had resolved to present the Cup to the oldest girl, but as she was absent, they resolved to wait for their Decennial meeting, and then present the Cup to the oldest boy born to any Classmate who should have married since the Triennial Meeting.

The next exception was in the Class of '58. The Triennial Meeting falling in 1861, was postponed until 1865, and then the eldest boy and the second in age not being present, the Cup was presented to the third boy in age, who was present. A list of these worthies, who bid far to become a power, seems never to have been made, and I therefore give it here, doing them a tardy justice :

rience of independent witnesses now living. We acknowledge the force of this appeal, and we consider that the misunderstood or unexplained facts referred to by them, furnish the only reasonable pretext for the claims of Spiritualism.

Many of these cases are to be ruled out of Court in consequence of vagueness and inconsistency of statement, or on account of imperfection and error in the details of the observation. Many others are directly attributable to *hallucination* of mind, or to *spectral illusions*, dependent on recognized disorder of the nervous system, similar to delirium tremens and other morbid affections.

After these eliminations have been made of imperfect or explicable cases, there still remains on the record a certain number of unexplained phenomena, which the easy credulity of some attribute to the agency of Spirits, in accordance with the unknown laws of an unknown world; while others, of a more analytical turn of mind, refer them to unknown physical or *psycho-biological* causes, in analogy with the known laws of a known world.

All the cases which are entitled to belief, or which are stated with sufficient circumstantiality to admit of investigation, agree in making the apparition or revelation of the Spirit, to be that of a friend *just prior to, or at the point of death*. Admitting the phenomena to be truthfully stated, let us see whether we can find a clue to the mystery.

That anxiously sympathetic friends, or persons in a state of morbid nervous susceptibility, not incompatible with apparent health, should have presentiments and dreams in regard to absent friends, *as vivid* as the impressions of external objects through the senses; also, that in their waking moments they should really think they saw their forms and heard their voices as distinctly as if they were personally present, is not strange. Our daily experience in a thousand instances, in apparent health, as well as in recognized disease, attest the frequency of such phenomena, independently of any supernatural agency. The marvel consists in the *coincidence* of these phenomena with the death of the friend, or with such other occurrence as formed the subject of our sleeping or waking impressions. Here we are permitted to make another elimination. How many of these dreams, presentiments, apparitions and revelations prove abortive, we do not know, for no record is kept of the failures. Those only which happen to tally with certain coincidences, strike the mind as marvels, and are recorded as such; we may therefore reasonably conclude that they are the *exceptional* cases. But of these coincidences, a certain number can be accounted for by the doctrine of chances, and had we all the statistics

necessary for the computation, many, if not all these exceptional cases would probably cease to be marvels.

In the mean time, we are willing to admit that there are cases which cannot be attributed to these coincidences; we will also admit that the phenomena narrated are true, and the statement of them circumstantially correct, yet it does not follow that the seeming apparition of a deceased friend, clothed in his usual attire, is his *spirit* dressed up in the *ghost* of his clothes. This is merely an opinion, an hypothesis assumed for the express purpose of *explaining* the phenomena, and necessarily throws upon those who advance this unphilosophical and supernatural explanation, the burthen of proving its correctness. Such persons seem to reason as if the *truthful statement* of the admitted phenomena established the hypothesis of ghostly presence by *which* they seek to explain the phenomena themselves. There is no doubt that in all true cases of the seeming apparition, the image of the deceased person truly existed in the mind of the *seer*, but the assumption that this image was produced by the real presence of a spirit and introduced through his eyes like any object of sight, as alledged in explanation of the phenomena, is the very point at issue demanding proof. It is certain that none of the by-standers who were frequently present when such opportunities occurred, have ever been able to corroborate this assumption by the testimony of their own senses. As yet, not a particle of direct substantial evidence has ever been advanced in support of this presence and agency of spirits, even by spiritualists, unless we admit the testimony of the above pugnacious spirit of the "Eddy Boys," who threatens to make his material presence seen and *felt* by others besides his mediums.

Having volunteered the above gratuitous admissions, we may properly be asked, how can these spectral phenomena, which are admitted to be coincident and connected with the death of the person, be accounted for, except by the presence and agency of his spirit? This question, indeed, embraces the only argument ever advanced by the philosophical supporters of the ghost hypothesis. We answer it thus:—by psycho-physical or biological causes, not well understood as yet, but in regard to which many analogies in nature indicate the true line of future inquiry. To the philosophical believer in ghosts, as well as to the spiritualist who is under an honest self-delusion, we would say with Hamlet,—“there are many things in Heaven and earth not dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio.” There are many pages in the book of nature which have never been read, and the most

we can do at present is, to indicate the title of the chapters which contain them.

It behoves those who reject physical causes and resort to supernatural ones, in explanation of a visual phenomenon, to show that they are fully acquainted with all the laws of nature, and that they find them incompetent to solve the question, before they can legitimately advance an hypothesis which appeals to the unknown laws of the spiritual world.

The phenomenon which we are called upon to explain is, the apparition of one at the point of death to a distant friend.

The formation within the sensorium, by internal causes, of illusive sensuous images, which the mind perceives as vividly as those impressions which are derived from external objects, is an admitted *pathological* fact, which has an important bearing on the case under consideration. The true and only difficulty we have to contend with is, the *connection* between these spectral images and the persons at the time of death. What possible medium of communication could exist between persons distantly removed, or rather what physical power could so connect their organizations in sympathetic relation, so that simultaneously with the death of one, his customary form should be recalled by the other, and its illusive image be depicted on his sensorium as vividly as an object of sight? We answer, the same power which enabled Martha Loomis to see without her eyes; which put her brain into sympathetic relation with the cerebral motions of another, giving rise to a correspondence of thought and sensation; the same power which Bacon's Philosophy supposed might sympathetically connect the nervous systems of two distant lovers, and cause them to be reciprocally affected by each other; in a word, by a power which we can shew to exist in nature, and which, for the want of a better term, we call *vital magnetism*.

But can this power be exerted over intervening space? That bodies can act on other bodies at a *distance from them*, mutually effecting changes in their physical state or condition, is a proposition that cannot be denied. Every department of Nature furnishes examples of its truth, and proclaims an universal law of mutual sympathy and reciprocal action. This is equally true of the organized, as well as of the inorganic world of matter. Numerous well attested and wonderful instances might be adduced, to show that certain plants act on the organization of certain animals, and that animals act on animals, in like manner, at *distances more or less remote*. Animal magnetism proves the existence of a similar power acting on the sentient spiritual

nature of man, and thus completes the chain in harmony with Nature's universal law of sympathetic action. In the knotty cases referred to, the only difficulty is, in determining the distance which shall limit the exercise of this power. It is simply the *length* of the hidden mental wire connecting two *living sympathetic batteries*, which excites our superstition. Barring the distance, these phenomena would rank amongst the familiar marvels of animal magnetism, and cease to excite our astonishment. But who will pretend to limit the agency of the human spirit when, casting off its "fleshly thralldom," it is about to wing its flight into the realms of an unknown world? Is there anything more marvellous in the effect of its parting glance at the distant loved ones on the shores of time, than there is in that physical power which is able to dart intelligence across an ocean to a distant continent? Time forbids us to pursue further this clue, which, we are convinced, is capable of unraveling all the mysteries and miracles of Spiritualism.

The conclusions which we come to are these:—

1st. That there is nothing in the phenomena of this system of Spiritualism, more wonderful than the facts presented by Mesmerism, and which are clearly attributable to physical causes.

2d. That there are certain psychological and biological phenomena, which, in the present early dawn and dayspring of these sciences, are not yet capable of explanation, but which, we feel assured by what we already know, will be fully explained by physical causes, when we shall have more thoroughly investigated those laws which govern the mysterious connection between mind and matter, body and soul.

3d. The inference that these phenomena are attributable to the agency of Spirits, good or bad, is entirely gratuitous and absurd in its consequences. That the spirits of the saints in Paradise, in communion with their Saviour, or that the Angelic host, refulgent with the glory of the Eternal, should become participators in the juggleries of the Davenport or Eddy Brothers, or in any other exhibitions of Spiritualism, is simply *inconceivable*. It is also equally incompatible with the intelligence, as well as with the *malice* of the Devil and his angels, that they should lend themselves to such *harmless* and frivolous tomfooleries.

The Class of 1866.

IN preparing the statistics of '66, we acknowledge our indebtedness to the Courant for its timely assistance.

156 men have been connected with the class since it entered College. According to the catalogue, the class in Freshman year numbered 121. During the year, 23 left, while in the early part of Sophomore year 23 entered the class, still making its number in the next catalogue 121. 22 left and 6 entered before the issue of the subsequent catalogue, in which the class numbers 105. Afterwards 14 left and 6 entered, reducing the class, as catalogued, to 97 men. Since the appearance of the last catalogue, 2 have left, leaving 95 to graduate.

'66 has been divided as follows, between Brothers and Linonia:

	<i>Fresh.</i>	<i>Soph.</i>	<i>Jun.</i>	<i>Sen.</i>
<i>Brothers,</i>	49	55	42	38
<i>Linonia,</i>	72	66	63	59

Linonia was victorious in obtaining and keeping a majority of the class ; Brothers in taking the De Forest Gold Medal.

The catalogue shows the following territorial division of the class for the different years :

	<i>Fresh.</i>	<i>Soph.</i>	<i>Jun.</i>	<i>Sen.</i>
Maine,	0	2	2	2
Vermont,	2	2	2	2
Massachusetts,	9	13	9	10
Rhode Island,	1	1	1	0
Connecticut,	43	39	30	27
New York,	35	37	37	34
New Jersey,	5	5	4	3
Pennsylvania,	11	7	6	4
Delaware,	3	3	2	1
Maryland,	1	1	1	1
Kentucky,	0	0	1	1
Illinois,	3	6	6	5
Ohio,	3	1	2	2
Indiana,	1	1	0	0

	<i>Fresh.</i>	<i>Soph.</i>	<i>Jun.</i>	<i>Sen.</i>
Missouri,	2	2	2	2
Iowa,	0	1	0	1
Minnesota	0	0	0	1
California,	1	0	0	0
Chili,	1	0	0	0

The average age of the class on Presentation day, was 22 years 3 months. Accordingly the class birth-day was March 1st, 1844. Our oldest man (A. B. F.,) has reached the age of 28 years and 1 month ; our youngest (C. P. B.,) only the age of 18 years and 11 months.

The following were the ages, by half years, on Presentation day :

19	1	23½	4
19½	1	24	4
20	8	24½	1
20½	8	25	2
21	14	25½	2
21½	11	26½	1
22	15	27½	2
22½	9	28	1
23	10		

The total height of the class is 545 feet and 1½ inches ; the average is 5 feet and 8.85 inches. Our tallest man (J. K. C.,) is 6 feet 2½ inches in height ; our shortest (D. C. C.,) 5 feet 1½ inches. The total weight of the class is 14,047 lbs. ; average weight 147.86 lbs. The heaviest man (J. M'K. M'C.,) weighs 203 lbs. ; the lightest (S. H. C.,) turns the scales at 115. The average weight of '65 was 138.7 lbs., that of '63 was 141 lbs. Four members of the class wear spectacles, sixteen carry eye glasses.

Nicknames are not uncommon, as the following list shows :—Deacon, Ping, Pete, Sag, Dutchy, Nixie, Artful, Doc., Useless, Granny, Pete, Angel, John, Lovely, General, Gigs, Daddy, Paph, Poke, Cred, Jones vel Fritz, Elsie vel Mellon Horn, Seed, Pep, Acker, Pitt, Peter vel Popsy, Mike, and Minkie vel Hawk Eye.

The catalogue contains the following middle names of different members of '66 : Ficklen, Nevins, Elizur, Satterlee, Shipman, Treat, Wild, Comfort, Ulysses, Epaphras, McKelhan, Ackerley, Penrose, Van, Derveir, Greenly and Proudfit. 18 members of the class have but a single Christian name, none have 3, although there are 4 with 4 initials, and one with 5. The number of B's in the Class Freshman

year was 15, S's 16 ; the number of B's Senior year 15; the number of S's 9. There are 44 Christian names in the class. Charles has 8 repetitions; Henry, Edward, William and George each have 7; John 6; Frederick 5, and James 4. We have one C. C. C., one R. R., an A. D. A., an E. B. B., an E. R. B., a G. A. L., a J. E. M., and

CAPILLARY STATISTICS.

Smooth,	32	Full,	2
Rough,	15	Beard and Moustache,	2
Moustache,	12	Sides and Beard,	2
Downy,	8	Beard,	1
Sides,	6	Goatee, (doubtful,)	1
Sides and Moustache,	6	Attempt at sides,	1
Attempt at Moustache,	6	Attempt at Full,	1

We refrain from publishing the matrimonial statistics of the class. It is pretty well understood, however, that the Silver Cup to be presented at our Triennial, will have many competitors. Three former members of the Class have already committed matrimony.

The various professions and occupations which will be pursued by the class are :

Law,	29	Engineering,	1
Theology,	20	Business,	11
Medicine,	11	Fruit Growing,	1
Editing,	2	Gentleman,	1
Undecided,			18

The class furnished 10 men for the war, who not only served their country well, but lived to serve it longer. The class of '66 has added not a little to the boating interest and reputation of Yale. It caught the boating spirit early in the course and has not slackened in it since. Twenty-six of its members have rowed in club races. To the University crews of '64, '65 and '66 it contributed respectively, 3, 3, and 4 men. The Beethoven Society and its concerts will long be remembered, especially by those who were connected with them. '66 furnished several of the best singers and the director, to whom belongs much of the reputation of the Society. Whoever has heard the frantic yells or the bovine imitations of certain members, can testify that the class is no less famous for noise than for music.

Although '66 cannot boast of the largest appointment list, she leaves by no means a poor record. Her Valedictorian took the Bristol Scholarship in Sophomore year, as competitors from '65 well re-

member. Since the class has no doubt survived as many conditions as any former class at Yale, it has the merit of surmounting difficulties. Craftiness piloted many of its members through the perils of Scylla and Carybdis. '66 is the only class that has taken three Yale Lit. Medals.

We have been favored in losing only one man by death during our course. Joseph Wilson Finley died during Freshman year, aged 29 years and 10 months, lamented by all who knew him as a true scholar, friend and man. To his memory the class erected a monument.

We have as a class been united. Going forth to the various avocations and struggles of life, nothing can we so well cherish as the dear old motto

“Τὸ Κοινὸν Συνδέει.”

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Commencement Exercises at Yale College, 1866.

Sunday Afternoon, July 22.—Baccalaureate Sermon by REV. W. B. CLARKE.

Monday and Tuesday, July 23 and 24.—Examination of Candidates for admission to College.

Monday Evening.—Concio ad Clerum, by Rev. L. PERRIN, of New Britain.

Wednesday Morning, July 25.—Business Meeting of Phi Beta Kappa Society.

“ “ “ Annual Meeting of Alumni.

“ *Afternoon,* “ Annual Meetings of Linonia and Brothers Societies.

Wednesday Evening, July 25.—Oration before Phi Beta Kappa Society, by HON. A. D. WHITE, of Syracuse, and Poem by HON. G. H. HOLLISTER, of Litchfield.

Also on Wednesday, Class Meetings are appointed for Classes of 1816, 1821, 1826, 1836, 1840, 1841, 1846, 1851, 1856, 1860, 1863.

Thursday, July 26.—COMMENCEMENT

Senior Appointments for Class of 1866.**VALEDICTORY.**

F. N. Judson, Bridgeport.

SALUTATORY.

H. Cole, Claverack, N. Y.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION.

Marcellus Bowen, Marion, O.

HIGH ORATIONS.

C. M. Southgate, Ipswich, Mass.

C. M. Clay, Paris, Ky.

S. B. St. John, New Canaan.

L. Hall, East Hampton.

W. G. Bussey, Utica, N. Y.

ORATIONS.

C. A. Collin, Penn Yan, N. Y.

J. L. Cowles, Farmington.

E. Coffin, Irvington, N. Y.

G. S. Payson, Fayetteville, N. Y.

S. Spier, Norwich.

M. D. Collier, St. Louis, Mo.

F. S. Chapin, East Bloomfield, N. Y.

H. O. Whitney, Williston, Vt.

C. H. Adams, Chicago, Ill.

D. P. Sackett, Tallmadge, O.

DISSERTATIONS.

H. Downes, Northville, N. Y.

W. H. Bennett, Hampton.

J. K. Creevey, Westbrook.

J. T. Graves, Easthampton, Mass.

H. B. Mead, Hingham, Mass.

H. W. Foote, New Haven.

I. Pierson, Hartford.

FIRST DISPUTES.

G. E. White, New Haven.

A. F. Hale, Springfield, Ill.

W. E. Wheeler, Portville, N. Y.

SECOND DISPUTES.

R. E. Smyth, Guilford.

E. C. Starr, Guilford.

G. P. Davis, Hartford.

FIRST COLLOQUIES.

E. E. Goodrich, New Haven.

E. Y. Hincks, Bridgeport.

H. P. Holmes, Worcester, Mass.

C. P. Biddle, Carlisle, Pa.

G. L. Bishop, New Haven.

J. U. Taintor, Colchester.

J. Brand, Saco, Me.

SECOND COLLOQUIES.

R. P. Gibson, Stamford, N. Y.

L. Lampman, Cocksackie, N. Y.

E. A. Caswell, New York City.

J. S. Davenport, New York City.

R. W. Todd, Dover, Del.

L. C. Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. H. Wood, Albany, N. Y.

Editor's Table.

We had anticipated a long chat with our readers in this, the closing number of the year, but want of space will compel us to be brief, for our good printer has informed us that the other matter has exceeded its intended limits, leaving but little room for the table. Nor, in truth, do we feel particularly talkative, now that examinations are over, and with them the little excitement which they alone could induce in this lifeless weather. We should much prefer to doze with you under the trees, a place more proper than this for such a proceeding, and one where every body is at liberty so to do.

We congratulate you all on the closing of the gates of the Yalensian Andersonville, and our escape from thence, after having exhausted every means of torture which the ingenuity of our keepers could devise. For ourselves, the old sanctum never seemed so dear to us as it does now, since we were beginning to fear that

we had gazed upon its familiar walls for the last time. We are pleased to learn that the faculty are discussing the project of making such a change in the third term as will bring these annuals earlier in the season. An alteration of this character is certainly desirable. Think of undergoing examinations, as we have done of late, with the thermometer at 103° in the shade. If the human mind were a mere machine, capable of working equally well under all circumstances, there might be some propriety in the present arrangement. The wants of the moral and physical man also claim consideration.

The reception of Maj. Gen. Sherman is the only event of interest that has transpired of late, and was quite an unusual occurrence in college life, it being, we learn, the first formal reception given by Yale to any public man since the visit of Daniel Webster to this place, now some twenty years ago. We shall never forget what a strange thrill of delight ran through the old chapel at the announcement of his coming, nor our emotions an hour after, on actually beholding in our midst the hero of Atlanta and the grand march to the sea. Those stern features were by no means unfamiliar to those who had observed with any interest the many engravings of them scattered throughout the country. The massive forehead, clear grey eye, and firmly cut chin, discovering itself under the close trimmed beard, were such as we had always pictured to ourselves, and revealed truthfully the character of the man. His speech, too, was such as the General always makes, plain and practical, but marrowy and concise. We once heard a newspaper editor of long experience remark, that Gen Sherman was the only public man he had ever known whose speeches could not be condensed, at least one half, without serious injury to the sense.

Another college year has rolled away, and the time has arrived for another class to go forth from Yale into the world. Accordingly, upon "ye jolly Juniors" falls the mantle of Senior dignity, while our vacant places are in turn filled by the emancipated Sophomores, who now possess the right to if not the actual enjoyment of that far famed Junior ease, and seem nothing loth to abandon to their successors a position seldom remembered with pleasurable feelings. We suppose, however, the thought of being no longer a Freshie, is in a degree a compensation to the new fledged Sopha. At least it was so with us. While we all rejoice at our promotions, we regret that they spring from the departure of the Class of '66. We shall miss their familiar faces on our return. May their success at Yale be a type of that which awaits them in the world.

To Undergraduates.

In accordance with annual custom, the Board of Editors offer for competition the Yale Literary Prize, consisting of a gold medal, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must be a member of the Academical Department, and a subscriber to the "Lit." His essay must be a prose article, not exceeding in length ten pages in the Magazine. It must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the writer; and it must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, Oct. 13. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the competitors until the prize has been awarded.

A. E. DUNNING,
Chairman Board of Editors.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

"Dum mare grata venit, tumen indeque YALENSIS
Cantibus SOPHOS MANDAVIT PATRIS."

VOLUME THIRTY-TWO.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.
City Agent, T. H. Pease.
PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXVII.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

OCTOBER, 1866.

No. 1.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Concerning Things Unfinished.

It appears to me that the old proverb, "The more knowledge, the more sorrow," had its origin in the fact, that following after education, and growing with its growth, is the idea of incompleteness, perpetually haunting the mind, and marring the delight of all attainments, up to the very moment when this one-sided, unfinished thing which we call life, is "rounded with a sleep." Perfection, in human affairs, is a thing outside of rational belief. But it avails well, so far as it is understood, as a standard; being permanent and universal, because beyond all attainment.

There are periods in our life whose approaching conclusion awakens a more than usually earnest inquiry concerning its comparative completeness. Many of us have just welcomed one another back to a year of companionship, which concludes one phase of our lives; and it is naturally regarded with questioning scrutiny, to discover what things unfinished we have still power to perfect, ere it closes. We have arrived so far on our way, that by a comparison of our acquirements with an outlook to our proposed relations with the world, we may judge, with some degree of accuracy, what is wanting, and what may yet be supplied. Of course, whatever peculiar advantages of study this last year has in store for us, must be left out of consideration. But a candid self-examination, and a somewhat extended intercourse with fellow-students, convinces me that we are likely to

graduate with certain marked deficiencies, which are hardly to be expected among persons possessing so high a degree of mental culture.

The chief of these deficiencies appears to be an indefinite and unreliable foundation for our individual beliefs. This is not, perhaps, peculiar to the present Class of Students. Some of us will remember that a Professor recently remarked, that he had rarely met a man of liberal education, who could concentrate his thoughts for an hour upon one subject, go into the roots of it, and thoroughly understand it. But the evils of our predecessors have no claim upon our tolerance, and certainly do not deserve to be transmitted farther. .

We have decided opinions. The outlines of our beliefs on subjects of politics, religion, and human nature, may, perhaps, be distinctly drawn. But, few of us could tell how those beliefs have arisen, or to what result they are leading us. They have been mostly adopted by authority, or have been shoved into our creed by the pressure of surrounding circumstances. Once there, they are regarded as fixtures. If they are the occasion of thought at all, it is to find arguments to support them, not to investigate their truth. Even these are not often our own. We read the current arguments which favor the side we have chosen, or hear them repeated from pulpit or platform. Received without creative thought, the chief points only are remembered; and if suddenly called upon to defend our position, our remarks would be mostly confined to vehement assertions, with little connection to give them force. A conversation with a majority of students will betray the fact, that their opinions are not generally the result of patient questioning, profound reflection, or unbiassed judgment; but that they are, rather, influenced by certain plausible generalities, and little versed in regard to the extent or nature of the particular truths upon which these are based. There are, among us, thoughtful, earnest men, who will indignantly deny these statements, as respects themselves. To such I do not address myself. But there is another and larger class, who will perhaps be surprised by a candid inspection of their own minds.

Inconsistent as is this state of things with the purpose of a College education, its prevalence is in part due to that very thing. We come to College with a vast reverence for the learned men who are its life and strength. This is natural. We had long ago believed knowledge the most ennobling of all acquirements. Hence our aspirations. It approaches a reverence for our own ideal selves. The customs of College life tend to increase our respect for these eminent men, and

almost to establish their infallibility. Why should we question the theories of such embodiments of truth?

This feeling is confirmed and strengthened by the daily routine of study. The student's thought is forced into certain fixed channels. He daily commits to memory a certain number of pages. His capacity is measured, not so much by the amount of thought bestowed on the subject, as by the exactness of his memory. If he reflects at all, he may differ from certain theories and assertions. But he may not presume to express the difference; for his *standing* is at stake. In a majority of cases, the student's energies are turned to the task of keeping this as high as possible. And to this end he speedily learns to cultivate the power of reception, rather than of development of knowledge. A free translation of a classic author would not be accepted in a recitation room, nor is the sense of his writings called for, except as expressed in a literal change of word, sentence, and paragraph, from one language into another. The validity of his reasoning is neither questioned nor approved. Beauty of thought and expression is seldom noticed. The truth of historical statements is seldom commented upon. It cannot be denied that this method of study engenders habits of accuracy; but it must also be acknowledged, that if the power of original thought is not greatly narrowed, it is not much developed. And yet, I believe that mistakes, resulting from the careful consideration of a question, are a better sign in a learner, than the unqualified adoption of a correct result, the problem in the latter case being, question and answer given, to find the connection between them.

There is, to be sure, one department, in which the student is expected to employ and express his own thoughts. I refer to the exercise of English Composition. And perhaps nowhere, in the prescribed course of study, is this ill-built, neglected structure of opinion, more clearly revealed, than here. I do not include the most finished productions of College, such as Townsend Premiums, and the more fortunate of Prize Debates, but to the ordinary exercises of the class. These, indeed, are the only calls for original thought which the student is expected to answer. Here, we must acknowledge, his ideas are not forced into fixed channels. The subject only is given, and only propriety demanded. He has no past suggestions to follow; no individual faults have been pointed out for his correction. Constituted authority has planted the subject before him, like a dead tree-trunk in a desert plain. Naturally relying on this authority, he thinks of but one rule for his guidance, which is the spirit of the class-room, namely, "Confine yourself to the text." How carefully he follows this, any

one may determine by visiting the Libraries, immediately after the subjects are given out. We have even known cases where the labor of compilation and arrangement appeared too great, and it was performed by some more energetic classmate. Thus the student's degree finds him with the faculty of independent thinking yet in its infancy, and the manner of its culture and growth yet unlearned.

As a result of these things, the student's social life is a re-action, a rebound from his mental labor. He has not the incitement which a free discussion in reciting would give, to make investigation or original comment. To the necessary spur of a compulsory recitation, is added the close confinement to a train of thought, which, taken piecemeal, as it must be, is sometimes clumsy and obscure. At least, it does not always readily adapt itself to every mind, and its repetition in the Class room, stripped of the individuality which a greater freedom of expression would give it, becomes dull and tiresome. The Tutor clings desperately to his text, suggesting only the driest kind of comment, inviting none at all. As the hour drags slowly on, the student often seeks relief in boyish activity. This is annoying. Wholesome discipline checks it. But whenever the burden of compulsory labor is lifted, the reaction is complete. From absolute confinement, without play of fancy, he seeks unrestricted freedom. And he makes this to consist in the absence of all reflection and serious thought. There seems to be, on one side, a continual effort to make study a boy's task, instead of a man's delight; an effort which smacks somewhat of the times when students had their ears publicly boxed, while kneeling in front of the Chapel pulpit. On the other side, the results are everywhere evident. The distinctive marks of College life are not generally such as refer to intellectual pursuits, unless we so interpret the oft-repeated expressions, rush, fizzle, flunk, or the occasional use of a classic nickname, but those which refer to the sports and pastimes which would naturally arise among any organized body of young men. Admiring friends and relatives look wonderingly at gilded badges, adorned with mysterious Greek characters, and congratulate us upon the intellectual advancement which such a connexion affords. And perhaps it is better not to surprise them with conclusions drawn from experience. Table-talk and conversational gatherings betray a sensitive shudder, when a thought creeps in of sufficient depth and importance to jostle one's mind. Conversational criticism, when it is introduced, dwells upon the manner, rather than the matter of a sermon or lecture. The style of delivery, the pronunciation of particular words, the frequency and aptness of

quotations, make up the chief points of observation. The large Societies, as they are at present conducted, serve little purpose, save as a libel upon the public spirit of College. The questions there proposed are, usually, such as affect the principles which are the basis of every one's creed, and an intelligent comparison of sentiments is the best possible means of confirming a right judgment, or overthrowing a false one. But neither Society, with a list of some two hundred active members, can muster an average attendance of more than a single score.

For this inefficient, tardy growth of independent thought, there is but one means of reform, and that is, a steady and determined resistance to those influences which produce this mental condition. By this I do not mean a rebellion against College authority. The Round Table has seen fit, from time to time, collectively, to baptize the Faculty with the name of "Old Foggy," and with some show of reason, has declared that they do not take advantage of certain wise suggestions of the times. But they devote themselves, whether rightly or not, to the work of guiding, rather than of creating, mental activity. And if we do not give evidence of sufficient motor power to make headway over the less worn roads, we must be content to be led through the older paths. The College, more perhaps than we imagine, is dependent upon its young men, for its public spirit and its progress. This is fully shown by the past. The history of European Universities has, at times, become an important part of the history of the Commonwealth, when the problems of society and the principles which govern the State, are examined with an active *personal* interest, and the careless dependence of boyhood has given place, by the pressure of emergencies, to the responsible feeling of an educated, vigorous manhood.

Resistance, then, must consist in a disposition to pursue, persistently, those means which seem to us best adapted to promote individual improvement; to determine, *for ourselves*, our position with respect to the leading topics of the day; to call in question any opinion, however old or well-attested, with all due deference to the wisdom of its originator, but none whatever to his supposed infallibility; when we arrive at a conclusion by mature reflection, to fortify it as far as possible, and then defend it; and to regard standing, which is an enlarged edition of the tactics applied to infant spelling-classes, as of little value, beside a thorough and appreciative understanding of subjects which most concern us here, and in the future to which we are looking. By this I do not mean to express disrespect for the studies

appointed. I acknowledge, for the present at least, that others know more about our real inclinations than our experience reveals to us; (for there can be little improvement in the face of inclination and prejudice.) But I mean, to deprecate the excessive devotion to that problem of College ethics, which is, how can we attain the highest possible standing, with the least possible study? At the best, we are too apt to satisfy our consciences with the tasks laid upon us, and to regard them as covering our whole duty. But they are tasks with definite boundaries, plain and easy, compared with the labor of deciding for ourselves those questions concerning which the wisest minds are at variance. Nevertheless, it is by earnest discussion and reflection upon these questions, that the main ends of College life are to be attained, namely, a greater nobility of life, and a more rapid and equal intellectual growth. And no College can be worthy of the character which such institutions claim, until it possesses a voluntary, active, and continued growth of this spirit of investigation, and a manly, though respectful, mental independence.

Four Years.

"And on her bonnet graved was plain
The sacred posy—libertie."

BURNS.

The dismal storm of war howls o'er the land;
Black threatening clouds sweep through the humid air.
The lightnings forkéd flash and lurid glare,
Pierce through the pall of darkness and reveal
Rivers of blood and rivulets of tears,
Where yesterday the piping times of peace
Made laughter echo and made gains increase.
Anvil and sledge forget their cheerful clang;
Grim famine stalks triumphant everywhere;
The orphan begs, the widow shelter craves.
The fertile plain is rich with new made graves,
And strewn with carrion and bleaching bones.

On the brow of yonder hill,
See the rebel ramparts grim,
Frowning darkly through the dim
Dawn-light of the morning still.

'Long the foot-path here ascending,
Loyal troops their way are wending,
Silent all.

Each brow with firm resolve is knit ;
Each eye with battle-zeal is lit.
Hear the call
From the van !
Every man
Gladly hears the order " Forward !
Vengeance be your fearful watchword !
Liberty
Your battle-cry !"
Now may the God of battles shield
Our forces on the bloody field !

Hark ! The musket's deadly volley
Rings upon the air !
" Up, my men ! No flinching ! Rally
'Neath the old flag floating there !
Forward ! Steady !
Muskets ready !
Not a shot till on the walls
Of yonder battery, 'mid the balls
That strew the field with dead !
Then let loose your sword-blades, glimmering,
Sabres thirsty, bayonets shimmering !
Dose them well with ' Yankee lead ! ' "
In the face of cannon deadly,
To the musket's martial medley,
Upward still !
Lock-step, quick-step, but they now
Cheering, shouting, reach the brow
Of the hill !

Stripes and stars,
Stars and bars,
Mingle folds, so close the battle.
Listen now ! The hoarse death-rattle !
Cursing, groaning,
Praying, moaning,
See them writhe in death's cold shiver,
Warrior's crossing Time's dark river !
Clashing arms and roaring cannon !
Life-ties snapped asunder !

See! they have the rebel pennon!
Shouts now rend the air like thunder,
Hand to hand
The patriot band
Struggles with the traitor foe,
And streams of crimson heart's-blood flow.
But look! A panic in their rear!
Their phalanx breaks—they flee! They flee!
The air resounds with cheer on cheer,
And joyful shouts of "Victory!"

The fight is o'er—the field is won,
Cannon and sword their work have done.
The golden West
Lights up the exit of departing day,
And o'er the battered walls the sun's last ray
A moment rests
Upon "old glory," true,
Our dear red, white and blue.
Long may it wave o'er every foot of sod
Sacred to Justice, Liberty and God!

Amid the desolation drear,
And in the war's alarm,
Is heard the voice of fervent prayer,
Like Christ amid the storm.

The suppliants raise their toil-worn bands,
And hearts with sorrow sore,
To Him who notes the sparrow's fall,
And helps the helpless poor.

"Oh God of Freedom! Hear our earnest prayer,
These clanking chains, the shriek of black Despair,
Exert Thy power to set us free!
Hasten the hour of liberty!
Oh heat the furnace of Thy vengeful ire,
And melt the links of slavery in its fire!"

Up to the heaven of the Eternal One,
Like incense, from the altar to the throne,
Wafted on gentle zephyrs to the skies,
The prayers of Afric's weary children rise.—

A gracious Father wipes away their tears,
And, swift to vengeance gives—Oh gift sublime!—
An armored knight against the dragon fierce,
A heaven-born Lincoln 'gainst a hell-born crime.

He saw the lowering clouds o'erhead,
Black with the nation's bitter woe;
He saw the lightning flashing red,
Boding the nation's overthrow.

He grasped the pen with eager hand—
A pen of fire and dipped in gore—
Proclaiming freedom through the land
"Thenceforward and Forevermore,"

*"In '63, upon the New Year's morn,
The chains of Slavery shall rive in twain,
And every mortal, free and equal born,
Shall free and equal walk the earth again!"*

Freedom's joyous bell is ringing,
Angel voices praise are singing;
And the oppressed are shouting "Free,
"Free, forever free!"

Loud oppression's bell is tolling,
On the tidings glad are rolling,
And hills and vales are echoing "Free,
"Free, forever free!"

Loud hallelujahs rend the air;
Hosanna!
Thanks vesper breezes heavenward bear;
Hosanna!
Glory to God! To God the praise!
Four million freemen voices raise
To swell the loud hosanna!

The grass-grown streets resound at last,
And paupers feast and mourners jest,
And swords are into ploughshares cast;
The bloody times of war are past!

The cannon's gaping mouth is dumb;
No whistling ball, no hissing bomb,
No clang, nor groan, nor dying gloom;
The "piping times of peace" are come!

But bells are tolling and mourners are weeping,
The armored knight his last sleep is sleeping,
His work was finished; his Captain said "Come,
For the victor's crown to the patriot's home!"

Spread thy verdure, lovely Nature,
Pour thy sunshine on the mound,

Where the ashes of the martyr
Wait the trumpet's wakening sound.

Free Columbia, in thy glory—
Purchase of the martyr's blood—
Cherish dearly, love forever,
"Justice, Liberty, and God!"

D. J. B.

Griselda.

It very commonly happens that popular opinion concerning a subject, establishes itself upon popular rumor. Especially is this the case with regard to literature and the arts. Man will seldom be careful to oppose the general sentiment as to this work of fiction, or that piece of statuary. Rather will he receive that sentiment as his own, and thereby save himself the trouble of "explaining his position." And while one man thus thinks and acts, the opinion, the fame, the rumor issues from ten thousand mouths, is proclaimed through the world, and is unanimously accepted as finally settling the mooted point. So a volume is published, sent abroad, and, as chance wills it, praised or condemned, and that for all future time.

These reflections stole upon us after reading Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale," in which the ever-famous Griselda makes her first and only appearance on the great stage. Having finished the story, we naturally formed an opinion thereof, and this opinion, to our utter surprise, seemed to disagree entirely with the popular one. Everywhere we had been accustomed to hear naught but praise bestowed upon the fair heroine. We had continually heard of the "exquisite story of Griselda," "the patient Griselda," and so forth. The plot is universally denominated "perfect," "beautiful," and the like. Now, following, doubtless, a wrong line of reasoning, we had arrived at a conclusion that rendered necessary, for the expression of our idea of the plot, a set of adjectives and epithets entirely different from that employed above. And this conclusion, not without much fear and trembling, we herewith submit.

First, let us rehearse the plot.

The clerk of Oxford, being requested to produce a story, begins the recital of one which he claims to have learned from Petrarch, that ancient bard of Italy. The plot of the story is simple and singular;

from its singularity it becomes interesting. A Marquis has for a long time been the object of his subjects' love and admiration. The good people are dissatisfied with their lord in only one particular, and that is his solitary mode of life. He has no wife, nor is he seemingly desirous of having one. Thereat the burgesses are greatly exercised, fearing that, when their patron shall die, they may not be treated so kindly by the succeeding Marquis. They therefore importune Walter, the present incumbent, to marry. He consents to obey their whim, and accordingly selects Griselda, a poor but beautiful maiden, who lived not far from the palace, to fill the position of Marchioness. He mentions his choice to Griselda the daughter, and Janicola the father, who present no objections to the plan. She accepts the proffered hand and fortune, promising to obey Walter "in all things, as a good wife should." Shortly afterwards they are married with great display of pomp and royal magnificence. They then lived together most happily for a time. At length, having found that his wife is everything that could be desired,—that she is faithful, kind, even-tempered and dutiful, the Marquis is seized with an unnatural desire to tempt her. He wishes to see whether she will preserve her equanimity when covered with the cloud of adversity. He accordingly, under a shallow pretext, causes her child to be conveyed to a distant town, and causes her to believe that he has ordered it to be slain. This she believes, but makes no indignant protest against the inhuman proceeding, saying only that she is in duty bound to will as he wills, and desiring only that the child may be decently interred. Her second child is treated in the same manner, and still is Griselda all submission and humility. As if exasperated by her very meekness, Walter concocts still another scheme for overthrowing his wife. He falsely declares that his people are displeased with her, and that the Pope has commanded him to take a new companion, in order that no strife may spring up between Marquis and subjects. This he proceeds to do, while Griselda meekly, almost cheerfully, leaves the palace, and, clothed meanly and insufficiently, returns to her poor father. All this she does through love for her false and brutal husband. Finally it appears that the Marquis' intended is, in fact, his daughter, kept in concealment by him for twelve years, and that his second child, a son, is still alive. The husband having accomplished his design, relents. Then comes the announcement to Griselda of the children's safety, the confession by Walter of his deception, and the reinstating of Griselda in her former position.

Now we find little beauty in the plot, taken *as* a plot. In our humble opinion, beauty dwells not in the unnatural and the cruel. And

that one personage in the story exhibits in his organization an almost unprecedented combination of the meanest cruelty, most bigoted perversity, most obstinate thick-headedness, none will deny. Walter is one of the greatest simpletons and, at the same time, one of the most fiendish villains of whom we have ever been so unfortunate as to have read. He is represented as endeavoring to tempt a wife who had always given evidence of absolute goodness. Upon this the whole interest of the story rests; this is the plot. Now how much beauty is there in this conception? How much loveliness exists there in brutality, in persecution, in infanticide? Absolutely none.

But let us turn to the people. Here doubtless we shall find industry, morality and common sense. But how are they represented? The first view that we catch of the populace is one which is rather of a ridiculous nature than otherwise. For with great solemnity the worthy folk gather before his Majesty, and straightway the previously chosen orator of the day presents his humble petition. He, in the name of the assembled audience, prays the Marquis to wive, as he expresses himself. The whole proceeding could hardly have been more gravely carried on, had the people desired a respite from tyrannical oppression. The cause of their unique desire is not, however, without weight, and we might overlook this curious exhibition of popular whimsicality, had we no further intimation of similar peculiarity. But the people are inconstant. The very ones who most revered Griselda regnant, forget Griselda dethroned, and bow before the new idol. This may be very true, and in accordance with the actions of men, but we do not perceive any beauty therein.

Let us now with great caution approach Griselda. This is almost holy ground. The nature of Griselda seems to us to be a combination of love, humility, gentleness, conscientiousness, respect, and—I am sorry to add—folly. As a maiden, assisting her poverty-cursed father, attending to her simple duties with cheerfulness and assiduity, void of pride and ambition, she presents a most charming picture. But, unlike the majority of her sisters, she cannot be said to have been improved by marriage. In her second sphere, her *good* qualities, it is true, still shine forth, unimpaired in lustre. But we fail to detect any charm in her celebrated “patience.” Any woman that will see her unweaned infant torn from her breast and slain, by command of her husband; any woman that will suffer herself to be driven from her rightful place, and cast forth, with bare feet and uncovered head, into the road; any woman, in fine, that will endure what Griselda endured, and be silent, as Griselda was, and even uphold her persecution, as

Griselda did, is unworthy of the sacred name of wife, and the more sacred name of mother! Such conduct as Griselda exhibited, is more than foolish; it is wrong. It may be said that a strong, womanly love prompted her to do as she did. Truly she must have loved her husband much! You may search through the annals of history, and you will not find, in human love, a parallel to hers. We have heard of drunkards' wives who endured much, but we never before heard of any woman countenancing and upholding the murder of her children by her husband. Her love was cruel: and not only was it cruel, but it was unnatural. We do not believe that the woman ever had being who would make a like sacrifice to love. Thus we think that the whole plot is cruel and unnatural, and for this reason, as we stated at the outset, we claim that it is not beautiful.

C. S. E.

Summer Rain.

OH darling rain outside my chamber sobbing,
Soothing with loving tears earth's fevered plain,
Steal to my heart and still its deep, wild throbbing;
Scatter its voiceless, never-ending pain.

A weary, vague unrest seems ever dwelling
Within my soul, with longings yet unthought,
And tears unbidden, fast from mine eyelids welling,
With shadowy myst'ries seem so strangely fraught.

Visions of radiant beauty often fill me
With joy and love, as birds at earliest dawn;
But while their forms of beatific splendor thrill me,
Flitting like shadows, they are lost and gone.

Panting with wild despair, and hope, and longing,
My soul grows faint with waiting their return,
And ever, on the altar of the heart are throbbing
The same wild hopes; alas, how fast they burn!

Thought in its wildest searching never entered
This world of mystery and of sad unrest.
Alas! nor words expressed the longing centered
Deep in the soul, 'twere worse than useless quest.

Weakling I strive, yet sometimes catch the gleaming
Of snowy sails, spread o'er the crystal sea;
But while I gaze—*would I were only dreaming*—
The pictured radiance fades far out to lee.

O darling rain outside my chamber sobbing,
Low crooning wind, with gentlest music sing;
Steal to my heart and still its deep, wild throbbing;
Soothe in my soul the pain which there must cling.

c.

Prescott, the Historian.

THE death of no literary man in this country, except Irving, has caused such universal regret as Prescott's. The nation had reason to mourn. Few men have contributed more to the honor of their country; few have deserved equal praise for personal merits. His literary services deserve the deepest gratitude, and his personal character is worthy of studious emulation.

He commenced his literary labors when American authorship, beginning to assume the dignity of a profession, appealed earnestly for just such writers. The Revolution had cast odium on English ideas, and a period had been opportunely embraced, to lay the foundation of a style of thought and writing wholly American. He was not one of the pioneers in this work. American literature had already been launched, a small and modest bark, but sufficiently large to dispel doubt as to the capability of the country in this respect, before he began. Usually when a people first attempt to create a literature, some great writers arise and furnish, to a certain extent, a model. Homer the bard, and Herodotus "The Father of History," appeared in Greece; Ennius was called "The Father of the Latin song;" England had Chaucer and Shakespeare. This feature had not been so marked in our country. Force and elegance had characterized writings previous to the Revolution; but a style purely American had not been originated. The reason is obvious. We were then English colonies. English books were our books. What American books there were had been published by men educated in England. Their productions were good but not peculiarly national. The English co-

temporary writers, Pope and Gay, Swift and Addison, were exerting their influence as models. But when the Revolution came it was a revolution of thought as well as of colonies, and the English style was required to give way to the temper of the public mind. When it had attained its height, the throes of liberty called forth authors permeated with the spirit of independence, and their writings were as averse to the English style and thought as freedom itself to royalty. Then came Marshall the jurist, Graydon and Wirt and Brown the novelists, their books infused with the spirit of the day, and Washington Irving crowned the list. So, by the time of Prescott, a literature had been started, but it was mostly a field of tender herbs, and it needed the introduction of a more sturdy plant. No style or nature of writing could be more acceptable than his. His fame throughout the world proves the worth of his substantial tribute to our young literature. His books have contributed more perhaps than any others to its respect abroad. The nation also must take pride in claiming a writer whose repute gives indications of growing for centuries. For a good history is better with age, and the older becomes the faithful record of events contiguous to the early settlement of this country, the more will it be prized and needed in the researches of the future historian.

The life of Mr. Prescott, "The Gentleman of Letters," as he received the appellation, was a beautiful and glorious one, and it is profitable for the consideration of his countrymen. A great historian had not been foreshadowed in the smiling fortune and easy disposition allotted him by nature. These blessings usually present a temptation toward a life of elegant ease too alluring for resistance. His temptation had been peculiarly strong. He was heir to a proud legacy. He was the grandson of Col. Prescott the hero of Bunker Hill. His father was a distinguished and prosperous lawyer. He had graduated at Harvard College with sufficient honor to ensure him, in connection with his inherited distinction, a high standing in a refined and literary circle which had already won to Boston the name of "The American Athens." Here his genial nature and amiable character were promised great appreciation without an effort to secure honor by his own achievements. Nor would he have lacked an apology for yielding to the enticement. As if the Siren voice of pleasure were insufficient, calamity had extended her palsied arm and smitten from his use a sense which seems indispensable to any occupation. The dark veil of blindness had fallen over him. But while it left him unfitted for any labor, it had not marred his comely features, and so-

dety still presented an open door to its favorite. But Prescott had been endowed with nature's noblest gift,—a firm will. Against this the attractions of a life of ease could not prevail. Blindness could not enforce its claim to regard, and he did not pause at the choice of Hercules.—

“He storms the mound, the bulwark falls.”

He contemplated a literary life. Fiction or poetry seemed his department, but a noble aspiration and desire for usefulness stood in another path and beckoned him thither. He chose History, and plunged into his task vowing “Muse of History never to desert thy altar though I may have little incense to offer.” Few men in this country have devoted themselves so closely to literary pursuits. His blindness was partly the cause, but his sacrifice was complete. He presented to his work his time, his attention and means. This was a rare phase of life in America. Not so strange perhaps in his own favored community, but at variance with the bustle of commerce and hum of business in the newer portions of the country. Such a life is here so unusual that we almost regard it as some fairy dream. It seems like a shepherd's life on the hills of the Holy Land, beautiful as we behold it, but entirely contrary to our surroundings. Yet every writer who presents so clearly the attractions of literary occupations must be hailed with joy by those who hope for the advance of our literature and who consider its progress wholly compatible with the developement of an infant nation. They must see that every such example furnishes an incentive for the extension of education and refinement. It is with respect to the devotion of his entire attention to such labors, that Mr. Prescott differed from Mr. Bancroft. The latter has occupied part of his time in composing a good history, but the country must regret the part spent in political life, as distracting his attention from the higher pursuit. Prescott was no politician. Undoubtedly it was not to his taste; but the conscientious manner in which his whole work was executed, induces the belief that he refrained from absorbing interest in the questions of the day, fearing to disturb the justness and accuracy of his representations. Some have thought his entire renunciation of other pursuits to have detracted from the merit of his writings. Gibbon has said that he owes the excellence of his history very much to his military life. Prescott's books have been thought to lack something to be supplied in the same way. But the clear and distinct truthfulness far more than compensates. Blindness in his case would have prohibited very exciting occupation;

but he was not wholly without the spirit of the day. His early life had been spent in stirring times. He had scarcely entered college when the country was echoing with the war-cry from Tippecanoe in the West. He was reading of Platea and Salamis when the guns of the Chesapeake and Shannon were resounding in his ear from Boston Harbor. His life was sufficiently active for a historian. It may be questioned, also, whether our national character does not contain the elements of vigor and life in a degree sufficient to endanger constancy, if the American author participates in pursuits of a very active nature for the purpose of acquiring practical ideas for his book. To the public mind, also, surfeited with the boisterous style of the current literature, something of the opposite nature must ever be acceptable.

Mr. Prescott's private character was high and noble. He is remembered among a circle of honored friends as an estimable and agreeable companion. His nature was winning, and his attention was constantly on guard against any word or action to offend. If anything could be more praiseworthy than his amiability, it was his industry. It has been remarked that he was not naturally diligent. His habits show that his perseverance cost a painful struggle. "It is of little moment whether I succeed in this or that thing provided I am habitually industrious." This was his battle hymn when the conflict between Will and Inclination became critical, and it evinces that the historian's success was well earned. But his aversion to labor was not from an inactive mind. Reading was a pastime, and a style of reading which some would deem onerous, he considered his "literary loafing." His habits of composing abundantly prove that his mind was remarkably active and vigorous. Compelled to make it assume the duties of the eyes, he listened to the perusal of the historical materials, and then composed mentally, dictating the beautiful rythm of his histories to the pen of a secretary. This process necessitated the most comprehensive knowledge of the subject, the retention of all the facts in memory, and the complete maturity of the work. Cousequently his books are marked as productions of the intellect, and perhaps here may be discerned the cause of that vivacity of style for which they are notorious; for no critic has dared to disallow this merit.

Mr. Prescott's diligence was, remembering his advantages, prolific in results. Industry and perseverance are rivals of genius and ability, and the works of both are before the world to be judged of their relative merits. The former accomplish a sure and useful work. The latter lead a brilliant train; their effects shoot off like meteors, but like meteoric masses they lose their brilliancy with their heat, and

then can be judged only of their bulk and density and gravity. The ponderous efficacy of the former is then found to outweigh them. Genius and ability were not wanting to Prescott, but it was by uniting with them his patient industry that he conquered his nature and rose to a high position among the historians of the world. But stringent measures were adopted. His habits of literary labor and all the duties of life were subjected to such inexorable scrutiny and ceaseless regularity, that an insight to his rules of conduct suggests to the mind a living machine. But it is astonishing to find that these restrictions were unsuspected by his most intimate friends, and only discovered when the sacred mysteries of his private memoranda were exposed to view. Among his friends he seemed the most unconstrained of all. This indeed was a marked characteristic, and together with his genial nature, held in captivity to his graces the affections of all to whom fame gave introduction. These included the "fore front" rank of the literary world. He was the leading spirit in a circle of familiar companions whose names are written high in the estimation of the public. The social and literary gatherings of this pleasant coterie, call to mind those meetings of the "wits of the day" in England when Johnson's profound erudition, Goldsmith's absurd vagaries, and Garrick's facetious repartee, made in truth "a feast of reason and flow of soul." On such occasions the presence of Prescott was demanded, for in him alone were united the peculiarities which distinguished each of his three predecessors of the "Literary Club." But his friendships extended beyond his own community. Throughout this country he had devoted friends. In Europe they were equally numerous and attached. Where distinction and rank are wont to cool social intercourse, the great and illustrious were drawn into the magic toils of his fascination, and courtesy ripened to the warmest intimacy. Some of England's haughtiest aristocracy were proud to enlist among the number of his friends, and the impression of America and Americans, left by him on the minds of all, must justly increase our indebtedness.

His noblest characteristic was reflected from every page of his histories. His high regard for truth is manifest in every sentence. The ablest reviews could not find food for criticism in this quarter. His scrupulous regard for verity and truthfulness left no fuel for the scorching satire of professional censors. It was his habit to review and compare his productions until he was properly assured of their accuracy. He rightly considered that duty required unerring precision in historical statements, and admitted no deviation for speculative

indulgence. It is a historian's duty to moralize on the events of which he writes, but in such a manner as to preserve authenticity in his assertions. Caution against error led Prescott to dispense with speculation so far as to incur censure. But we must ever prize correct statements higher than the best conjecture. If we have the facts we may ourselves surmise and deduce our theory. But the historian who has the facts in his possession is a criminal if he does not present them uncolored. Justice insists that he shall not dye them in the hues of his own opinion. Mr. Prescott had not the insincerity to do this, and it requires no deep investigation to make the discovery. He wrote of the Inquisition, and though his heart shuddered at its bloody deeds, his pen did not tremble at the post of duty, and his fair impartiality is everywhere apparent. He wrote of the Reformation, and no one can allege that Catholicism received injustice from his religious opinions. He wrote of the discovery of America, and the hostility of his nation against the enemies of Columbus did not move him from the true character of the historian. His "Ferdinand and Isabella" treats of the age when literature was revived; when art was receiving its best incense at the altars of Angelo and Raphael; of the time when printing was learned, civilization advanced, a revolution of ideas begun:—but in all questions the feeling which men of the nineteenth century must entertain toward the sixteenth, could not influence the sincere integrity of the historian. His highest ambition in writing was to make a truthful history. The judgment of the world declares him preëminently successful in attaining his wish.

We may perhaps regret, at the first impulse, that Mr. Prescott did not devote his pen to the history of his own country. It was not for want of patriotism that he failed to do so. But the prospect did not seem so bright in that direction. It was occupied ground. Besides the thorough work of Mr. Bancroft, Hildreth had written the history of the United States. Many of Irving's historical works were upon American subjects. It was moreover not the period to write the history of this country as he wished. His manner was to wait till the causes could be discerned from the most remote effects, and portrayed with the certainty with which he pictured the times of Ferdinand. "I belong to the sixteenth century, and am quite out of place when I sleep elsewhere," was his humorous remark; but it is expressive of his actual feeling as a historian. He desired to wait till the events had become dimmed by age, then present them in such light that their beauty and force seemed almost new. In other paths also he was impeded. It was a time of historians. Writing in competition with

Hallam, Napier, Tytler and Macaulay, he deserves the highest credit for success; but he was obliged to select his subject warily. After mature investigation he descries a gap in the story of ages, which promised a glorious reward to the writer who could do it justice. Ten years of laborious research produced the "Ferdinand and Isabella," from the abundant materials collected by his perseverance and fortune. His popularity at home gave the book an immediate circulation. It crossed the ocean and sustained the ordeal of criticism in the best English reviews, with remarkable commendation. On the continent it was the same. It was translated into the languages of France, Italy, and Spain. The Spaniards received it with ecstacy. "Gonsalvo de Cordova," "Ximenas," were familiar names to them in tradition, but they had no good history of that age, and were not loth to acknowledge their obligation to the American author. It is probable that, had Prescott left this ground untrodden, American feet would never have ventured upon it, to win glory for this nation; to grant information intensely important to our early history; to write from our standpoint of view, and in such a manner as to be considered a standard authority throughout the world. His countrymen, then, cannot consider this, and "The Conquest of Mexico," subjects unfortunately chosen. On the contrary, they must be more thankful for Prescott, for his nativity, and his success.

A common affliction associates, in the mind, the name of Prescott with that of Milton. But though alike travelers on the road of misfortune, how unlike their voyages! Milton, his ship freighted with the accumulated products of study and learning, sails forth with a sublime imagination as his guiding star. Blindness overtakes him amid the storm of domestic and political persecution, and he is driven further and further from the path of comfort. His only faithful comrade is his cheerful spirit. His anchor drags through the sands of unmerited obloquy.

Prescott's fair craft puts to sea beneath a sunny sky, and from the lowering clouds of blindness falls only a shower of blessings. As he nears the end of life's journey, fame and reward send a cheering welcome. Milton, in a land where the family seat is handed down for centuries to successive descendants, died almost a wanderer. Prescott, in a country where children seldom drink from the same well as their fathers, lived and died in the home of his ancestors.

Within a short score of years the ranks of the literary world have been fearfully decimated. Humboldt fell at his post in Germany, Macaulay and Thackeray in England, Hawthorne, Choate, Everett,

and Prescott, in America. But though the same day saw the fall of so many captains, no name on the list has now a greater fame than Prescott.

The death of the great historian seemed a fit end to his life. A kind Providence seemed desirous of mitigating pain, and removing the terror of the grave. Death was sent in his mildest and most speedy form, and one quick stroke paralyzed the mortal frame, releasing a mind in the midst of its unimpaired vigor. He died engaged to the last in his work while each succeeding day was adding a brighter lustre to his renown. His farewell to life seems like the setting sun of a summer's day. We watch it from some eminence as it sinks lower, till now it hangs just above the edge of the horizon. Its disc is larger, and appears more beautiful, more subdued and gentle in its glare, than during its whole circuit over the heavens.

“ Low walks the sun and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day,”

But behold, while we gaze, it quietly, suddenly, sinks away beneath the landscape,

“ He dips his orb
Now half immersed ; now a golden curve ;
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.”

W. A. M.

Jugging.

If the jug is not an element of civilization, it must still be confessed that it has always been its constant companion. They have progressed together, hand in handle, so to speak. In gloomy times the jug has grown in importance, and the oftener and more completely it has been overturned, the stronger and more deeply felt has been its influence. I suppose a jug was broken upon the bows of the Pilgrim ship when she was christened “Mayflower.” That the Pilgrims found this homely earthen vessel a reliable agent for the amelioration of the “Lo!” condition of the “Poor Indian” and the shortening of his dreary life. Their Yankee descendants for many generations, found it difficult to raise their barns or gather their crops without its presence.

But forgetting the good it has done, they look with contempt upon the jug despoiled of its contents. They avoid an empty jug as they do an empty house, but for opposite reasons. The Pike of Missouri is wiser than his eastern brother. Having with his overflowing jug ensnared his fellow man, he snatches the opportunity when he finds it empty, to inveigle with it the rampant catfish. The catfish is amphibious, living in mud and water. Hence the largest, ugliest and most vivacious are found in the Missouri river. Wherever there is fever and ague, you will find catfish as thick as fleas in Italian monasteries. But which is cause and which effect, no one knows. His name is taken from that of the familiar domestic animal which he resembles in features and disposition, but he has no ear for music, and will not disturb a sleeper unless eaten in large quantity. I never saw one that had attained the scale, chromatic or otherwise. They are hard to kill; the surest way to dispatch them is to put them in clear water or tie them together in couples and let them fight it out. An enthusiastic friend of ours proposed that we should go "jugging" for catfish. He would furnish twelve jugs if we would get fifty feet of clothesline, and an equal amount of strong cord, with a number of fish hooks. We doubted his ability to find twelve unoccupied jugs in that region. But when he informed us that he should wait until the day after the county convention, our doubts were removed. He kept his word. We never saw jugs more thoroughly empty. Aurora arose rosy-fingered, red-faced and muggy, and found us at the landing. Our staunch skiff the "Semper Caput," (she never was beaten), was speedily loaded. We had intended to wait for the semi-weekly packet, which was due at sunrise, to tow us up the river some eight miles, and trust to the current to bring us back. She came in season, leaving a wake in the thick water resembling a furrow in a damp prairie, and we embarked, having tied our skiff to the stern of the "Badger," which boat we found furnished in that fashion of subdued elegance characteristic of western steamers. If the walls and ceiling of the gents' cabin had been made of meerschaum, its depth and evenness of color would have been admirable; a student of natural history would have revelled in the state rooms. She walked the water full of things of life. But the glory of the "Badger" was the "Exchange," whence the fluent barkeeper dispensed his "sod com," "hair puller," and "sudden glory." "Walk up, gentlemen, and replenish your vital current!" And we went and saw the little bar surmounted by the picture of the "Badger," proudly displaying her broom at the head of the jackstaff, in token that she swept the river, with the

"Wolverine" desperately far behind. The lemons, toddy stick, jugs, decanters, bottles and tumblers distributed with delightful carelessness over the three narrow shelves, decorated with fly-papers, and the legend "No trust no bust," expressing thus poetically and positively, his principles in the past and his hopes for the future.

The passengers were not yet astir, their number and size being indicated by the rows of boots, various in fashion and material, which were on dress parade along the cabin floor. But western men can't afford to doze useful time away. Those boots soon begin to be occupied and directed toward that bar-room window; their owners evidently anxious to "sound the mellow horn" as early as possible. The thimble rigger also makes his appearance, desirous of awakening the sense of humor, supposed to dwell in the bosoms of the passengers to an extent sufficient to cause them to invest a few dollars in the discovery of a certain missing wit called the "little joker." Before he was found we had reached the wood yard, supposed to be at the head of catfish navigation. We cast off, assured of the sympathy and good wishes of the passengers. Our mysterious jugs had touched their hearts. If they had known the purpose of our expedition, every pike would have left the "Badger" for the "Semper Caput." For pike and catfish are as inseparable as Damon and Pythias. Fortune favored us and piled up thick and heavy clouds until the sky was as black and heavy as the river.

We now developed our strategy. The clothes line was strung with the jugs four feet apart, a cork injunction was laid on each jug's mouth, and to each jug handle was fastened a short piece of small cord, hooked and baited in most hospitable style. Our string of jugs was then cast upon the waters, and as they calmly floated with us down the stream, we flattered ourselves that we were better fishermen than those of old, for each jug was as sensitive to a bite, as patient and as silent as Isaac Walton. We had twelve Isaac Waltons on one string.

Scarcely had the jugs become settled in the current, when Isaac number one felt a bite, turned wrong side upward and started up stream. Isaac number two was seized suddenly by a desire to go down stream. Before we had time to calculate the resultant of these two forces, the whole Walton family was in uproar. The jugs seemed haunted by the departed spirits of the previous day. Thus fighting among themselves, they were conquered by the current and kept within easy distance of the skiff, so that when we had seen enough of the battle, they were close at hand to be drawn in. Now

came our turn. As we hauled in the short lines, the fish drawing near the surface, bespattered us liberally with extract of Missouri River, so that very soon we resembled men of iron, or anything else that is black. But the struggle was soon ended, and there were our twelve catfish. Again and again we sent forth the earthen deceivers, and got bites by the gross and fish by the dozen. The jug has revolutionized angling. It has become food and drink to the pike, and the glory of Missouri. And when the Missouri, Father of Mud, shall have accomplished its appointed task of washing the State, its namesake, from the map, some future Guizot will dip his pen in the moonshine and place the jug among the grandest elements of American civilization.

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

MILTON's great Epic poem, the only one in our language, has become so identified with his own name, that the common class of poetic readers scarcely imagine that he ever wrote anything else. They suppose all his characteristics there displayed, all his habits of thought and style of expression therein embodied. Even the best of critics have dwelt most on this poem when speaking of Milton's genius, regarding the rest of his poetry as, comparatively speaking, the efforts of undisciplined youth, or of a weakened old age.

The main characteristics of this great work are so prominent, and have for so long a time held such an acknowledged superiority, that the same general impressions are likely to be conveyed to every reader, namely, that it displays an almost limitless extent of imagination, a continuously sustained sublimity, a vast amount of learning, a most elaborate and harmonious musical structure, all and everywhere accompanied and encumbered by an oppressive sense of ambitious and conscious power. But these two minor poems, like modest buds scarcely peeping out from beneath the spreading leaves of a full blown flower, have been passed by with only here and there a dainty touch. Yet they exhibit a beauty without grandeur, a genial, thoughtful sweetness, an exhibition of power understood, without an individuality so constantly displayed as to amount almost to self worship, which is scarcely to be found in *Paradise Lost*, certainly nowhere out of the Fourth Book.

They are composed upon precisely the same plan, and are intended to depict two exactly opposite moods of the mind. The contrast is so thorough, so minute, that it is sometimes found even in particular words. For instance, in *Penseroso*,

"I walk *unseen*
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,"—

And in *L'Allegro*

Sometimes walking, *not unseen*
By hedgegrow elms, on hillocks green,—

L'Allegro (the mirthful) introduces a series of lively pleasures, beginning with the earliest song of the lark. *Il Penseroso* (the melancholy, or rather pensive,) awakes a train of quiet meditations, by the sound of the nightingale's song. Daybreak and twilight, how exquisitely suggestive of hilarity and melancholy. Both were written nearly at the same time, and it is supposed, at the same place.

These two compositions are convincing proof that tenderness and beauty are incitements of Milton's imagination as well as sublimity. In his pictures he loves to dwell on the qualities of the beautiful adding one after another until the reader becomes overburdened with an increasing sense of delight. Every description appears to have passed through a transforming process in the author's mind, by which the soul of fancy is made to animate the forms of nature, thus investing her with a two-fold power to please. Perhaps he is enabled to give this impression by the intensity of his conception and the complete absorption of his mind in whatever engages his attention for the time. This power is well illustrated in the example so often quoted, from the *Penseroso*, where he describes the

"Wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray,
Through the heavens' wide, pathless way,"—

So that, if we judge these poems by the "excess of the imagination beyond actual impressions," we shall arrive at a most admiring appreciation of the author's poetic talent. Let us suffer ourselves to be borne, not by imagination, but by memory, to a lonesome seat beside some quiet fireside, in whose uncertain light we have spent many a winter evening hour in drowsy idleness, or prosy, commonplace reflections. Yet Milton finds it a "still-removed place" where "divinest melancholy" attends upon him, joined with

"Calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :"—

* * * *

"Where glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

Nor does he want words to depict these images of his brain. There is a wonderful correction of touch and conscious perfection in the little pictures, intermingled in fit places ;

"Beds of violet blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew ;"—

There may even be found word-distinctions almost as exquisite as in that passage of Coleridge wherein he describes the most beautiful of all weeping eyes—

"And both blue eyes more *bright* than *clear*,
Each about to have a tear."

The almost perfect harmony of Milton's verse, as far as sweetness and beauty goes, here reaches its culmination. His own description of this quality of verse is unrivalled in its easy and flowing measure,

"And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Innotes with many a winding 'bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out :
With wanton head and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

There is a sympathy between the sound and the sentiment so close as to suggest itself almost without the effort of thought. The movement pauses or hurries on, rises or falls, with exquisite art as the occasion requires.

In one place we find the slow steady motion, which embodies in words, as it were, the very sublimity of the thing described,

"Oft, on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen sullen roar :"—

In another, a rapid and joyous movement equally appropriate,

“To mǎny ă youth, and mǎny ă maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade:—”

But lack of space forbids us to multiply quotations.

Our first impressions with regard to Milton's learning are, that his poetry is over-informed with Graecisms and allusions to mythological fables. But such a criticism would probably have appeared to him an indication of ignorance so great as to disqualify one for the business of a critic. For in these fables he took great and continual delight, and they were as familiar to him as his own dreams. Still it must be acknowledged that he had not the faith in the things he describes, that many poets have: he cannot let them speak without helping them with his own learning: and this fact is apparent in his minor works as well as in his *Paradise Lost*.

These two poems, written at that period of his life when the elasticity, strength, and passions of manhood were at their fullest tide, is perhaps the best test we have in his writings, of his sympathy with, and appreciation of, his species. Yet he seems to stand aloof from them, watching them with a critical, and even an eager eye, yet never forgetting his own individuality, so far as to blend himself with the mass. His Muse is always making ready for the pleasures she describes, but never participating in them. The scenes she pictures are realities, so surcharged with beauty as to become unreal. They are

“Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.”

L.

“The Tempest.”

IN glancing at the heading of this article, the reader must not, and if well informed, he will not anticipate for himself any great intellectual gratification,—“a feast of reason and a flow of soul,”—for in the very initiatory attempt to place before you an intelligent, and if possible, a plausible exposition of the various merits and demerits of the play, we meet with the awkward fact that there are but few, and those

unimportant, features of interest in it. We would seek then to have the criticism itself judged by the play as a standard, rather than that the play should be estimated by the truth and force of the criticism.

There are among the productions of the great poet's mind, not only in the tragedies, but also in the comedies, pieces, each of which, upon a retrospective view of it, impresses and astonishes us by its whole general effect, as some great labor accomplished; something wonderful among the triumphs of the human intellect; as a remarkable index of human nature; as awful in the profoundness of its philosophy; irresistible in its appealing outbursts of soul and passion, or fascinating in its fancy and wit.

The "Tempest" is wanting, however, in this *tout ensemble* effect; its final conviction is tame. We do not mean to say that the piece cannot lay claim to any merits at all; that it is absolutely insipid and colorless. That is impossible of any of Shakspeare's works. They have all a distinctness of character and incident, a vital energy, a purity of thought and expression, which are entirely peculiar to the collection. No poet or dramatist has ever attained this perfection so fully as he. Now it is true that "The Tempest" possesses these attributes in common with the rest of the plays. It bespeaks its author in every sentence. But in its individual nature as compared with the individual natures of the other plays, it seems to us very temperate and subdued. It lacks the intensity, the fullness, the high degree of originality, the all-pervading proofs of the creative power, which are so conspicuous elsewhere. It evinces but little participation in those grand moving inspirations—those rare conceptions overflowing with wit and jollity, which, rather than the legitimate offspring of Shakspeare's will, were irrepressible in themselves, and demanded fitting and satisfactory expression by the characters, the personages giving them material form.

It is a very natural sort of inquiry on our part, that we should look for some object, some moral, some prevailing and animating principle in "The Tempest," such as we are accustomed to see developed in the other and various products of the same pen. Many such instances might be cited to show that, with all their absurdity and drollery, nearly all Shakspeare's works have in them some underlying and beneficial tendency, and this more largely exemplified in some particular and prominent personages.

"The Tempest," however, as far as we can see, has no such characteristic, no such definite aim. It introduces the beautiful Miranda and her devoted father on the desert isle; portrays the shipwreck on this island of the king and his followers. The young prince Ferdi-

nand becomes separated from his father, meets the young woman, falls in love; through magic influences the king finds his lost son and injured brother; the kingdom is restored to the rightful heir; the marriage takes place and all go home well satisfied.

Now this is all well enough to be sure and all very pretty—a charming little romance. But what does it signify? We cannot feel that we have been instructed by a review of historical facts—by the display of any great principles of truth—by any remarkable developments of human nature; nor have we even been amused by any ludicrous situations—any strange combinations of circumstances. We do not perceive any thing very witty in the sayings or doings of the personages interested. There is no such roaring merriment and pompous insignificance as convulses one with laughter in the presence of Jack Falstaff; no such quibbling nonsense and absurd verbosity as is heard from the demented old Dogberry; no such awkward officiousness as belongs to Launcelot Gobbo. In fact the play leaves but a passing impression on the mind of one acquainted with the other and better comedies of the author.

Let us now relieve the subject of this relative estimate, and notice some of its points of absolute value. Let us consider it, not as Shakespeare's work, but merely as a charming work of the fancy,—as a bright, cheery story of love and adventure, mystified, and thus enhanced in its charm, by the presence of the supernatural. Thus relieved, we can find in it considerable to admire. We at once acknowledge in it, a light, airy sort of nature, which strongly appeals to our sense of the beautiful; there is a pleasing simplicity in the conception, and smoothness in the involvement of the plot, which renders us forgetful of any regulating order or principle, or desirous of any ultimate object.

The sweet, innocent, and confiding character of Miranda is the first object which attracts our attention, and immediately there is awakened in us an interest concerning her hidden, yet unpromising future. The earnest love and filial obedience of Cordelia she combines with the faithfulness, the virtue, and gentle womanliness of Desdemona,—although of course she does not possess these respective qualities in so eminent a degree as either. For the trials and emergencies which developed their splendid characters, had been wanting in the placid course of her young life. It is a noticeable instance, too, of the poet's strange and capricious fancy, that he should wish to introduce into his play such a very unusual character;—a girl grown up to woman's full estate, completely separated in this island from the rest of the world,—without companions of her own age of either sex,—utterly

unsophisticated,—entirely ignorant of the existence of any other human beings than herself and her father, or, in fact, of any other sphere of existence than their sea-bound home. But we will accept Mr. Craik's apology, or, more properly, explanation, as applicable here, that Shakspeare was not dependent on reality, or his own observation for his characters, but that he drew them at will from Fancy's realm, and rendered them none the less plausible and interesting, for all that.

However remarkable may be the conception of such a character, and however improbable may be the course of events necessitating such a situation; yet both of these results serve to furnish a fine illustration of that spontaneous, irresistible impulse which at some period in our lives, suddenly arouses our faculties to a new and pleasing sort of consciousness. They are a speaking instance of that keen, but indescribable instinct in our natures called Love, which tells us of a lack, a void within us, which must be filled; which tells us that there exists some creature possessing a soul and a nature similar to our own, who can, and ought to satisfy this yearning of ours, through a constant and full communion of spirit.

We find Miranda, as we have already said, a perfect stranger to all these experiences of the world, which have usually taught a person arrived at her age, the divine and beautiful constitution of our natures, and which have also tended to develop, to some degree at least, the sentiments and passions resulting from social intercourse. She hardly recognizes the person of man—their physical embodiment,—let alone those emotions and affections themselves.

When, in her wanderings, she first meets the young prince Ferdinand, she cries out in her astonishment,

“I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural I
Ever saw so noble.”

But astonishment soon yields to a more tender, yet not less controlling emotion, and her woman's love reaches out after its object with a “bashful cunning” and perseverance which show at once its intensity and necessity. Her purity and frankness finally overcome her modest reserve, and the whole force of her compelling passion she thus delicately but thoroughly expresses:

“I weep at mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less, take
What I shall die to want. But
. . . . prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me.”

So then in Miranda's character and history, there centres an interest

and satisfaction, which if wanting in other parts of the play, the reader feels is only the more appreciable.

Again, her father, Prospero, the dethroned Duke of Milan, the solitary exile, lays something of a claim to our compassionate sympathy, as a victim of wicked usurpations and unnatural cruelty. His fatherly devotion to his only child, his ready approval of her lover's suit, his generous forbearance toward the brother who had injured him—all recommend him.

But his greatest attraction is the supernatural power with which Shakspeare has invested him, of employing invisible spirits to bring about in a miraculous way, any desirable results. These results, which he effects, as well as the means which he uses, were of course all out of Nature; but as his fancy alone gave existence to these creatures of the air and flower, so our fancies alone embrace and follow them. This they do easily, and satisfactorily too, with no desire to remove from their own sphere, but leaving stern Reality to judge her own natural and more unruly subjects.

"Delicate Ariel"—fitting, fair and faithful, ought, it seems to us, and multifarious as were her tasks,—to have been assigned to some more pleasing and appropriate one, than that which chiefly busied her pretty little hands, *i. e.* to pinch and torture the ugly monster Caliban, whenever his brutish propensities rose in rebellion against his severe and unrelenting master. One of Macbeth's witches would have formed a less striking contrast. And this Caliban,—what shall be said of him? Is not his hideousness almost ineffable? Was this thing, too, altogether a creation of the imagination, as we would gladly believe, or did Shakspeare ever see in flesh and blood, such a contradiction to the laws of Nature,—such a mockery and insult to humanity? Such a combination of mental, moral, and physical enormities, it is difficult to find elsewhere. And, then, one's comprehension of these embodied qualities is so thorough: the personality, the form and habits of the animal are so distinct, that the character will be as lasting in its impressions, perhaps, as any other feature of the play.

The remaining personages are quite inferior,—or rather, are not at all prominent, and hence, though the characterization is quite as decided as elsewhere in "The Tempest," they are hardly worth a consideration here.

The qualities common to all of Shakspeare's works,—those which render the plays, as a class, entirely distinct and peculiar,—are here also, noticeable. The novelty of idea, the consistency of sentiment, the faithful pertinence of the expression, and where occasion demands, the beauty of the rhythm, all combine to testify their author's genius.

While "The Tempest," then, can neither boast the thrilling intensity of character, incident, idea and diction which belongs to many of the tragedies; while it wants the sparkling wit and irresistible absurdity of the other comedies; we can still recommend it unhesitatingly to our College friends, as the source of a winter evening's quite pleasant entertainment.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

This Sermon was preached on Sunday afternoon, July 22, by Prof. Clarke. The subject was, "The Beautiful, its relation to educated and Christian men."

Conclo ad Clerum.

This discourse was delivered on Tuesday evening before Commencement, at the North Church, by Rev. Lavelette Perrin, Class of '40. The subject assigned by the General Association was, "The Scriptural doctrine of a future life." The text was, II. Timothy, i. 10. "And hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Alumni Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of Alumni was held at Alumni Hall, on Wednesday. Hon. David L. Seymour, of Troy, N. Y., was chosen Chairman. Prof. D. C. Gilman was chosen Secretary, in place of Dr. Dutton, deceased. Hon. Josiah M. Carter, Class of '36, was chosen Assistant Secretary, pro tem. The meeting was opened by prayer, by Rev. Geo. E. Adams, of Brunswick, Me., Class of '21. The obituary list was then read, and copies distributed. President Woolsey paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mr. Street, and mentioned his liberal endowments, amounting to \$300,000; also, that of Mr. Sheffield, who has given about \$50,000 to the Scientific School. Prof. E. E. Salisbury, as Chairman of the Committee on Memorial, read a Report. No decided plan was recommended, except to build a Memorial Chapel. The Alumni Committee for the following year are, A. C. Twining, Leonard Bacon, Elias Loomis, Noah Porter, E. E. Salisbury, Worthington Hooker, Geo. E. Day, Thos. Thacher, O. S. Lyman, James Hadley, Timothy Dwight, Daniel C. Gilman, Edward I. Sanford, Geo. J. Brush, H. A. Newton.

Phi Beta Kappa.

The oration before this Society was delivered in the North Church on Wednesday evening, by Andrew D. White. The subject was, "An Aristocracy founded upon Oppression." The poem, which was unusually fine, was delivered by Hon. Gideon H. Hollister.

The appointments for the following year are as follows:—

ORATOR,—Gen. O. S. Ferry, of Norwalk. SUBSTITUTE,—J. P. Thompson, of New York.

POET,—Rev. Edward D. Morris, of Columbus, O. SUBSTITUTE,—Rev. G. P. Dole, of Mass.

OFFICERS.

President,—D. B. BARROWS. *Vice President*,—ALEXANDER THOMAS, Esq.
Corresponding Secretary,—Prof. D. C. GILMAN. *Treasurer*,—Prof. H. A. NEW-
 TON. *Assistant Secretary*,—O. T. COLLINS. *Assistant Treasurer*,—D. L. BURRELL.

Cup Presentation.

The Cup presentation came off on Wednesday eve, at the New Haven House. The recipient was HERMAN WOODRUFF BUNDY, son of G. H. Bundy, of Boston. The members present had an unusually jolly time, which was prolonged until daylight.

COMMENCEMENT.

ORDER OF EXERCISES, JULY 26, 1866.

FORENOON.

1. Music: William Tell, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Rossini*.
2. Prayer.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by Hamilton Cole, Claverack, N. Y.
4. Oration, "Individuality," by Geo. Shipman Payson, Fayetteville, N. Y.
5. Oration, "The Military Orders of the Crusades," by Maurice D. Collier, St. Louis, Mo.
6. Music: Elisire d'amor, Aria.—*Donizetti*.
7. Oration, "The English Aristocracy," by Charles Avery Collin, Penn Yan, N. Y.
8. Essay, "Genius," by Henry P. Holmes,* Worcester, Mass.
9. Dissertation, "Solitude," by Richard Edward Smith, Guilford.
10. Music: Stradella, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Flotow*.
11. Oration, "Universal Suffrage in Large Cities," by Frank Smith Chapin, East Bloomfield, N. Y.
12. Dissertation, "Earnestness," by William Henry Bennett, Hampton.
13. Music: Athalia March.—*Mendelssohn*.
14. Dissertation, "The Chivalric Romances," by Edward Comfort Starr, Guilford.
15. Oration, "The Permanence of England," by Cassius Marcellus Clay, Paris, Ky.
16. Music: Favorita, Romanza.—*Donizetti*.
17. Oration, "The Penates," by Henry Otis Whitney, Williston, Vt.
18. Essay, "Character," by Gilbert Livingston Bishop, New Haven.
19. Music: Donanlied.—*Strauss*.
20. Oration, "Citizenship of To-day," by Darius Parmalee Sackett, Tallmadge, O.
21. Philosophical Oration, "The Efficiency of the Laws a Test of National Character," by Marcellus Bowen, Marion, O.
22. Music: La muette di Portici, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Auber*.

AFTERNOON.

1. Music: Semiramis, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Rossini*.
2. Dissertation, "The Influence of the Revolution of 1641 on Civil Liberty," by Gustavus Pierpont Davis, Hartford.
3. Dissertation, "The Venetian Republic," by Harry Ward Foote, New Haven.
4. Music: Siege of Corinth, Finale.—*Rossini*.
5. Dissertation, "The struggle for Rights," by Henry Burnham Mead, Hingham Mass.
6. Essay, "Michael Angelo," by John Hampden Wood, Albany, N. Y.
7. Music, Schcenbrunner.—*Lanner*.
8. Essay, "Rufus Choate," by Levi Clifford Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa.
9. Oration, "The Balance of Power," by William George Bussey, Utica, N. Y.
10. Music: Tannhauser, March, Organ and Orchestra.—*Wagner*.
11. Oration, "The American Congress," by Samuel Benedict St. John, New Canaan.
12. "Tom Hughes and his works," by Edward Elizur Goodrich, New Haven.
13. Music: Der Blitz Romanza.—*Halevy*.

*Excused from speaking on account of sickness.

- 14. Oration, "Ruskin's Creed," by Charles McClellan Southgate, Ipswich, Mass.
- 15. Oration, "Communism in Politics," by Lovell Hall, East Hampton.
- 16. Music: William Tell, Terzett.—*Rossini*.
- 17. Essay, "A False Liberty," by Edward Young Hincks, Bridgeport.
- 18. Oration, "The Universities and the State," with the Valedictory Address, by Frederick Newton Judson, New Haven
- 19. Music: Nachtlager in Granada, Ouv.—*Kreutzer*.
- 20. Degrees Conferred.
- 21. Prayer by the President.

Additions to the Faculty.

In the Academical Department the following persons have been elected Tutors:
EGBERT G. BINGHAM, Class '63, Tutor in Mathematics.
WILLIAM G. SUMNER, Class '63, Tutor in Mathematics.
GEORGE S. MERRIAM, Class '64, Tutor in Greek.

Worcester.

On Thursday, July 26, the contest between Yale and Harvard began by a match game of Ball between the Freshman Classes. The match was very exciting on account of the closeness with which it was played. The following is the record:

YALE.			HARVARD.						
	O.	R.		O.	R.				
Condict, c.	4	4	Watson, p.	6	2				
Hicks, 2d b.	2	5	Smith, c.	0	6				
DeGrove, c. f.	4	3	Peabody, 1st b.	3	3				
Stevenson, r. f.	2	6	Simmonds, r. f.	4	3				
Cunningham, s. s.	4	3	Fay, s. s.	3	4				
F. Terry, l. f.	3	3	Bowditch, c. f.	3	3				
Hooker, p.	0	6	Severence, 2d b.	2	5				
Van Wyck, 1st b.	5	2	Rawle, l. f.	3	4				
R. Terry, 3d b.	4	3	Pickering, 3d b.	3	3				
Total,	28	36		27	33				
Innings,	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.
Yale,	1	1	2	7	8	0	3	3	11—36
Harvard,	6	6	2	3	3	4	3	3	3—33
Umpire—Mr. Delano, of Williams College.									
Scorer—Yale, Lincoln; Harvard, Wilson.									

The Races.

On Tuesday came the boat races. First came the Scientific race. The crews were

NAMES.	CREW.
Lawrence Scientific, (Harvard.)	Chas. Dunning, stroke, Thomas Motlew, Jr., E. L. Hodges, C. E. Deane, S. M. W. Peters, S. L. Holdridge, bow.
Sheffield Scientific, (Yale.)	A. S. Palmer, stroke, T. Skeel, J. K. Beeson, P. Grove, T. Bennett, J. Whittlesey, bow.

Harvard's time was 18 m. 53½ s.
Yale's time was 19 m. 38 s.

The University Race.

YALE CREW.

E. B. Bennett, stroke,
Wm. A. Copp,
Wm. E. Wheeler,

Arthur D. Bissel,
Edmund Coffin,
O. F. Browning, bow.

Boat 40 feet long, 20½ inches wide, weight 175 lbs., built by McKay.

HARVARD CREW.

Wm. Blaikie, stroke,
E. T. Wilkinson,
E. N. Fenno,

R. S. Peabody,
A. P. Loring,
B. H. McBurney, bow.

Boat 57 feet long, 8 inches deep, 19 inches wide, built by Elliott.

Harvard's time, 18 m. 43½ s. Yale's time, 19 m. 10 s.

The Navy.

At a meeting of the Yale Navy on Saturday afternoon, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: *Commodore*—A. D. Bissell, '67. *First Fleet Captain*—J. Coffin, '68. *Second Fleet Captain*—R. H. Grove, '67. *Treasurer*—J. C. Hall, '68.

Yale Base Ball Club.

At a meeting of the Yale B. B. Club, held in the President's Lecture Room, on Thursday, September 20, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—G. P. Sheldon, '67. *Vice President*—T. C. Sloane, '68. *Secretary*—W. A. Linn, '68. *Treasurer*—T. P. Van Wyck, '69. *Captain First Nine*—J. Coffin, '68.

Messrs. Sheldon, Coffin, Hooker and Cleveland were appointed a Committee to arrange the Nines.

Class Pictures.

At a meeting of the Senior Class on Saturday, Sept. 24, the following persons were chosen a committee to procure class pictures: O. W. Betts, J. H. Brooks, L. H. Kitchell, J. W. Partridge, B. Smith.

Obituary.

At a meeting held September 14, 1866, the Class of '67 of Yale College, passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, On Thursday, Aug. 30th, Harpin M. Lum, of the Senior Class of Yale College, was drowned at Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss of our friend and classmate, who in the providence of God has been so suddenly and mournfully called away.

Resolved, That we will cherish the memory of him whose sterling worth and warm heart, more and more endeared him to us with each successive day of our three years association.

Resolved, That we extend the sympathy of loving classmates to his bereaved family and friends, and that we commend them to the tender consolation of the great Comforter.

Resolved, That as a class we proffer our thanks to Isidore Roscoph, of Cleveland, for his kind attention to the remains of our late classmate.

Resolved, That in token of our sorrow, we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

WM. H. GOODYEAR,
FRANK H. HATHORN, } Committee.
H. W. PAYNE,

Editor's Table.

ONCE more, Classmates and students, we greet you all. The old Table sends forth a rheumatic creak of dignified delight and pride, at thought of the weighty contributions which you are to lay upon it during the coming year. One after another we have come in, and, with a short business nod of recognition, have taken our places round it. The Bohemian smokes contemplatively; the Metaphysician grasps madly after an imaginary train of thought, which he sees galloping over the worn and inky boards; the Doctor looks inquiringly at the cracks and crevices, like veins, as if he saw, coursing through them, blood, which was the life of by-gone thoughts; the high-orator man is convulsed with emphatic gestures, as if in accompaniment to high oratorical ideas of poetic beauty; and the fifth individual bites, pensively, the nib of the historic quill which wrote the first "Table," and five right hands are, on a sudden, placed together upon the center of the old tripod, as we invoke, for our labors, the aid of the spirits of the men who, for one and thirty years, have successively filled the places we now occupy. And if not with us, they have at least left their representatives heaped up before us, in the shape of Volumes of our Magazine, some yellow with age, and others with a more modern look, till at last the pile is completed, with Volume XXXI, which closes with a trace of our own inky fingers. We look them over thoughtfully, and reverently, too, as conscious of the greatness of some whose work we would criticise. But the metaphysician, carefully scratching his bump of self-esteem, remarks, that he notices a great improvement in the later volumes of the LIT., as compared with the earlier publications; that there is far less of bombastic, meaningless language; that there are fewer descriptions of gorgeous sunsets and autumn-tinted leaves:—

"Yes," interrupts the orator, with a regretful sigh, "and less of poetic taste. The readers of this periodical are getting ashamed to acknowledge that anything is excellent, or entertaining, unless it is a learned and metaphysical discussion, or an exposition of material facts, expressed with mathematical accuracy."

"And less, too, in my opinion," says the Bohemian, puffing away a cloud of smoke, "of real, honest, natural thought. The fact is, that men at our age are too proud to own that they are guided by sentiment, as well as reason, and too thoughtlessly ambitious, to see that there is more of interest in easy thought, voluntarily suggested, on subjects of special interest to the class of men for whom the Articles are written, than in ponderous reflection on questions which the highest earthly intelligence has for ages been unable to settle, and will be unable for ages to come. Most of the productions are an appeal to the admiration of the reader, rather than an effort for his entertainment. And they are failures, for the very reason that they promise so much."

Here the Metaphysician began to say, that the style recommended was harder to acquire than the one generally adopted, but he was unable to finish his remark, for the Doctor, with a startled look, exclaimed, "If that is the case, I'll be hanged if the LIT. is a real picture of College life at all; but it's nothing more than the abstract of a man, with a student's gown on, and an old, worn gown, at that."

The Doctor, of course, was summarily ejected, for this treasonable utterance, but the look of pitiable entreaty he gave us, as he was shoved outside of the door, has

forced us to be charitable, and to acknowledge that there was a grain of truth in his assertion, and that we ourselves, also, are the occasional cause of fault finding. But we ask you, reader, to marvel not, if now and then you find in our Table-talk worn-out jokes and repeated allusions to things connected with our work. For, month after month, for more than thirty years, this Editorial chit-chat has been sent forth, to amuse its readers. And College life, with all its elements of growth, has in it much of repetition. Besides, there is, comparatively, little transferable stock in an Editor's personal experience. And the portrait gallery of the Lrr. can boast of no wrinkled foreheads. Our predecessors have taken their year of experience, and departed, leaving us to do the same. So that, like all works of its kind, it smacks somewhat of the school. But, in its sphere, it gives you an opportunity to use a deal of power. It offers an expression for your thoughts. In a word, it belongs to you; it depends upon you, and each of you, through your literary and pecuniary aid, for its life. And we cannot doubt but that, on such a foundation, it will be well sustained.

We have received several communications of a would be poetic nature, which, out of consideration for both reader and contributor, we put in the waste-basket. It needs experience to understand how much of emptiness can be embodied in a few rhythmic lines. We therefore select at random a stanza from one of these pieces, entitled, "To a Friend at Home."

" As I sit in bright meditation
O'er scenes enacted to be,
Still brighter than fancy's conception
Are th' days when I were with thee.

Take away from this expression its rhythm, and what is left? An idea so obscure that it will not make sense expressed in prose, is seldom worth much in any other form. We by no means wish to discourage contributions to the Lrr., and use this piece as an illustration, chiefly because it is anonymously sent. But we venture to suggest, that if the writer should attempt, as he says he is anxious to do, to

" Take the wings of the morning,
And fly to an evergreen shore,

he would find his verses a very fair letter of recommendation, on his arrival.

We have no extended comments to make on the re-assembling of the College world. A few days of bustle and confusion, and we were taking our walks to the Club-house and Post-Office, hardly able to persuade ourselves that we had been eight weeks away. But the fact is forced upon us, that the process of growth and change in the Classes, has not been stopped by separation. We can hardly realize how different is the Class of '67, to-day, from the same Class three years ago. Then, many faces were indifferent to each other; some were consequential, some timid. And the year 1867 seemed a long way farther in the future than '63 now does in the past. Since then, some that was good has been removed from us; much that was bad. And perhaps more than for any other reason, because evil finds less room to grow, in proportion as real friendship grows stronger, and becomes more deeply rooted. Maturer age, closer acquaintance, common pursuits, a common pride, and a common love, are all leaving with us their influence, and making a Class character. Death, too, has more than once made a vacant place among us, and

left a something in our hearts which is felt, rather than talked about; and there will be at least one less than when we parted last, as we gather once more around our Class Historian, but many more sorrowful faces, as he pronounces the name of Harpin M. Lum.

The Class which has all these experiences before it, appears, as far as we can judge, on short acquaintance, to possess good material for this moulding and shaping process. They are beginning to make their presence known by inscriptions on the fences and College buildings, a rather boyish practice, by the way, but one of which every Class must, to some extent, plead guilty. The number 70 here and there engraved upon the summits of East and West Rock, makes it evident, also, that they have a full appreciation for certain points of natural scenery. But we suggest, from experience, that they don't get too far from home. For we remember a certain friend of ours who, not long ago, on a Saturday night, watched the sunset from the top of Mount Carmel, and caught, besides, an occasional glimpse of the last down train, as it hurried on towards New Haven. Having the delightful consciousness that he had entirely lost the only path that would lead him to level ground again, and beholding on one side, in the gathering duskiness, the appealing glances of three helpless ladies, and on the other, an impenetrable thicket, he was impelled, to use the language of our Chemical Professor, "even in the midst of the Laws of Nature, irreverently to laugh at his own ignorance." What else could he do? But if any one is anxious to know what at last he did do, he may find on the southern side of this mountain, certain bits of delaine and cassimere, which will, perhaps, suggest an answer. But there are other points, which have less of danger, and quite as much of interest.

And now, if our talk with you has proved less interesting than you expected, you will oblige us by blaming the man who interrupted us, as we were trying to think up these notes, while sitting on the College fence. We never quite knew why he so suddenly ordered us away, and then, without giving us time to ask an explanation, made a transit (and exit) across five spider-lines, which have been dancing before our eyes ever since, so that we cannot see clearly. Perhaps he thought we were idling away our time; and remembering what the Country Parson says, that, "if you are not always growing wiser, you will be growing more foolish; for there is no fool so foolish as an old fool," he thoughtfully sent us away to our books. Or perhaps he thought we were staring too rudely at the passers by. But those that we looked at most, certainly acted as if they came to be seen, as well as to see. At all events, it is worth while to note the students' devotion to rules, even most obnoxious and dimly understood. For we noticed, the other morning, that some of the most obedient ones had, apparently, staid up half the night, to remove the cause of temptation. But we are growing mistier than ever. We bid you good-bye.

VOL. XXXII.

NO. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

*"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Castabunt SUBOLES, unanimique PATRES."*

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**NOVEMBER, 1866.**  
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NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXVI.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

No. 2.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Cleopatra.

It is my purpose, in this brief sketch, to describe as far as I am able, the character of this singular woman. I am aware that this is a task of no ordinary difficulty. The only accounts of which I can gain possession are fragmentary or superficial. With, then, a few salient points of character as guides, I am obliged to grope my way in the midst of gigantic and mysterious characteristics. If I shall be able to delineate the terrible character of this woman, if I succeed in any degree in my effort to represent the lurid splendor of her powers, I shall be well pleased. Her distinctive representative characteristic was a genius for exercising power over individual minds. Much of this power, doubtless, lay in her magnificent personal attractions. In youth, I think we may infer that she was a model of lithe elastic grace. The method by which she gained access to Cæsar indicates her form to have been very light and airy. As she then appeared before Cæsar, I doubt whether any person ever presented a more winning style of beauty. Her figure, although slender, was yet rounded and perfect in outline. Nature seems to have given her a delicate moulding of hand and feature, finishing them in minutest detail, so as to satisfy the demands of the nicest taste. She was delicate and exceedingly sensitive in the nervous tissues. We seldom see such tremendous, indomitable physical life as she possessed. Here, then, we might look with reason for a fiery grace and all the eloquence of motion. In a person so exquisitely organized, the sensations

would naturally find an appropriate expression through the medium of movement. Occasionally, though very rarely, one encounters a being whose touch sends a thrill through one, who in subtle, almost imperceptible movements, busies the watchful observer with the translation and study of unspoken eloquence. In such, the whole being, like some fiery steed, seems to tremble with breathing, speaking life. With this quivering superabundance of life was also united, what is very unusual, an oriental languor, a capability of profound repose. There is meaning in this fact. I have watched such natures. I have discovered that when nervous force and intensity are added to the qualities already enumerated, the capabilities of excitement are tremendous. Such natures, when roused, can move with the momentum of a cannon shot. So in this woman, this languor was but as the hush that precedes the sullen roar and destruction of tempests. This also is a characteristic in many of the most distinguished and impassioned orators. Mirabeaux is an example; Spurgeon, also, has this as an especial characteristic. The great personal power of these men is their grand distinction.

In this place, her eyes, as sources of peculiar power, deserve mention. These were large, dark and luminous; their chief beauty, however, lay in their range of expression. In their clear depths they perfectly mirrored every extreme and variety of emotion. They seemed, besides, to have in them a magnetic power of attraction; a mysterious something in their clear and splendid light, that held the eye and took captive the senses. Her voice was still more remarkable as a source of attraction. This has ever been remarked as of indescribable sweetness, and most varied and musical in its modulations. This alone would have given ordinary conversation a singular charm. Plutarch compares it to a many-stringed instrument producing a sweet, ever varying harmony. Without question Cleopatra was wonderfully gifted in the music of oral expression and conversational eloquence. Her magic tones, penetrating and thrilling the realm of passion, would subject this whole domain to her influence. And here no one can fail to be impressed with the idea that nature endowed her with every external requisite for exercising great influence over men. With such endowments she could not fail of gaining immediate access to the deepest, most powerful elements of the nature of man. Everything, in look, in eye, in voice, immediately touched the heart.

So far I have only described the external fashion of the temple; I now propose to go within, and recount, as far as I am able, the interior furnishing. We have already learned that her temperament

was one of extraordinary delicacy and elastic vigor. It was such as did not admit of a quiescent character. It compelled, on the other hand, in every faculty, an intense aggressive activity. Hence every vigorous faculty which nature gave her would be wrought out in clear and definite outline; its manifestations would be the intensest possible. We are, therefore, to look for a cluster of brilliant and tremendous faculties, rather than a well balanced nature. As I have previously characterized her, she was the great representative of power over individual minds. A prominent quality, common to all rulers of men, is insight into human nature. For this she was eminently distinguished; this at once gave her entrance into the realm over which she was to reign. It gave her vital union with the material on which she was to work. But whence comes that sharp insight into this wondrous world? To answer this, we are compelled, I think, to assume that there is a specific faculty whose function it is to present to us the movement of the inner life of humanity. The action of this faculty is introversion. We learn humanity then by first learning ourselves. No statement of an experience, no observation of character, is worth anything to us unless first we can detect what is presented to us in our own souls. This indicates that our knowledge of men comes by a research into our various experiences. Thus, by watching our own experiences and noting the methods of their manifestations, we learn to understand the sources of similar manifestations in others.

In a genius so refined and vigorous as that with which Cleopatra was endowed, this power must have served to furnish her with an instant and profound apprehension of the most delicate tracery in the characters of her associates. Nothing could elude her quick observation, her terrible analysis. As the trained nice ear clearly determines the character of sound when others think there is but silence, so she could, as it were, detect the secret pulsing of the very centres of life. When this faculty serves as guide, no power acts blindly, but every movement is made, every blow struck with masterly skill.

But besides, she had extraordinary powers to bring into the field; her intellectual powers were of a very high order. Quick, versatile, brilliant, she was distinguished for love of learning, patient labor, tenacity. We learn that she spoke seven languages, one of which was the Egyptian; this difficult tongue no one of her predecessors had ever been adequate to master. Such disciplined intellectual powers, as we may infer, would serve to impart, in addition to her native delicate instinctive sense of character, a cool and clear meas-

urement of others. This quality is an admirable auxiliary to the despotic will. Whether she could follow in the way thus clearly indicated, would depend upon her versatility, upon her genius for facile adaptation to various characters. There are few, however, that have a genius so versatile that they can adapt themselves to the requisitions of opposite characters without losing in the transformation all vitality, all individual vigor. An appeal to facts, in this case, reveals that Cleopatra had a wonderful facility of this sort. We note with wonder how quickly she apprehended the rude, powerful character of Antony. We are struck with admiration at the fine skill with which she adapts herself to his rude wit and strong motive powers of character. So successful was she that a complete ascendancy was immediately gained over him.

Thus far we have only considered her personal charms and the intellectual facilities which she possessed for their masterly employment. The power of fascination, however, does not reside in the intellect nor but little in personal charms; its special home is the realm of passion. It is passion that electrifies, it is passion that imparts a moving life to the intellect. Of these motive forces ambition in Cleopatra stands preëminent. It was with her a constant and controlling influence. Never, however, did it assume the dignity of a high, heroic trait. Her strong ambition never induced her to espouse a magnificent idea, a broad regenerative purpose; she never proposed to invigorate the State with the might of her genius.

This great thirst for fame became the more intensified as she rendered it narrow and selfish. Hence, devoting herself to the sway of individuals, we observe that she pursued the victims of her wiles with relentless persistence. This quality also produced in her an extraordinary fondness for display. Her genius peculiarly fitted her to devise magnificent entertainments, to dictate on all occasions of grand display. She had not only a taste but a genius for personal adornment. All the harmony, all the grand magnificence that this world can afford, all that thrills the senses, intoxicates the heart, and absorbs the whole attention with sensuous delight, she understood and controlled. What a world of enchantment she gathered about her when first she set forth to comply with Antony's imperious summons. She had rendered the Cydnus immortal. What grand sweet harmonies floated through the air! What subtle splendors flashed in the sunlight! The very waters seemed to offer sweet incense, as if in honor of the queen of beauty. The fair ones of her land were gathered about their peerless queen, in the presence of whose radiant

charms all beauty else seemed to fade into insignificance. Thus she floated to the end in a Lethe of magnificent display. But at last what a direful fate smote her. On all sides and around her were the sullen thunders of war. Every misfortune rolled upon her like an avalanche. Her empire was tottering to the fall and she herself was destined to grace a Roman triumph. Preferring death to this humiliation she miserably put an end to her own life.

Another great power which she employed to compass the demands of ambition, was that of the passion of love. This sense of the relationship between her mind and man's, was of great scope and intensity. In an organization of such native refinement, the energy of this faculty would endow her with all the ideal graces of womanhood, with all the fine instincts, the winning manners, that lovely women employ with such effect. These powers, too, would present no ordinary and merely common graces, but would act with peculiar intensity. In her presence the senses woke to the sweetest music. Love, in common natures, feels in but few—a nice responsive harmony. Great powers, on the other hand, sound a music so positive, so swelling, that lesser ones chime in unison. So in this master passion, Cleopatra could create a universal sympathy, could arouse in minds of ever so diverse characteristics, a sense of harmonious union. It is the peculiar and exalted province of such natures to glorify human love, to teach its holy philosophy, rather than fill the earth with the discords that spring up from below. With such passions and such a genius, we can readily perceive how dangerous she might become.

The power of love is mighty. It clenches the soul strong as the hand of the great destroyer. It can wrench away the life of both body and soul. In Cleopatra this passion presents itself in its most fatally insinuating character. Her passions, and this of all others, were strong and swift as the lightning. Their action, too, though swift, was silent, inscrutable, deadly. This matchless craft, this impenetrable art, made her one of the most fearful human beings that ever lived. Her resources were infinite. With her versatile, trained and active intellect, with her nature, broad, deep, finely organized, mightily passionate, what a vast range of brilliant and beautiful human experience she would be able to conceive and represent. To a watchful, determined associate, she would sound no alarm. She would proceed to allay suspicion, divert attention, inspire confidence, but yet advance. If necessary, she would fire the intellect, arouse the imagination, appeal to the tastes. Well she knew, that when she touched the higher nature she inspired confidence;

with confidence comes self-surrender. O, the results that spring from the power of a devil to assume an angel's guise. Thus with an analysis that laid bare the secret home of the passions, with an instinctive insight that pierced all disguises, with a tact so exquisite that only genius could compass it, she involved her victims in a network of passionate impulses which they could neither escape nor resist. I find it impossible to express my sense of her amazing craft; it gave her illimitable power over the minds of her associates. When she chose, her power was such that she could almost compel belief and whatever states of feeling she desired. Thus she seemed to shape the by no means facile Antony to her will. Thus the great Cæsar was well nigh wrecked.

She possessed another power which was quite unusual, to which perhaps I should have alluded before. It imparted to each faculty a peculiarly impressive character, though it was something quite different from temperamental intensity. To this quality I shall not attempt to give a name. The influence, however, which it imparts to expression is well described in the following brief account of Richard Shiel. Says the account: "his extraordinary power of pushing the meaning of words to the utmost extent, and wringing from them a force beyond the range of ordinary expression, was such that when he rose to speak, members took their places, and the hum of private conversation was hushed, in order that the house might enjoy the performance of an accomplished artist." So we have a right to infer was her expression distinguished. To the passion of love this quality would impart a winning force well nigh irresistible. This energy also characterizes the great general. It indicates the necessity of tireless activity, shapes the course straight to the object, never yields an advantage gained, and is the first to seize upon an advantage offered. This quality, so deadly in its intention, when united with powers of fascination so great and various, with an art so impenetrable, with so adroit and facile a power of adaptation to every variety and shade of character, we can well imagine would account for her amazing power over individual minds. When we consider, in addition, that these rare powers found expression through eyes the most lustrous of her time, through a voice in whose vibrating tones lurked a music sweeter and more varied than that of the harp, we cannot but be lost in admiration and wonder at such splendid endowments.

But I have spoken of Cleopatra in relation to those powers only which specially contributed to her power of fascination. She had, however, characteristics not well calculated to produce this result.

She drew men with a mighty and mysterious force, notwithstanding her character was in some of its traits frightful to contemplate, repugnant to the soul even of the lost and abandoned. She was heartless and cruel as a demon; she would murder for sport. She could inflict most dreadful tortures merely for the sake of an experiment. She could watch her tortured, dying victims, as unmoved meanwhile as a pillar of adamant. She was as false as her great genius could make her, and if in any way it subserved her interest or safety, could plot against the life of him for whom she professed the tenderest love. She was generous, generous as the serpent that fascinates the eye but the next instant devours its unsuspecting victim. She could afford a small gift, if, as a return, a soul would surrender itself to her sway. Not the first vestige of moral truth, no evidence of a sense of obligation did she ever give. The spiritual powers seemed wholly wanting. As a woman she was a disgrace to her sex, a blot on the page of history. The most beautiful and gifted of her sex, she was deadly and awful as a fiend. An utter selfishness controlled her life. It was the only principle to which she constantly and consistently adhered. The ruin which she wrought for herself, her country, and all connected with her, may be taken as a fair exposition of the tendency and ultimate result of espousing such principles of action. After all, she was the saddest wreck on the shores of time.

We are struck, as we contemplate her various powers, with her fitness to become a leader in modern fashionable life. Her extravagance, her taste, her heartlessness, are admirable qualifications. She perfectly represents its frivolity, hollowness, total want of earnestness. She is the great representative of all forms of modern social falsehood. She is the acknowledged queen of the flirts of all time. Her principles of action in this matter coincide with those of this class at present. That few in our time proceed to such fearful lengths I admit; but this difference is not owing to the laxity of her principles, nor to the firmness of the same in those who now seek after universal admiration. She had tremendous passions; we moderate ours in "feeble and relaxed natures." This fact, and this alone, explains the difference.

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

Sidney Smith.

BY HENRY MORTON DEXTER, ROXBURY, MASS.

SIDNEY SMITH was a rare man. Endowed with remarkable talents and combining at once the practical thinker and the brilliant wit, he justly ranked among the foremost of his day. His was a truly original genius. Scorning the blind acceptance of popular opinions, it made for itself bold ventures and new conquests in the realm of thought, daring to lead the way where others hesitated, able alike to maintain itself and to encourage them. Such a genius cannot fail to obtain celebrity. Slowly yet surely establishing its reputation, it insensibly exchanges notability for distinction, and ere long merges distinction in enduring fame. Thus it was in the case of Mr. Smith. From obscurity he rose to eminence; disregarded at first, he struggled for appreciation, and won it. His reputation is permanent. Founded upon unquestioned merit, the lapse of time has only augmented it. Wit, wisdom and manliness, his innate characteristics, must ever receive the homage of mankind, and the present age agrees with the past, that he richly deserved his renown.

Preëminence commonly arises from the successful development of some particular capability, or from the determined pursuit of some single object, and when based on acknowledged excellence in different directions, it becomes far more substantial and extensive. Sidney Smith's fame was due to his diversity of talent. He was distinguished as a divine, a literateur and a wit; yet being on the unpopular side in politics, and holding certain theories in sequence to the church, which, though true, were unpalatable to those in its high places, he had to contend during his earlier years with obstacles almost insuperable. His stout heart, however, enabled him to endure and conquer them. He deemed it "impious to dare to despair."

On entering upon his lifework he sacrificed his inclinations to his sense of duty, and selected the church in preference to the law. To appreciate his self-denial in this choice, and his disheartening situation on commencing his work, it must be remembered that in the clerical profession especially, an independent thinker was doomed to neglect. Politics ruled the Church as well as the State. The Tories were in power, the Whigs in the background. Religious preferment depended largely on political belief. In strictly spiritual matters, too, the deep-

est apathy prevailed. The zeal of the clergy was thoroughly chilled, which of course prevented rather than promoted accessions to their number. Liberal opinions were sternly discountenanced; toleration was almost a myth. Now Sidney Smith was both a Whig and an earnest Christian. His political views were the most liberal, and in urging them he was bold and explicit. He had no sympathy for shams, no reverence for mere position. He was quick to detect imposture and corruption both in high places and in low, and detection was followed by swift exposure and scathing rebuke. Careless of mortal favor, he deemed himself accountable to God alone. Once a clergyman, he fulfilled his office most conscientiously, recognizing the true meaning and value of his work, and applying himself to it with alacrity and earnestness.

Commencing his clerical life as an obscure curate, he was at first condemned to the deepest poverty, not only of physical comforts but even of companions and incidents. His only riches were his thoughts. Time, however, bringing him promotion, brought him also change of scene and many friends. While still a young man, he became the intimate associate of Walter Scott, Brougham and Thomas Brown, and before his death his friendship was sought and prized by the best and greatest men of the age. Yet he remained quite poor till the later years of his life, and during his first residence in London he was almost utterly neglected, though even then he was laying the foundation of his subsequent renown as a pulpit orator. Rising by degrees in his profession, he was made Canon at Bristol, and afterwards of St. Paul's in London. Public opinion awarded him a Bishopric, and Lord Melbourne, in whose power lay its bestowal, candidly said in after years, "that there was nothing he more deeply regretted in his past career than the not having made Sidney Smith a bishop." Mr. Smith, himself, however, never desired the position, and would have refused it if offered. He saw inferior men promoted at his expense, yet his idea of a true Bishop was so exalted that he distrusted his own worth. Moreover, he felt his non-appointment to be really a compliment to his manliness, for he knew that the only objection to him was his being "a high-spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom all the bench of Bishops could not turn upon vital questions."

As a preacher he was as faithful as he was popular. Indeed, his faithfulness was a prominent source of his popularity. Earnestness in religious matters was a novelty, and the more the public heard him the more it longed to hear. He was clear, practical and impressive, animated by a warm love for his fellow men, and a hopeful purpose

of making them better. Drawing his illustrations from the daily lives of his flock, he impressed upon their minds both the reasonableness and the necessity of the truths which he preached. He had firm faith in mankind, and addressed his people as one of their own number, and thus his success was as natural as it was complete. As a pastor he was equally useful and beloved. Possessing in a great degree the rare power of adapting himself readily and successfully to existing circumstances, he always won the love and respect of his people. He mingled with them freely and interested himself in their occupations. A diligent student of human nature, he thoroughly familiarized himself with their habits of thought and life, and his shrewd suggestions were always of practical advantage. He rebuked delinquencies, he instituted improvements, he devised relief for the poor and suffering, and endeavored in every way to promote not only their spiritual but their temporal interests. Rare indeed are clergymen who, like him, combine at once social polish, literary genius and Christian philanthropy. The influence of such a man cannot be computed. It is purifying, civilizing, Christianizing. Earnestness never fails of commanding respect, but he who is earnest in doing good wins more than respect; he is beloved and imitated. Thus an individual may elevate a people, and such a man was Sidney Smith.

In glancing comprehensively at his whole course as a divine, we see that like other good men he made some mistakes. Two things in particular here attract our notice. One was his unreasonable dislike for the Methodists. He could not realize how their strong expressions of religious emotion could be aught but hypocrisy; and with strange inconsistency he denied their sincerity because their mode of worship differed from his own. The other point was his determined opposition to the missionary work in India, the absurdity and injustice of which course of action was even then too evident to need demonstration. Himself in the front rank of English reformers, his attacks upon Indian reform were as unaccountable as they were vigorous; but it is gratifying to remember that in his old age his views on this subject were essentially modified, and his objections withdrawn. On all other subjects, however, he was preëminent for his charity. In opposition to the prevailing sentiment of the day he constantly advocated freedom of religious opinions. He censured the Methodists, not for entertaining beliefs different from his own, but for expressing their views in a different, and, as he thought, in an outlandish fashion. He preached toleration towards the Catholics who were then the objects of Protestant ill will, and by his manly frankness he opened the way for a

radical change of public opinion in their favor. His life was a bright example of Christian usefulness. In a time of spiritual torpor he was earnest; in an age of religious dogmatism he advocated liberty of conscience. He denounced all abuses, he advocated all true reforms. He sympathized alike with the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, preaching the gospel to all men, and striving to educate their souls into a knowledge of the truth. He said of the Christian religion: "It carries the order and discipline of Heaven into our very fancies and conceptions, and, by hallowing the first shadowy notions of our minds from which actions spring, makes our actions themselves good and holy." Striving with his whole heart to lead this well ordered life, he failed not of his reward.

Viewing our subject now in a different light, let us consider Mr. Smith as a literary man. It was his good fortune to live in a literary age. He grew to manhood in the days of Burns, Campbell, Scott, Charles Lamb, and Edmund Burke. Yet his own reputation is of a kind different from theirs, for, though he was an able and a popular writer, literature was not his specialty. During his life, however, he did more than almost any of his contemporaries to encourage literary criticism, and to create a sound literary taste. All his writings, whether religious or secular, were of real worth as literary efforts. It was said of him "that he had no *youth* in his writings; no period of the crude, extravagant, theoretical opinions" with which most writers of his time were imbued. He weighed well his views before adopting them, but, when once his own, they were defended and urged most convincingly, and the power of his thought was rendered doubly effective by his peculiar literary style. Its chief characteristics were simplicity and straightforwardness. He was a clear thinker and therefore a clear writer. Bombast and circumlocution he detested. He made frequent use of illustrations which, being always pointed and entertaining, never interrupted the train of thought, but imparted additional force. Increased vigor, too, was the result of his using special names and terms instead of generalities. Thus, in his lecture on Taste he says: "But where are such critics to be found? They are to be found in Dover St., Albemarle St., Berkeley Square, the Temple; anywhere wherever reading, thinking men, who have seen a great deal of the world, are to be found." Indeed, his sermons illustrate this point in plan as well as in language. Shunning general exhortations to virtue and self improvement, much less contenting himself with praises of justice, beauty, and happiness, he warned his flock against their specific sins, depicting the evils of selfishness,

falsehood, and the other vices, and at the same time explaining the nobility of the true Christian life, and how each in his own sphere might make that nobility his own. His acuteness of thought, made keener by his pointed phraseology, pierced clear through the outer crust of indifference and conventionality, and stung their better natures into at least temporary activity.

His style was also delightfully natural. He wrote just as he talked. From a mind overflowing with his subject, he rapidly transferred his ideas to paper, and then laid his work aside, rarely making any corrections. Hence his style was conversational, yet it was easy and dignified, and at times surpassingly eloquent. Its true beauty can be shown only by quotation, and I select a few lines from his sermon on Riches: "We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are some who come forth girt and shod and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled and chilled." How vivid is this picture, how rich in imagery! How strongly marked its contrasts, and yet how simply and clearly expressed! Take, again, his description of a poor curate: "The poor working-man of God—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient—a comforter and a teacher, the first and purest pauper of the hamlet; yet showing that in the midst of worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor." As a specimen of word-painting this can hardly be surpassed. For its tender pathos, its gentle sympathy, its manly appreciation and admiration, rendered out of an honest heart in the light of personal experience, it is incomparable, and half its charm, withal, lies in the artless, unaffected style. His habit of recapitulation also merits notice. He was wont to condense the main points of any production into a few, pithy, closing sentences, thus leaving a clear, concise thought in the mind of the reader or listener as food for reflection. A perfect literary style is that which conveys ideas most fluently and gracefully, combining at the same time the greatest clearness, force and impressiveness. Sidney Smith's style approximates this ideal very closely, and by many is considered to be unequalled.

His contributions to literature were peculiar. He is an example of a distinguished author who never wrote a book. His productions were lectures, sermons or essays, and he published at different times

several collections of such short pieces, but never a connected work. Probably this is due to the fact, that he wrote not for the sake of reputation, but only in the cause of social and religious reform. Had he so chosen, his brilliant and varied talents would have placed him in the front rank as a novelist or historian. He also issued at intervals during his life, several very celebrated series of letters on social and political matters. Among these were his letters to Arch-Deacon Singleton, criticising the unjust and impracticable efforts at reform on the part of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which, having been appointed to devise for the clergy measures of relief from their temporal perplexities, had either wilfully erred or lamentably blundered in their work. These letters have been considered as among the ablest productions of his life. Public opinion supported him both in his objections and his suggestions, and his able arguments won the praise of Lord John Russell himself, a member of the Commission. There is one great literary achievement, too, with which his name is inseparably connected, of which he was the originator, and at first the chief support. It is the famous *Edinburgh Review*. At the time of its foundation, the state of the nation was anything but favorable for its reception. Edited by Smith, Jeffrey and Brougham, it was of course bold and outspoken. Its object was the criticism and rebuking of social abuses as well as the cultivation of a true literary taste. Indeed, its strength lay not so much in the talent of its editors and contributors, as in their frankness, in the very fact that they dared to institute a crusade against such mighty social evils, and to trust for a hearing to the innate love of justice in the human mind. Consider what these evils were. The Catholics were not emancipated; the Test and Corporation Acts were in force; the game laws and those of debt and conspiracy were cruelly severe; prisoners on trial for their lives were denied counsel; the slave trade was still permitted; the affairs of Church and State were in the most corrupt condition, and the nation had sunk into a state of phlegmatic indifference to its situation. The *Review* had to contend with both public opinion and private interest, yet—thanks to the pluck of its founders—it fought successfully, and to its potent influence upon the public mind is due the gradual and now complete reformation of the evils which it attacked. Mr. Smith contributed to its pages throughout his life. He had the gratification of witnessing its increasing usefulness and prosperity, and the loss of his ready pen was one of the worst mischances in its history.

Sidney Smith's wit was another source of his renown. His irrepressible humor displayed itself in everything. It seasoned all his actions and conversation, and illumined his whole life. He could not help being witty; it was his nature. His wit was always fresh and original; he never was known to utter an old or a poor joke. The sparkling fancies came crowding forth from his active mind in brilliant profusion, each suited to its moment, each complete in itself. His witticisms were of a kind peculiar to himself. They were always keen and spirited, and he never spoiled them in utterance or by repetition. They were also of unvarying purity. Vulgarity was abhorrent to him. He was a Christian gentleman, as all his conversation proved. Furthermore, his sallies never gave offense. Uttered in the kindest spirit, they were thus received. The subject of the joke enjoyed being made fun of. The eccentric Lord Dudley once said to him: "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sidney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing that I wished unsaid." His innate drollery often found expression in words of his own coining, gaining thereby remarkable force. Thus, "He was a one-book man. Some men have only one book in them, others, a library." And again he speaks of "lachrymal and suspicious" clergymen. He made frequent and comical use of simile and metaphor, as, in allusion to the sloth, "This animal moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a Bishop." He rarely punned; his wit was of a higher order. As the elements of a chemical combination unite by fusion, so his wit blended itself with all his conversation. It revealed itself in the commonest occurrences of his every-day life and talk. I give a few specimens saken at random: "Of course, if I did go to a fancy ball it would be as a Dissenter." "Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women and clergymen?" And, alluding to the conversational manner of two persons, "There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hands; one goes ten times as fast, the other signifies ten times as much." He also found scope for his wit in satiric fiction, in parables and allegories, as in his story of Mrs. Partington. In ridiculing the peculiarities of the nation, the Church, or a political party, under the form of domestic eccentricities and personalities, he was unrivalled. Nowhere is the keenness and delicacy of his humor more apparent. He conveys truth by satirizing error; he exalts wisdom by deriding folly. His wit was practical, vivid and transparent. Its object was to amuse the light hearted, to

cheer the dependent, to instruct the ignorant, and to humble the arrogant. Though sharp, it was also charitable, and it was as varied as it was incessant.

A few closing words of a general nature. Mr. Smith's best side was unseen by the public. Only his intimates knew him truly. Some men have called him heartless, and most have admired him more for his wit than for his nobler qualities. Thus injustice has been done him. He possessed a sound judgment and an energetic will. His disposition was frank and generous, and he was an earnest partizan. Though sometimes controlled by prejudice, he was usually far more tolerant than his contemporaries. Religion was to him a reality; not an indefinite system of gloomy doctrines, but a bright faith and an earnest purpose to "do good and communicate" here in the hope of a blessed hereafter. In his family relations he was very happy. Mrs. Smith was a lady of great cultivation, an excellent housekeeper, and a devoted wife and mother. His children, too, were fondly attached to him, and were his constant companions. He was not an accomplished man, but his sound common sense, and the innate refinement of his manners, never failed to please. He built two parsonages with little experience and less money, and managed the pecuniary affairs of St. Paul's with unwonted shrewdness and success. As has been said, in politics he was a Whig. He has been accused of abandoning the Whigs in his contest with the Ecclesiastical Commission, but it is unfair to construe an honest criticism upon a particular action as a desertion of the principles of his party. On the contrary, he repeatedly did good service in its behalf, advocating at all times its true reforms and enlightened measures. He was a close student of books as well as of men, and by constant reading and the regular study of history, the classics, and the Bible, he greatly increased the natural riches of his mind. Said Edward Everett, "The first remark that I made to myself after listening to Mr. Smith's conversation was that if he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day he would have been accounted one of the wisest."

Such a man, then, was Sidney Smith, whose death his country mourned as truly as it had enjoyed and profited by his life. "The love and esteem of many good and great men," he once said, is the "one earthly thing worth struggling for." It is pleasant to know that in his life he was loved and admired by all such men, and that his name will go down to posterity as one of their number.

III. Satire of Juvenile.

ARGUMENT.

Pylades disgusted with life in the Groves of the Academea, resolves to depart and seek some other abiding place. He pauses beside the temple of Themis, and, in a strain of bitter invective, enumerates the ills that he flies from. The approach of the car that is to bear him away, puts an end to his soliloquy.

" Quid faciam Romae ? nescio mentiri——."

His staff was in his hand, upon his back
 His latest tunic; shone his sandals black
 As polished ebon; from his shoulder swung
 His frugal scrip; his eyes fierce glances flung
 Before, behind, and raged his muttering tongue.
 He stood. There where tall elms o'erarch the street,
 There at the civic temple's pillared feet,
 There where alternate years law-givers meet,
 He stood and thus 'gan speak—"Since reign
 All kind of force, and fraud, and cheat, and bane,
 Within yon learned shades, no longer there
 I'll stay, nor linger longer forth to fare.
 To delve in sooty mines, to roam the sea
 Though cold it were, and rough as rough can be,
 To hoe, to spin, to sweep, to haul, to pull,
 To deal in pots and kettles, rags or wool,
 Ere to you, fickle, false and foolish school,
 I will return, is my resolve and rule.
 My soul craves ease, still lakes beneath the moon,
 And solemn woods where leaves fall one by one,
 All still.—"Not going to leave us?" quoth a friend,
 "Thou art not going Pylades, Heaven send!"
 Yes! but I am, Orestes—Noise shall rack
 My brain no more, nor study bend my back;
 No more for me shall toot the midnight horn,*
 Nor direful discord din the early morn.

What do I in the Groves? How noise is rife
 How worse than chained convict's drags my life,
 How thumps and bangs and roars the day affright,
 How howls and yells and hootings mar the night.
 'Tis twelve o' the clock, I burn the studious oil
 And strive to read or write. My silent toil

*One Alexander Pope, has a reading in which the sense is somewhat altered, viz.:

"No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn."

Progresses fair; bright thoughts across my brain
 Course thick and fast, as meteoric rain
 Shoots down the sky.—A hideous call of fire
 Breaks from below and knocks my fancies higher
 Than soaring kite. A hundred throats repeat the strain,
 And ‘fire! heads out!!’ they shout with might and main;
 The old brick walls in terror quake again,
 Steam engines splash and shriek till I am fain
 To stop my ears. The cause?—why none—
 The thing ’s a joke, Pylades, only fun.

What do I in the Groves? How faith is broke.
 How solemn oaths avail like fleeting smoke.
 “Behold!” cries one, “I vow, I swear to thee,
 So thou but plight thy troth to vote with me,
 Thou shalt Class Hist’ry have, Lit. Mag. or Spoon.”
 He plights—and seeks his prize from the man i’ the moon.

Within the Groves thrive stratagem and ruse;
 All subterfuge and shift, all base excuse.

—Orestes cutting daily exercise
 Sails down the bay;
 On inland, shunning sharp detector’s eyes,
 Walks far away;
 Next day
 Frames fair excuses in the usual way.
 “I saw thee walk abroad,” says archon L——m,
 “Why that thou did’st not leave thy room
 To me pretend?
 Impend
 For this offence, all pains the law doth lend.”
 “One cannot leave a place unless he’s there,”
 He doth reply;
 “I left Euclidon’s room—not mine—I swear.
 His stands close by.
 Descry
 The nice distinction now, with half an eye!”

“But stay!” cries Plato, “wait for cooler time!
 You’re angry; there’s no reason in your rhyme.”
 But, nay! good sage, I’m cool as Norway’s clime,
 And I do know there’s reason in my rhyme.

—I know such a voice as this:
 Without, howl the wild blasts of Winter
 Howl through the leafless boughs
 And shake in their casements the windows.
 Cast down, Pylades, thy book
 And shivering turn to thy klinon.
 There, whilst thou lyest asleep

In the measureless spaces of dreaming
 And thy soul with uncertain aim
 Grasps at thin visions and phantoms,
 Low burns the fire in thy grate,
 Smoulders and flickers and dies out.
 Cold is thy chamber at dawn,
 Ice is the water for washing,
 Empty of money thy purse,
 Empty thy closet of fuel.

Why tarry in the Groves? There are all pests
 More than obey Beelzebub's behests.
 A knock comes at my door; it opes—"fine day!
 Ole clothes to sell?" I hurl a boot straightway.
 A knock comes at my door—"me and my friend
 Walked yesterday from Thebes, and we do bend
 Beneath a weight of wounds and woe and want,"—
 "Ye thieving scamps!" I cry, "begone! avaunt!"
 Ten thousand knocks—"I'm blind, I'm deaf, I'm dumb,
 I've broken every bone from toe to thumb;
 I've fought on land and sea; I've——" out vile scum!
 About ye hang Plutonian fumes of rum.

What should I do i' the Groves? What bores there dwell!
 What maddening plagues, what piece-meal murderers fell!
 Do I to Musikalen purpose to go,
 Or to behold the gladiatorial show,
 "Ha!" cries the bore, "ha! yes, I'm going too,
 About the seventh hour I'll stop for you."
 Do I desire to stroll at leisure times,
 He preys on me, as on fresh verdure Hyems;
 "Stay but a moment till I bring my stick,"
 He asks, and cools my walking ardor quick.
 —Do I sit me down in my easy chair,
 Secure in my lofty four flight stair,
 And grasp my book, to sling things,*
 He enters then
 To borrow a pen,
 He'd raise the ire of the mildest of men.
 He sits and clacks like a China hen,
 From quarter after the chime of ten
 Till five minutes before the bell rings.
 I inly fume and rage, rip tear and swear,
 Oh! why, Politeness, men must such ills bear?

* "To sling things"—a piece of Grecian slang. It was necessary to keep throwing out—as one might throw stones from a sling—the parchments then in use, which had a tendency to roll up. Hence the expression comes to be applied to severe study.

Again, with studious mind, I read at night,
 Soft radiance throws my kerosenium light.
 Pop! splutter! pop! red glare and sudden dark,
 The trait'rous lamp gives up its vital spark.
 Ho! chum, the can! 'tis brought; I gently pour,
 With careful hand, its contents——on the floor.
 Now fire the wick. All's well. Not so vain man—
 Smash goes the chimney, clatter goes the can,
 Crash goes the table down; thick streams of oil
 My parchment soak and my best tunic soil.
 The bare remembrance makes my blood to boil.

Naught, naught of good is found where'er one roves.
 How glibly Glycon doth his task repeat,
 With open book behind the friendly seat.
 How bold Orontes marks the chalky board,
 Who 'neath his coat hath ready parchment stored.
 Oh! I could rage for hours—but see the car
 Roll rumbling on, that comes to bear me far,
 Th' impatient driver becks—Farewell ye Groves!

Chitchat.

HAVING been duly teased and worried by the “philosophical” editor of the LIT. Board, into the rash promise of contributing to his next number of the LIT., and having been repeatedly admonished that the time was rapidly approaching, I find myself compelled to sit down on this glorious Saturday morning, to my uninviting task. Peelers, the College choir, (that unfortunate scape goat for grumblers like myself,) the Freshman Class, base ball, the Yale Courant, and various other interesting and suggestive topics occur to me as meet subjects for disquisition. The first named I pass by, as the last named will doubtless enlarge upon the subject, since it possesses unusual interest just now, before this shall reach the eye of a reader. So we come to number two on the list, and proceed to discourse on our Chapel Music. I hope the singers (*quorum pars fui!*) won't consider my remarks personal, as they will not apply to the choir now more than they would have done at any time within the past two or three years.

The College Choir (to be methodical) may be divided into three elements,—the singers themselves, their leader, and the congrega-

tion for whose benefit they sing. And, first, a word in regard to the congregation. It is exceedingly embarrassing to the singers, when any mistake occurs, to be conscious that a sea of faces are staring with concentrated gaze upon that quarter where the mistake was supposed to occur. It is not calculated to make the unfortunate individual read his notes aright, nor to give confidence to his coadjutors. In this respect the students in the body of the house often act much as a congregation of monkeys might be supposed to,—the force of example seems overpowering. No. 1 hears a discord, and at once bobs his head around to discover the originator; No. 2 sees No. 1 turn, and at once bobs his head around likewise; No. 3 thinks something extraordinary must be the matter, and around goes his head. Of course every one else does the same, and the singers grow red in the face. After a protracted study of physiognomy of the various members, No. 1 turns around, No. 2 follows suit, and the equanimity of the choir is slightly restored. Seriously, in a small way, this is one of the little things that serve to give students a character for ill-manners.

But to consider the choir itself, there are some faults that are so radical that a great effort ought to be made on the part of the leader, (I mean the organist,) as well as on the part of the singers, to remedy them. And one of these is the slight pains taken to pronounce the words distinctly. Oftentimes it is difficult to understand them, and as the students generally have no books, of course this becomes a serious evil. I have no especial remedy to propose beyond more carefulness. That at present there is carelessness, may be illustrated by one or two blunders recently noticed in the case of individual singers. Two words in these well known lines were transposed so as to make them as follows:—

Ten thousand thousand are their joys,
But all their *tongues* are one!

Notice, again, how the sense is destroyed in two lines that were sung thus:—

Let me live a life of *death*;
Let me die thy people's *breath*!

Of course such flagrant mistakes as these are not usual, but they give evidence, as I said, of too little care.

Another trouble is the unequal distribution of the parts; that is to say, the tenor is not powerful enough for the bass. Especially when the

notes run high, with the exception of the leading voice, is this very noticeable. Now with the same material that is in the choir at present, I believe a wonderful improvement could be made by judicious re-arrangement, not of the singers only, but of the music itself. For in this last respect the most serious difficulty of all is found. The music, as arranged, cannot be sung by a choir of American voices, unless they be of extraordinary capacity. We don't have tenor voices in this country, (genuine tenors, I mean, not baritones,) save once in a great while. Any one who is accustomed to notice and compare choruses of gentlemen's voices, will agree with this statement. What we call tenor voices in College, are in general baritones, and are rare at that. The first tenor of the Beethoven last winter, was notoriously the weak part, although it had one leading tenor the most genuine I have ever heard in College. It is for this reason that music for American voices should not be arranged on the same scale as that, for instance, for Italian singers. The tenor will invariably run too high. It won't do to take music arranged for a different scale, and simply set it on a lower key. This involves a lowering of all the parts, and brings the basses down to a grumble, even if the right note is struck at all. The best student music, without question, is that which originates in some miscellaneous "crowd;" or if not miscellaneous, under circumstances when each feels free to sing as he pleases. Now in such cases there is seldom a distribution of the parts like that of written music, namely, into first and second tenor, and first and second bass. There are really two tenors, but generally no distinction between the basses. The result is, each part is distinct; each part has room enough, and does not crowd upon its neighbor, as is very apt to be the case when an arrangement is attempted that has four distinct parts, exclusive of falsetto. To begin with, then, I believe our Chapel music will not materially and *permanently* improve, until an arrangement of the music is made that shall be adapted to the capacities of the singers. It would involve some work on the part of the organist, but as the choir sing a dozen times or more a week, it would be well worth while.

As my remarks are stringing out too far on this particular subject, I would only make one or two further suggestions. Let the different singers who have the same part, practice together; their voices ought to chord exactly. All the tenors should be drilled to sing and *sustain* themselves on the high notes, and not only that, but to sing softly as well as loud. It is impossible for the choir generally to modulate successfully, unless the leading part can do so. After all said and done, the Chapel is a very poor building for musical effect, and while it is

easy enough to carp at the singing, this, in itself, is a more serious obstacle to improvement than most have any idea of.

As my article seems to have taken a musical turn, a word about Parepa and her last concert. Notwithstanding the great popularity of this singer last season, there were those who justly found fault with her singing in one respect. There was not always or generally on the softer notes sufficient delicacy. To sing with a wealth of volume and power was the easiest part of her task, and she took too little pains to have the less prominent tones of that fine quality and purity that so enhances the effect of all parts. At times the tone was really gross. Hence ballads, which require spirit and life more than any thing else, were her favorite songs. But at this concert she seemed to have made marked improvement. Possibly it was accidental, but she certainly sung in better taste than at any time when we heard her last winter. The subordinate parts were subdued, as they ought to be, and the general effect was greatly improved. The capricious Briguoli was in one of his bad humors, and did his worst. It seems a pity that such a bear as he seems to be, should be gifted with such an exquisite voice. No matter how little he tries, there is a quality in his voice that is very seldom equaled. It seems something peculiar, in fact, in the richness of its tone. He probably thought himself in a country town, where it was not worth while to sing well. The audience, in its turn, grew ill-humored, and naturally enough, as on his first appearance it was evident that he was out of sorts. Then he grew jealous of the applause of the other singers, and in his duett with Parepa, hurried her through and off the stage, apparently against her will. It was now the turn of the audience to be thoroughly out of humor, and on his third appearance there was almost no applause. And then Parepa came out alone, and, as if she would have said, "I am determined you shall see I am not out of humor," sung delightfully. She was vociferously encored, and gave us two ballads with marvellous sweetness. The closing trio was again spoiled by Briguoli. It was impossible for the others to do justice to the piece, when he was bound to be so mulish. It is said that he used to be a plowman, until some one with a good ear chanced to hear him singing in the fields one day, and had him receive a good musical education. The story sounds very plausible, for he shows himself to be a boor, in the way he treats his audiences and his music. For no true artist, I take it, will trifle with his art, as Briguoli does.

Well, "the freshmen," &c. will have to wait till another time. I don't believe, however, they will feel much slighted!

Yale Practicality.

ANY question in regard to an American College laying claim to the rights of a University, with the legality that we do, is worthy of more than passing notice and careless scrutiny. American institutions like herself are new, and any improvements which may now be engrafted into them, or any real change now found necessary and carried out, must make itself felt for the profit and improvement of all coming generations. We cannot here stop to enquire whether the changes of the future are to hide our Alma Mater in the shadow of their greatness, or raise her with them to a still higher pinnacle of honorable advancement, (although this question may still be a mooted one,) but for a moment will look to her present situation, and see if already, as many claim, the foundation shows signs of crumbling, and demands the hand of a careful revisor.

We take it for granted that Yale is the foremost College in America; foremost in purpose, foremost in the corps of its instructors, foremost in the quality of its students, and foremost in entertaining and promulgating those republican principles by which alone our country can be saved, and under which alone she can flourish. As such, is her course of instruction what it should be? Americans have a wonderful idea of *practicality*. Boys are hurried into the school room, when they might well be resting in their cradles, and are hurried out again almost before their shadow fades from the doorway, that they may be placed in some *practical* business. Youths of twelve or fourteen, stand behind dry goods counters, or, after a three months' course in a so-called Business College, enter a bank, start a school, or in some other way introduce themselves into *practical business*. Self-made men, too, are in great demand, and to hear the eulogies poured upon these fortunate individuals, one would think that they alone are worthy of the patronage or support of an enlightened community. Neither would we take from them one iota of their greatness, nor attempt in any way to tarnish the bright luster of their education; and if every individual born or to be born, could follow out the course of a Franklin or a Lincoln, and like them rise to honor and renown by their own unaided exertions, we would willingly do away with Colleges, and in their place erect the humble log cabin, as a high incentive to a mighty purpose. But as Franklin was but one from the members of a generation, and the great and unknown crowd

who were his contemporaries and the witnesses of his success failed to mount with him to the great temple's shrine, it becomes necessary to invent some method by which the multitude may be elevated from their primeval condition to a state of intelligence and worth. And as the nation goes on increasing in power, wealth and luxury, so will the demand for education increase. The oak in the rugged forest, where all like itself trust to the guide of fortune for existence, finds escape from the storm and tempest by seeking strength from the destroyer, and with its rude productions supplies the wants of those who trust to it for their subsistence. But when the forest falls beneath the hand of man, and in its place the fruit tree is planted in mellow soil, with tender corn, then must the gardener watch with anxious toil, and seek by artificial means to ward off the destructive colds from which nature now refuses to supply a refuge. So with a nation. In its early days, man draws his strength out of the rugged soil, and, battling with opposing elements, grows strong, and meets the wants of a community. But as society becomes more refined, a different state of education is required, which must be nourished and well trained, failing like that of olden time to draw its sustenance from the rich resources of its surroundings.

We are now entering upon that period of our nation's history, and schools and colleges abound and are continually springing up throughout the land. Are we, as the head of American education, sufficiently practical in our course of study? Are we sent forth to battle with the foes of life, and shed an influence throughout the world, sufficiently prepared? Or is the time spent in poring over musty Latin and still mustier Greek, in searching for sines and blundering over logarithms wasted and in a manner useless? We say it is not wasted, and that to our College, most of all, America will be debtor hereafter for whatever of scholastic refinement she may possess.

What a work is yet before us as a people! The first line of railroad connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, is still to be built. The vast prairies and unknown regions of the West are to be peopled, cultivated, wrapped in the net-work of rails and wires, which civilization now demands, and refined; and while multitudes there are toiling with the plow, multitudes in the East must supply the wants of the toilers. Is there then no need of an institution pointing with an eye ever directed upward to a sphere above the mere necessities of existence, elevating the mind to a realization of the truly great and beautiful, and forming and moulding intellects which, like Spenser's, Shakspeare's, Milton's, Byron's, or Irving's, shall live and act long

after the names of their contemporaries in every day life have passed from the rolls of memory? Aye, America must have an incentive in this direction, if she would move. As a nation, we are hurrying on in the avenues that lead to wealth, power, and other earthly allurements. We must be lifted from our feet, if we would fly. It is this diet of seemingly dry and insipid food called *classics*, on which we must be fed, ere we will believe it capable of sustaining life; and if its influence is lost upon the common observer, when diluted with the uneducated throng, it will still exist, like the scarlet thread which permeates the cordage of the British navy, unseen by the idle looker-on, but always recognized by the careful observer. During those ages of darkness, before a Chaucer wrote,—a Spenser or a Shakspeare,—what kept alive the vital spark which, when quickened by the warmth of advancing freedom, was again to illuminate the world? It was the classic learning of the monks' cells, the Latin, so to speak, keeping charge of the Greek, and lending to it a part of the slight attention it received. Our dark ages may be yet to come, and future generations still unborn may own to us their knowledge and enjoyment of the tongues of Cicero and Virgil, of Homer and Demosthenes. L.

Birket Habou. *

THERE was silence in Thebes,
For night had come down on the Libyan plain.
The roar of the chariots, the sounds of the streets
Were hushed, and the life of the city had died
With the day. The repose of the Tombs of the Kings
Reigned o'er temple and palace, and black as the grave
In the shadow profound, lay the Lake of the Dead,
Unstirr'd by the softest-winged zephyr of night.
But lo! on the darkness beams suddenly forth
The flashing of torches,—a funeral cortége
Is approaching the wave, and the cries of the mourners
And wailing of virgins are borne on the air,
Strangely startling the stillness of night. On the shore
Of the lake stand the judges awaiting the dead.
No accuser appears, and the voices of woe

* The Sacred Lake at Thebes.

Die away on the ear. Then the consecrate boat,
 Receiving its burden, glides over the lake,
 And the torches stream o'er the dark water. But now
 O'er the Nile, from behind the vast fabric of Luxor,
 Arises the moon, and immingles her beams
 With their lurid red glare, while the echoing chant
 Of the virgins soft floats from the shadowy bark.

Hymn to the Funeral Triad of Deities.

O, Osiris, Lord of Nations,
 Of all gods and mortals king,
 Mighty Ruler of Amenti,*
 Hear us while thy name we sing;

Hear, O, Isis, Queen of Heaven,
 Mother Goddess, Friend of Man,
 Dread Beginning of the Ages,
 Thou in whom this soul began;

Mystic Nephthys of the Manes,
 Who of all things art the End,
 Virgin sister of Osiris,
 Now our suppliant prayer attend.

Nephthys, Isis and Osiris,
 Glorious and unchanging Three,
 Welcome back this ransomed spirit
 To the realm of Deity.

P. B. P.

Dreams.

It is not the purpose of our presumption to dive far into the dim depths of Dreamland, where profoundest philosophers have dropped their intellectual plummets in vain. We recoil from the investigation of phenomena so strange, so inexplicable that the finger of the Eternal seems to have marked them *holy ground*. "Dreams,—what are they?" Byron asks, his strong mind drowned in the contemplation of "unimpressed impressions on the retina of sleep." And Shakspeare, with a flourish of his mighty pen, forswearing the philosophy of Locke and Bacon, answers:—

* Hades of the Egyptians.

They "are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy."

While Dryden, lost in fruitless meditation, murmurs his obscure, though beautiful reply :—

"They are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimic wakes."

And credulous Bailey, recognizing God in Dreamland, adds with reverence :—

"—— they are rudiments
Of the great state to come."—*Bailey's Festus*.

These definitions are themselves as dim as dreams, and they leave us still pursuing the fleeing shadows, echoing Byron's words, "what are they?"

It was our purpose to propose a theory, original, profound, and correct. We spent a weary day in "dropping buckets into empty wells, and drawing nothing out," and then abandoned our undertaking. The infinite variety and varied phenomena of dreams afford our faculties ample grazing ground, without trespassing on the barren field of theory.

Perfect slumber we conceive to be a perfect suspension of the mental powers. In accordance with this view, a distinguished poetess sings of

"A rayless realm where fancy never beams,
A NOTHINGNESS BEYOND THE LAND OF DREAMS,—
The oblivious world of sleep."

The brain (the seat of the mind) of a profound sleeper proves, upon examination, to be in complete repose. Dreams cannot *then* take place, for they require the exercise of mental power. But, as there is an hour called twilight, neither day nor night, but between them; so the twilight of the mind, the hour of visions, is neither sleep nor wakefulness, but intermediate. Accordingly Job speaks of "a dream when deep sleep *is falling* upon men;" and David, of "a dream when one *awaketh*." In this peculiar sleepless, *wakeless* hour, the faculties play hide-and-seek; some are unduly excited, while others have "flown on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the earth;" the mind is *unbalanced*, the dreamer is in strictest literality *non compos mentis*.

Thus, by the absence of some of the faculties, those remaining gain additional freedom and force, performing feats impossible to them in a symmetrical mind. Reason, for example, when in sole possession of the brain, solves the most difficult problems. Dickens informs us that Codorcet dreamed his most complicate calculations; Coleridge devised his fearfully beautiful *Kubla Khan*, while dozing; Voltaire and La Fontaine composed exquisite verses in their broken slumber; and Franklin's dreams instructed him in science. Memory also labors with increased vigor. Old men recall their guileless infancy, their whining "school boy" days, their lusty youth,

"And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er the aged brain."

Prescience, too, a latent mental attribute, the lingering trace of God in man, revives and peers into the dim hereafter, making our dreams "speak to us, like sibyls, of the future." But stranger than all are the freaks of the Imagination, when uncontrolled by the other mental powers. Here the dreamer is companion to the "lunatic, the lover, and the poet." He wanders o'er enchanted ground, through pathless forests,

"Scaling the cliff, or dancing on hollow winds;"

dallying with fairies, listening to angel whispers, adorning the night with "gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys;" or trembling in the gaze of glittering demon-eyes, and filling the darkness with hollow groans and dripping blood. In performances like these, the faculties are all at rest, except *imagination only*, wherefore its flights are most fantastic, as in the following *dream* :—

We returned from the festivities with light hearts and light heads. Benignant Luna watched us with malicious laughter, as we wound our tangled way with stumbling steps. At length (this I remember distinctly) my companion, in his peculiar style, remarked, "By Gad-die, old fellow, let's rest." So we carefully assisted each other to a reclining position in a favorable spot. Hardly were we seated, when with wonder I beheld the fair Moon hide her blushing face behind her hands of cloud, not even peeping through her fingers, and one by one the stars, mourning the absence of their princess, wept out their eyes. Deep darkness enveloped me. The resting place beneath me vanished, and, floating in space with as little care or effort as the leaves we see whirling in the air on windy days, I pursued my aimless

flight. The force that carried me I knew not. Memory, curiosity, and fear were obliterated. I closed my eyes in ecstasy ; such ecstasy as I remember to have experienced only in my boyhood, when, with heart in throat, I screamed with irrepressible delight, as I reached the highest point to which my little swing could carry me. Here and there I floated through the boundless blackness till my dreamy bliss and balmy flight were arrested by a sudden shock. My legs were borne with great violence against—I knew not what, but certain it is at that moment my power of volitation left me, and my body, carried by its momentum over the obstacle that struck my legs, fell headlong into a savory mixture of the consistency of hasty pudding. Opening my eyes, (which I had hitherto kept closed against the darkness,) I found myself in a vast tub, shaped like a railway water tank, but in dimensions much greater. The mixture, which proved to be gruel, was ground by the revolutions of a bladed wheel like that of a fanning mill, turned from without by a crank. These revolutions gave me great inconvenience, tossing me hither and thither, bruising my flesh and endangering my bones, alternately plunging me under the gruel and whirling me aloft like a rat in a churn. At length, clinging to the meridian as I passed the zenith of my orbit, my fear-bound tongue was loosed, and I cried aloud in piercing accents, “Help, in the name of God!” but no assistance came. In despair I shouted “Help, in the name of Satan!” and forthwith, to my joyful surprise, the revolutions stopped. A pair of fiery eyes peered in the dim light over the edge of the tank, and a brawny, bony, bearded hand was extended to my rescue. It lifted me out, placed me on my feet, and gently wiped the gruel from my eyes. I looked upon my deliverer, a being of superhuman proportions, whose powerful frame was knit with muscles so well developed that the smallest were as plain as the veins on the hands of a laborer. His face was brown and wrinkled, and his white hair hung in masses over his broad shoulders. His countenance was that of a man once proud and kind, now degraded and embittered by adversity.

“Who art thou?” I asked, when my amazement gave me words.

“I am Apollyon,” he replied, “and in thy thoughtless wanderings thou hast trespassed on my realms. I am grinding gruel for my minions,” he continued, pointing to the tub, “wilt thou assist me at the crank a moment?” As he requested this favor, a benevolent look flitted across his features, seeming like

“—— the lighting of a hope about to die
Forever from the furrowed brow of hell's eternity,”

like the shadow of a smile with which of old, as Lucifer in heaven, he might have been familiar.

I readily complied with his request.

He thanked me kindly, but before he turned away he stood for a moment with a lingering gaze, and said, partly to himself and partly to me, "Alas, I am friendless, cheerless now! Cling to thy innocence, O, youth; beware of sin that dragged me down; yet trust me as thy friend. O, eternal anguish, give me a moment's respite!"

I "pitied the sorrows of the poor old man," and thereupon entered into a friendly compact with the devil. In a moment he was gone. I grasped the crank and turned it long and faithfully; then growing weary, I sat down to rest and reconnoitre. This room was evidently the kitchen; for here and there lay heaps of provisions. The floor was the bare earth, and the ceiling was the impenetrable darkness. I was here interrupted in my observations, by an officer with a star on his breast, inscribed "M. N. P. O.," (which I interpreted to mean Member of the Nether Police Corps,) who struck me with his baton exclaiming "To your duty fellow; there is no rest for the wicked" I indignantly refused to obey, and we were fast coming to blows, when the timely arrival of my royal friend Apollyon put an end to the unfortunate affair.

"If you are weary," said he, "you may survey my halls to rest you."

So I wandered off into a labyrinth of dimly lighted passages, among massive stone pillars, and under lofty arches. As I advanced I met many in the streets, until at length the ways were crowded; and, strange to tell, each individual bore upon his back a monstrous bundle. Bending and groaning under the load, they walked continually, without rest or destination.

"Why is this?" I asked a policeman whom I met. "Punishment," was his laconic answer.

Many of the burden-bearers were men, but still more were of the sex called "fair" on earth; and most of these were very beautiful; possibly their beauty had been their ruin. As I pursued my meditative way, my eye fell upon a figure of surpassing loveliness, so surpassingly lovely that my heart fluttered with a passion which theologians say has no existence in the nether world. I was filled with pity, also, as I saw her bending her form under an exceedingly heavy bundle. Addressing her, with one hand on my heart and the other where my hat would have been had I not been bareheaded, I said, pointing to her burden, "Permit me to relieve you for a while."

She turned upon me a look so charming, so full of gratitude, so expressive of surprise (as if it were the first kind word that had fallen on her ear since death,) that I felt already repaid for the service I was about to perform. I loosed the load from her shoulders, and a sigh of relief escaped her. Placing the burden on my own back we proceeded along the dim passages together, conversing in low and loving tones, until I was suddenly confronted by an officer exclaiming "How, sir, is this?" I briefly told our story, said I preferred to carry the bundle, and quoted a passage of scripture which says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." He frowned fiercely, and replied in thunder tones, "Sir, you quote an article from the by laws of Heaven, this place is ——." His reply was cut short by a shriek from the fair damsel at my side, who, as the load was replaced upon her shoulders, fell fainting at my feet—literally "an angel fallen in the darkness." I stooped to restore and comfort her, but the vast crowd with one voice cried "move on;" and carried along in the dense throng I lost sight of her forever. Cursing my ill fortune I hurried back to the gruel tank where I found Apollyon, to whom I related in a dolorous voice my grievous complaint. He smiled and said "This is a sad, sad place. No liberty, no love, no life. But take heart and let us visit the Isles of the blest." I leaped for joy as I assented. So hand in hand we started down the shady aisles. Each moment as we advanced the twilight grew lighter, until at last we reached an open space of water, dazzling with brightness. From the surface arose continually a delightful perfume that hung visible upon the air. The sweetest songs that ever fell upon the ear of man came floating over the lake, wafted, as Lucian says, "out of the invisible;" low and solemn like the chanting of nuns in a distant Abbey. I attempted to pass an invisible boundary, but an unseen power restrained me. With angry impatience I turned to Lucifer—he was gone. My eyes were open to the sun, and the voice of the College watchman said "Gentlemen it is 5 o'clock in the morning—high time to be abed. In haste we retired from the door-step of So. Middle (where we had passed the night,) to our beds, where we slept till noon.

The preceding is an exact and perfectly truthful record of what was seen in sleep one night and sketched the next day, while the memory of every detail was fresh in the mind of the dreamer. Did imagination ever wing a stranger, wider, more ridiculous flight?

We thus perceive that memory, reason, prescience, imagination and the other mental powers, act with extraordinary vigor in the dreaming

hour; and that when one faculty is employed it labors strangely, fiercely, madly, because the others have all withdrawn to give it unrestricted freedom. So our theory, without pretense as to profundity, without certainty as to originality, without confidence as to correctness, has, in spite of us, proposed itself. And now it becomes us to humbly implore pardon of the world's giant intellects for even approaching this mystery of mysteries, whose intricate knot has defied their dexterous fingers.

If our words have been true, then, to conclude, Dreamland is an *accursed* spot where the weary mind in vain seeks rest; a purgatory through which the tired soul must pass before it enters the paradise of sleep. Thrice blessed he who never dreams, who, when life becomes "as tedious as a twice-told tale," can pass through Dreamland undetained, to court "the honey-heavy dew, the poppied warmth" of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Heaven be praised for an escape from every care; God giveth His beloved *sleep*. "The brother of Death," says quaint Sir Thomas Browne, "exacteth a third part of our lives."

Concerning the Fence.

THE persuasive and philanthropic photographer advises us, in nitrate of silvery tones, to "secure the shadow ere the substance fades," and it is with the desire of saving the shadow of the College fence before destruction razes it, and of preventing the historian of our Alma Mater from passing lightly over it, as Remus did to his sorrow, in a similar case, that we pen these lines. The origin of our fence is enveloped in the mists of the seventeenth century. We know, however, that the post holes were dug at Saybrook in the year 1700, and as we saw some half dozen of these apertures yawning frightfully at early dawn a few days since, it is fair to presume that they were removed to New Haven, with the College, a hundred and fifty years ago. But as we saw at that time nothing in these holes to interest the general reader, we pass hastily to the fence proper. (By Fence Propper, we do not refer to the respected, but lamented College carpenter.) The founders of the institution sat long and earnestly upon the plan of the fence. It was finally decided to build it strong and simple, as befit-

ting the line of demarcation between the cultivated grounds of the College and the barren waste of the outside barbarian world; three rails high on three sides of the enclosure, and of boards closely joined on the fourth. The rails were so made that their cross section was a diamond. A few still retain this shape, and are looked and sat upon with aversion. This was the place and instrument of punishment in those dark days. Dull students were seated there that they might become sharp set, and accustomed to the seats in Chapel. Their incorrigible dullness dulled the sharp edge of their three-barred grief, and in the course of time the rails became cylindrical; so torture became temptation, and even oration men thronged the perch. But the close board fence is still thought to fulfil its design. It was ordered by the Faculty, that if the Freshman Class should be beaten in the annual rush, those Freshmen who had been in the rear of the rushing column, should paint, in token of their defeat, at dead of night, in running colors, the number of their class upon the fence, on pain of expulsion, if, in the course of their artistic occupation, they should disturb the quiet of the College watchman. The rugged winters of the last century, warring against the fiery orthodoxy of the Congregational school, upheaved its bulwark with their heathenish frosts, and the weight of heavy students became necessary to hold it down. That they might not, in a moment of abstraction, slide like avalanches from its summit, the Faculty, with true Puritan grit, resolved to give it a coat of sand, and the students finding this wearing upon their patience and pantaloons, in a lengthy but pointed petition, besought their instructors to remove the sand; but sand is still there, and the petition is preserved in the College library, under the title of "Sand Paper."

But why harrow up our feelings by recalling the roughness of the past? With brighter students came brighter days for the College. The fence suffered a change with the politics of the Colonies, and was no longer simply the guardian of the College exclusiveness; it became democratic; it was a lower forum,—the roost of the bird of freedom. Here all classes, yes, even outsiders, were wont to gather to hear the ringing utterances of the apostles of liberty. Here town and gown recounted their several grievances, and settled them. Here David Humphrey exposed the intolerance and aristocratic narrowness of a certain literary society, and acquired his enduring title, "*Par-nobile Fratrum*." It was on this fence that Calhoun remained during his entire course, and thus arose the doubts in regard to his membership in one or the other of those rival societies.

Many events in the history of our country have been foreshadowed by our College disturbances. The fence was once a convention hall. The students, overwhelmed with the strong beer sold by the College Butler, came out arm in arm, and the fence felt them lean on it for support. They shed alcoholic tears, and inaugurated a bread and butter rebellion. But notwithstanding the College members kicked, the College Corporation survived. The House of Fellows proved too much for the House of Commons. Insubordination was quelled, and the boys went quietly in to prayers. Soon the bars of the old fence began to ring with music,—music rude, perhaps, but refreshing. When they rolled out “Gaudeamus,” passers-by, however unclassic, knew that they were rejoicing. They loved Yale College, and they said so. Why don’t we sing “Vivat Academia” now, as then? Is it because of our admiration for the taciturn female, who “never told her love?” “Lauriger,” too, if not purer in morals, is superior in its poetry to “Here’s to Good Old Rum!” At least its objectionable features are hidden by its untranslatable Latin.

But it is foreign to our history to cry for a revival of letters. Pat Malloy sings his sentimental story in a manner which would be interesting, if he belonged to Yale; but if his fifteen brothers, dissimilar to pigs, will stay at home, we expect Beethoven beneficence to pay that rent. The Ethiopian fiddler, too, has helped our morality. The first scraping of his strings was soul-stirring, and always brought a delighted crowd to the fence, where they were soon relieved of all temptation to court fortune by the pitch of the uncertain copper.

These musical soirees, if they did not give it birth, at least nourished and strengthened that healthy mutual admiration and respect which is the soul of all college happiness. There was hardly room for the indulgence or display of petty passions on the narrow fence; but when the College Song was shaken up, those rails would blossom, like Aaron’s rod, into some such flowers as “the Last Rose of Summer,” or the “Sweet Potato Vine.” After all, we’ll dash sentiment, and advocate all College Songs, of any time or air, if always it be open air.

Students of Ethnology will be gratified to learn, that traces of the lost ten tribes of Israel have been discovered near the fence. If the day is fine, large numbers of these Jews, attired in a manner of modest magnificence, may be seen there conversing affably with the students, Gentiles, who apparently consider them their dearest friends; in fact so great is the veneration in which a certain tribe is held, that the boys are constantly heard appealing to its ancient founder, and

the name of B. Gad is on every tongue. This regard is reciprocal, so that these favored people of high birth and long and ancient line, (we mean the old clothes line,) never despise even that student who wears a ragged coat. But we fear that this friendship is unstable. To be sure these itinerants bring greenbacks, but so do the worms. They are arrayed in sheep-skin, like a drum, and like it they are hollow. Beware of these anti-porkers; buy not their watch-chains nor their meerschauts. The chains will color, but the meerschauts won't. Be not dazzled by the brilliancy of their diamond pins, or too late you may discover that they are merely Ju-ju-paste.

Daniel Pratt found in the fence a convenient auditorium. At its corner he has unfolded to listening and liberal crowds the mysteries of the laws of motion, by maintaining that a motion to adjourn was always in order. Daniel used to swing about the circle considerably in his harangues, but we are forced to believe that he will never live in the White House. He is too honest to be successful in political management. How much better it would be for the country if every politician was a non-est-man.

But the fence is passing away. The sturdy wood which was a pine cone two centuries ago, and has for a hundred and fifty years, by day and night, in storm and sunshine, guarded the College Green, must yield in the vigor of its age to the age of iron. There are dreadful rumors of a new fence of iron bars, to be sixteen feet and one inch high,—just the distance an apple will fall in one second $\frac{1}{2}$ -g. Thus the new student will receive his first lesson in gravitation at his very entrance, and be spurred on to deeper research. And there is to be one great gate, which the street watch will close at the tick of twelve. How belated star-gazers will run down that watch! The south-east corner,—scene of many a wholesome revel,—is to be superseded by the new Museum. Let us hope that the old right angle will be taken up tenderly, and laid with care in some honorable place in the hall of curious things, that returning sons of Yale, as they rejoice at the increasing glory of their Alma Mater, may find it a substantial reminder of the simple pleasures of the College Fence.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Jubilee Committee.

J. M. ALLEN, C. H. GOODMAN, A. JOHNSON, of the Senior Class.

W. O. BRAGG, O. B. BREWSTER, N. P. S. THOMAS, E. J. TYTUS, of the Junior Class.

A. L. BROWN, A. CAMERON, W. C. CLARKE, C. H. SMITH, of the Sophomore Class.

R. JOHNSON, W. L. PALMER, E. G. SELDON, J. B. TYTUS, of the Freshman Class.

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President—E. W. CLARKE, 422 Chapel Street.

Vice President—W. H. GOODYEAR, 11 S.

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Vice Secretary—G. D. MILLER, 48 Howe Street.

Brothers.

President—IRA S. DODD, 105 N.

Vice President—BENJAMIN SMITH, 192 C.

Censor—W. H. INGHAM, 58 S. M.

Secretary—J. COFFIN, 75 N. M.

Vice Secretary—S. T. TERRY, 3 S.

Matrimonial.

SPRAGUE—FELLOWS.—On Wednesday, Oct. 31st, at Hudson, N. Y., F. N. Sprague, late of the Class of '67, to Abbie Fellows.

Yale Literary Prize Essay.

The undersigned Committee award the Yale Literary Medal to the writer of the Essay on Sidney Smith.

CYRUS NORTHROP,
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
ALBERT E. DUNNING.

The accompanying envelope contained the name of HENRY MORTON DEXTER.

Editor's Table.

WE, too, at last, send our hearty greeting to the College world. This is easy, and if this were all, we should be heartily glad. But this is not enough. We must make a talk to this most complex organization. Herein is a difficulty. There are here two currents of life, two classes of men of directly opposite characters. One is full of life and animal spirits; the other thoughtful and earnest. There is power and character in each. Each, however, is disposed to put a low estimate upon the other. Each would rather like to sweep the other from existence. "Superficial," say the earnest ones, of those full of gay life. The jolly souls look at the earnest men and ejaculate with unction—"Fossils." Then they meditate just one instant. In that brief space they settle it irrevocably, that the so-called "fossils" have no business among living men—except as curiosities. The grave is a fit place for the dead, they think, and they at least think logically. Now in this state of things there is advantage. Minds little accustomed to serious thoughts, have their attention occupied for a brief space, at least, with realities. All this, too, comes in through the influence of oppugnant characters. Now, we say, let both classes remain. They help each other. The influence of the lively renders the earnest ones less rigid, more expansive in their sympathies, less self-absorbed. The influence of the serious ones upon the wide awake class, is to impart at least a momentary gravity. Let both classes, say we, live and thrive. Each needs the other. Both, however, need to be more generous. If there is anything detestable in a man of any pretensions to culture, it is a contracted, exclusive sympathy. The man who always refers to the peculiar structure of his own individuality, and measures a man's worth by the degree of his resemblance to that standard, is a pitiable specimen. There is no danger that the skull which covers such a brain will ever be broken. The Juggernaut wheels themselves couldn't crack it. Yet some, indeed not a few, measure others thus. If the individual observed conforms to some favorite type, it is well, if not, he is an imbecile. Expansive, very. As if, when that peculiar type of character was fashioned, all forms of admirable characters were, also, exhausted. As we have before intimated, we wish there were a more genial recognition between the two. We don't believe in drawing the lines of classes distinct and clear. Chasms between classes and orders have been the causes of unending conflicts the world over, and through all time. Let orders, races, characters blend. What will civilization be worth until this be thoroughly accomplished?

But I began with the idea of the difficulty of saying anything to a world composed of such oppugnant elements. There is one realm, however, into which both classes

penetrate more or less. We shall hazard nothing in saying that all classes appreciate liveliness and witticisms. We enjoy the same exceedingly, but could never (we've lamented it a thousand times,) furnish the same for others. If there is anything we covet, it is the power of effectually dispensing jokes and stories. Few gifts are more acceptable to all parties. None live longer in a sunny and genial memory. Our own memory of a gifted story teller, a genial, hearty old man, who on stormy, Winter days, held our wrapt attention as he dispensed his interesting tales, is cherished with peculiar pleasure.

But in the matter of jokes, the College world is no wise behindhand. For this matter, nearly all the jokes perpetrated of late, fall on the college fence. By the result, we judge that the fence is worsted every time, in fact, well nigh demolished. In other respects the college world moves quietly. Things are settling into routine, that immovable calm that to many is so wearisome. The rival classes have smothered their animosity, or else in their numerous conflicts it has evaporated. At any rate things are moderately placid. Base ball continues to rage as an epidemic, with undiminished fury. Only a few have escaped an attack. The whole region round about seems more or less afflicted. It is supposed, however, that the approaching cold weather will completely put a stop to its ravages. The College Chapel is the only place in which a hurtling ball does not appear. Therein, on Sundays, and during twenty minutes on each morning, there is absolute safety. This twenty minutes in the Chapel is very refreshing. It alone enables the systems of those not attacked, to endure the successive and violent attacks to which all such are subjected. We have been struck once. This sort of missile gives no warning like the screaming shell, no whistle like the rifle ball. Its movement is silent like the walk of the pestilence. It comes upon you all unseen. The first thing you know you feel a blow that might have felled an ox. This at least was our first impression. Then you feel a sharp pain. Next a curious phenomena presents itself; it is, I think, a nervous affection. The sensation is very much as one feels when a sudden gust of passion comes over one. Then comes an almost irresistible disposition to employ a phraseology marked by strong and violent expressions. It is needless to add that this peculiar literary accomplishment is greatly disapproved of by community, and hence is never on any occasion employed in College. Since we were struck we have never approached the gymnasium without the sense of almost overpowering fear. The missiles in this section fly in all directions. The victims of this malignant ball playing epidemic rush over you without compunction or remorse; four at one time once rushed on and over us, with momentum enough to have knocked down the walls of Sumter. If we had been the Macedonian Phalanx, all bristling with spears, we have no doubt it would have been just the same. Suffice it to say, we never approach the gymnasium without feeling as though we were between two hostile batteries in battle time.

There is one thing on account of which we must not fail to congratulate the College world, and that is, its proximity to the recent Blood Hound Show. The free exhibition of these animals to the students was a matter of unparalleled generosity for a showman; the full attendance of the students on that occasion does credit to College appreciation. This exhibition, the manager informs us, in his advertisement, is "interesting," "instructive," and withal "moral." We never seriously questioned the two first qualifications, but we had grave apprehensions as to whether the exhibition was strictly a moral one. This information, so kindly vouchsafed by the manager, doubtless relieved community of a serious doubt about the matter.

We also congratulate the Senior Class on a temporary release, at least, from the study of chemistry. We have endured, with tolerable fortitude, every other event of our College course; this, however, was too much. We believe, though, that the instructors in that branch did all that men could do, to make the subject plain. If we wished to destroy digestion we would introduce to the stomach, at one time, a ton of solid food; it fairly illustrates the amount of chemical science that was crammed into the organ of mental digestion in a correspondingly short time. If men were born giants, or professors of chemistry, the case would then be difficult. Now it is unspeakably sad. The class might as well be sent out to level the Alleghanies, or cast the Rocky Mountains into the Pacific, as to do so much chemical work in so little time.

We have been somewhat surprised, of late, to receive an intimation that the LIT. is designed to be a picture of College life. We thought it was designed to be an exponent of the literary ability of College; its most earnest, vigorous thought. Now, as things seem to us, College life, and the ablest College thought and appreciation, are as wide apart as the poles. In the LIT. we sometimes come across a true sentiment, a genuine, earnest thought; in College every-day life, rarely. In this place, we get at what men are in general; in the LIT. we learn what men think they ought to be. In general, it holds true, that men write what will be respected; they live as impulse dictates. College life is, in some respects, unreal and frivolous. Is there much thoughtfulness or earnestness in its social intercourse? The men who are here ought to look forward to leadership in American intellectual life. The best institutions ought to produce the best thinkers. We ought, then, by this time, to have caught the key-note in this most thoughtful, earnest, progressive age. American intellect is all nerve and spring. From the American heart comes a voice earnest, and deep, and solemn as the voice of an Archangel; it presents to us the problem of life, the destinies of nations; it sounds in our ears the cry of the world's people, calling to their help all true hearts, all strong intellects. Towards fixing these grand feelings centrally in our hearts, College social intercourse does next to nothing. On the other hand, there seems

an effort to exclude all that has stern significance. Success, no matter how attained, is what we worship. Now we don't like an old foggy, a man whose nature is shrivelled, whose soul is as dry and hard as a rail; but we think a man full of human life and fire, who thinks earnestly and courageously, is a very beautiful character. We believe that half the disasters in life, in private life and in national legislation, are due rather to intellectual cowardice than intellectual imbecility. There is not one man in ten who dares face the serious facts of life. Men dare not think. They enjoy a jolly good time so much better than they can anything else, that a thought outside this narrow range is frightful. But we say, that unless we have grit enough to solve the problems that life and society present, we might as well have been born without brains. Why should not College social intercourse be genuine? Why, in social stations, is it not better that we should *occasionally* meet a man as he really is, rather than always what in him is grotesque and superficial? Is not man more than his dress, more than all his superficial graces? Most, however, seem to receive with utmost welcome, a soul all enveloped in what is artificial, while for one, strong, earnest, brave, they have only a sneer. But we have said enough. For the present, farewell.

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VOL. XXXII.

NO. III.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

**"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSE
Cantabunt SUBOLES, unanimique PATRES."**

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**DECEMBER, 1866**  
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NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, BORNHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCLXVI.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. DECEMBER, 1866. No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

J. W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Reform Needed.

OF late years much discussion has arisen among thinking men upon the subject of education, and weighty reasons have been advanced in favor of changes in the studies constituting the curriculum of most of our universities. Several eminent philosophers have been led to bestow upon this matter long and careful thought. Doubtless the truths eliminated by this discussion might be applied with profit to the system pursued in our own college, but we design at this time to consider another and more fundamental branch of the subject. It is our purpose to inquire into the correctness of the existing method of instruction. If this be false, it matters little on what it may employ itself.

A good part of the college course is devoted to the study of Latin and Greek. Yet the proficiency usually attained in these languages is far from commensurate with the time and labor bestowed upon them. Not a few of each year's graduates are unable to undergo a thorough examination in syntax, or to render accurately a page of Homer or Cicero. Nor do we anywhere discover that enthusiasm for the classics which alone can make their pursuit successful. Students go to their books as to irksome tasks; artificial aids supercede honest work; and the hour spent in recitation is the dullest of the day. For four years the majority stumble heedlessly over the studies of the course, and finally graduate with a crude and ill-digested stock of classical information which would do no credit to an intelligent lad of fourteen.

An examination into the system of instruction will afford a ready

explanation of this deplorable state of scholarship. A fundamental error at Yale is the attempt to teach languages in detached portions. For a time the attention of the student is confined to the principles laid down in one division of his grammar, while all others are ignored. After a while another set of principles is taken up and discussed in the same manner, each being considered separately, and not in combination with others equally essential. Indeed, the student never expects to answer a question relating to the grammar of a previous term. Thus he advances through the course, viewing disconnectedly the different elements of each language, nor till the last term but one devoted to Greek, does he receive a word of instruction upon the modes, without a thorough knowledge of which it is impossible at all to comprehend the language. A similar usage prevails in Latin, and in either case the tendencies of the system are obvious. Vain will be the attempt of one to translate a language while ignorant of the chief element of its structure, and profitless the labor expended upon a great extent of text while his knowledge of principles remains so limited. Nor is the case bettered when further advances are made into the domain of grammatical rules, unless these be viewed in their proper connections and combinations. If principles once learned are kept constantly before the mind, and the modifications impressed upon them by other principles are carefully noted, the learner will soon grasp the structure of a language. But withdrawn from the attention, they soon vanish from memory, or retained unused their mutual relations remain unperceived, and they stand out an incoherent, unconnected, barren mass of facts, lumbering the mind with fatal weights instead of winging it for skyward flights. True, familiarity with the vocabulary of a foreign language, joined to a slight acquaintance with its syntax, may enable one to render easy authors passably. Yet in the absence of a definite knowledge of each and every element in all its relations, translation inevitably becomes confused and uncertain—the precise difficulty of the student of Yale. Moreover, essential truths lie neglected till the last, so that under ordinary circumstances he continues miserably equipped throughout the course. The student is shut off from all thorough and satisfactory knowledge, and do we wonder that enthusiasm finally dies out of his breast, and that unable to surmount the obstacles in his pathway, he lags listlessly behind and at length withdraws in disgust from the race?

It would be unfair to suppose that a method so radically faulty, was at the outset deliberately adopted. The system springs legitimately from an attempt to hurry over too much ground, and till this be

checked the evil will continue. Translation, however rough and uncouth, is exalted into painful prominence, while the length of lessons precludes the possibility of thoroughness. Many things essential to a proper understanding of the text must go unnoticed.

Reviews are also sacrificed to this spirit of haste, and what is superficially learned one day to be glanced at the next, soon fades from the memory. The pages of last week look as unfamiliar as those of next. Joined to so vague and fleeting an acquisition, the knowledge of principles partakes largely of the prevailing evanescence. In short, no thorough knowledge can come from such a course. Consequently the characteristic beauty of the classics must be entirely ignored, for a perfect translation is incompatible with imperfect knowledge. It matters not how rough or inelegant a version be, if it contains the outline of the thought, and ungrammatical, unidiomatic English is daily used in our recitation rooms in a way that ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the youngest tyro. No attempt is made to reproduce the form of the original. We get the mere skeleton, stripped of rounded life and grace. Read in this way, no culture, no discipline rewards the pursuit of the classics, and we may count as wasted the time spent in dabbling with them. Yet such is the system at Yale, and its results accord with its character. No thorough knowledge of the ancient writings, no appreciation of their beauties, no enthusiasm in their behalf, but well nigh universal ignorance and indifference! When College is over, they are flung aside, never to be re-opened, and with them is flung away the labor of life's best years. The pernicious errors of this system will be more clearly apprehended from contrast with what appears to be the true theory of instruction.

In learning a language, the first object should not be to translate, but to ground one's self thoroughly in the principles of its structure. Till these be mastered, translation cannot proceed with profit. The time of the student should not, then, be consumed in running over a great extent of text, examining into principles separately and unconnectedly. But at first, paramount attention should be given to principles, proceeding with the text slowly and with searching thoroughness. Confine the lesson to a short passage, a few lines if need be, and in them let not a single point escape scrutiny. Whatever topic has not been treated in the grammar already read, should receive a full oral explanation from the teacher. Indeed, these two modes of instruction must be combined constantly. What folly to suppose that important matters may be neglected with safety, because they chance to fall last in the grammar! Never pass a point

till it be thoroughly understood. Long and careful reviews should also form a prominent feature of the daily routine, and ample time be allowed for their preparation. It is only by thus dwelling upon principles, that they are made familiar and permanent possessions. The text becomes fixed in the memory, and with it the principles illustrated by its structure. It becomes a grammar,—a grammar, too, full of life and meaning, to which the student refers every difficulty encountered in his progress. Advancing thus, all the essential elements of a language can be as completely mastered in thirty pages as in three thousand, frequent application rendering them perfectly familiar. Translation now becomes a pleasure instead of a task, and can be pushed with great rapidity and with real profit. The knowledge acquired in a few months, exceeds in exactness and value the medley of classical lore which garnishes the minds of many students to the day of graduation. Henceforth he works intelligently and successfully, diving deeper each day, and constantly exhilarated by the richness of his discoveries. Difficulties vanish at his approach and yield up the beauties which they concealed. Every question directly or remotely suggested by the text is a fair question, nor should lessons ever be so long as to excuse their neglect.

But ability to answer every question, should by no means satisfy the ambition of the student. Extensive and accurate knowledge should evince itself in the translation. Care should be taken that the rendering may mirror the form of the original as well as represent its meaning. Much of the value of classical literature lies in beauty of expression. It is chiefly as works of art, faultlessly perfect even in the minutest detail, that the ancient writings claim our attention. Disregard this quality, and you lose what is best in them. Accordingly the translator should aim specially at elegance. Carefully noting how the arrangement of paragraphs, the flexibility of moods, the delicate shading of words and their position, all contribute to the forcible and beautiful utterance of the thought, let the student mould his English version after the same model, bearing in mind the while that the genius of the two languages is essentially different, and that the beauties of one cannot be literally reproduced in the other. Nothing is more at variance with good taste than an exact rendering of foreign idioms. Idioms are the outgrowth of peculiar and distinguishing principles of languages, and are, therefore, the very portions which will not bear transplanting. No rule is more frequently violated in the class-room. Loose, vulgar and meaningless expressions daily grate upon the ear, and the pride that would elsewhere cry out

against them, is cowed into silence by the countenance of authority. The real object of classical studies seems forgotten. Doubtless the classics are of value as a means of mental discipline. But whence will come the discipline, if we disregard their characteristic virtues? In the first place, clear insight into every point of structure is essential. Yet this only paves the way for a clear, faithful and elegant translation. It is in grasping the delicate shades of meaning so as to reproduce them truthfully, in the careful adjustment of every expression and in the diligent search after adequate words, that the various powers of the mind are exercised and strengthened. Hence spring habits of close and discriminating thought, a cultivated taste, facility of expression. So constantly are the varied faculties in use that we may reasonably view with distrust the attempt to substitute the sciences for the classics as studies of discipline. The sciences do not tend to produce a uniform development. Certain attributes essential to a well ordered mind they do not aim to cultivate, while these receive a just share of attention in the classics. The two departments, it is true, are rather correlative, each supplementing the deficiencies of the other. Yet for the college course, aiming as it does at the expansion of all the powers, the classics combine the greater number of excellencies and cannot safely be dispensed with.

Many persons incline to refer the decline of scholarship to external causes. They find its source in a general disinclination for study, fostered by the rise of other objects of attention, not an unnatural occurrence in a community composed solely of young men. Often the prevalent use of translations is alleged as a leading cause, and some have imagined that the importation from Germany of musty authors unknown to the collection of Mr. Bohn, would sap at once the foundations of poor scholarship. But the real cause lies deeper, and the causes alleged are but superficial outgrowths of the inward malady. To a thorough student, "a pony" is an incumbrance rather than a help, for he can make better time on foot than in the saddle. To hasty superficiality we are indebted for the disgraceful ignorance which invites the use of artificial aids.

Turning to the mathematics we discover the same tendency toward haste. Of all fields exhaustive thoroughness is here essential. Full of stern logic, the mathematics subject the mind to the most rigorous processes of thought, and satisfactory conclusions can come only through a thorough understanding of every step from beginning to end. Nor in these processes can the mind be hurried. It must have time to digest every point and to work out conclusions for itself. But

the slurring instead of the thorough process, is very tempting and prevalent. The habit of memorizing, of getting an external and not an internal view, is readily acquired. We have known persons to memorize whole books, becoming facile at recitation, without any apprehension of the why and wherefore. It is this tendency against which we have to guard. Lessons should be of such length that no disposition to slide over difficulties can reasonably arise, and to guard against barren superficiality the instructor should make use of the most searching questions. Moreover, principles should be dwelt upon and enforced by frequent example, till they become familiar as household words. A world of truth is contained in the old maxim, "line upon line, precept upon precept." On the recurrence of these principles the student is prepared to apply them instantly, and to proceed triumphantly and joyously to logical results. Otherwise, recourse will be had to the memorizing process. Hence arises the great difficulty experienced in the higher mathematics. The student, unfamiliar with the principles over which he has already passed, and of which his present studies presuppose a knowledge, can make little headway. Demonstrations become confused and unfathomable, whereas, being mainly deductions from previous theorems, they would appear clear and simple, had these theorems been mastered at the proper time. Indeed, from this source springs the prevalent dislike of all mathematical pursuits. The mind relishes nothing more keenly than a lucid and elegant demonstration of a mathematical truth. Every one can testify to the pleasure sometimes experienced in following a proposition of Euclid where the successive steps are clear and distinct. We believe that equal pleasure will reward a proper pursuit in any field. The more difficult and complicated the process, and the greater the mental effort requisite, the more complete will be the satisfaction of the final triumph. The science should be studied as it has been built up, rising step by step through combinations of previous principles. Its rigorous discipline would then prove invaluable, while at present we lose much of the good which we might derive from it. Particularly do we look back upon the mathematics of sophomore year as dark uninteresting regions, unconscious of any benefit from our journey through them. True, their frequent repetition gives us some idea of the facts there eliminated, but a living appreciation of them, the majority of us do not possess, and as a consequence we have been forced to accept too much upon authority in our subsequent studies. We fail of that clear conception of Philosophy, Astronomy and cognate branches, which comes from grasping fully their funda-

mental elements, and which alone can make them permanent and valuable possessions.

These remarks apply with great force to the subordinate studies of the course. Three times the allotted period would be wholly inadequate for the mastery of Logic. When French is learned in "six easy lessons," then possibly Logic may be in *twelve*; or when a knowledge of Euclid is gathered from a few scattered captions, then a few detached definitions may unfold to the learner the whole science of reason. Till that day the time thus wasted will be better employed in recreation.

Scarcely an individual enters college but thirsts for information upon the subject of Chemistry. Chemistry is one of those arts, which, as Herbert Spencer says, pertain to living, and a desire to investigate its mysteries is irrepressible. Yet scarcely a person leaves college, knowing aught or likely after to learn ought of this science. Our slight dabbings in it uniformly breed disgust. Yet it possesses great fascination for those who have bestowed upon it time and attention sufficient for its comprehension. We, however, after some dozen recitations, are supposed to have taken a thorough survey of its broad field, and corresponding demands are made upon us. Nothing could be more absurd; and the mind naturally recoils from this forcing process. Chemistry possesses such practical utility that its importance cannot be well overestimated, and sufficient time might profitably be allotted to insure its mastery. Otherwise banish it from the calendar. A subject of this nature, if untouched, will always invite investigation, and commenced under favorable circumstances, may prove of inestimable benefit. After the disgust of one failure, however, the chances are that it will ever afterward remain neglected.

What then is the general tendency of the college course? Of real knowledge we cannot expect to acquire a great deal during the four years spent here. The object is rather to develop the mental powers and fit them for future acquisition, looking well, also, to the cultivation of the taste, that we may be able to wield gracefully the weapons we have won. How far does the system of instruction meet this requirement? Its palpable tendency is toward superficiality. In attempting too much, it does nothing well. This evil crops out everywhere,—an evil fatal to correct and vigorous thought,—infecting the mind with loose and shambling habits, far more easily acquired than extirpated. Still less is superficiality compatible with that refined taste which dives instinctively into the depths where the kernels of truth are hidden. The inevitable conclusion is that the college

in great measure defeats its own design, falling far short of offering to the student the advantages which it promises. Nor, till a radical change be effected, will Yale ever send forth classes of vigorous and polished thinkers. The best commentary on the present system is found in the utter lack of enthusiasm for study which pervades the community, and in the too frequent separation of literary and scholastic honors. The two ought to be associated to a degree that success in scholarship is accepted as a guarantee of eminence in after life. The leading classical scholar of England graces a high seat in the state, and nearly all prominent positions are filled by graduates of her universities. In America there is a growing distrust of colleges. Men perceive that our national haste fails to succeed in this sphere, and while so many others are opening where young men are trained thoroughly for the duties of life, the idea gains ground that a college education possesses little real utility. It is to be feared that Yale contributes her share to the formation of such an opinion. Let her look well to her laurels, if she would lead the van of American colleges, and rear up sons who shall prove an honor to her name. W.

Pythagoras and Daniel in Babylon.

MORE than two thousand years ago, according to the testimony of ancient historians, a Greek philosopher and a Hebrew prophet met in the city of Babylon. That city was then at the height of its greatness. As the capital of the Babylonian empire, nearly all western Asia was subject to its sway. Greece was hardly yet heard of among the nations. The early glory of Egypt was fading away, and Babylon divided with her the learning and power of the world. In the progress of her arms toward the west, she had destroyed the nationality of the Hebrews, and scattered that people throughout her empire. A few of their learned men, and among them Daniel, were admitted into the mysteries of the Babylonian religion. History also makes it probable that Pythagoras was admitted to converse with the most learned of the land, and to compare his ideas upon all subjects which interest men, with the ideas of the Babylonian sages and the

Hebrew prophet. Here, then, we have the representatives of three distinct civilizations of the ancient world, their systems of government, morals and religion.

The government of Babylon was strictly despotic. The king was supreme. His word was law. The power of life and death was in his hands, and the highest of his subjects had no appeal from his arbitrary decisions. It was the patriarchal idea carried to its farthest limit absolute power on the one hand and absolute obedience on the other. But while the absolute authority of the patriarch over his children remained, paternal love was wholly forgotten. The people were not his children but his slaves. Passing most of his time in the seraglio, the monarch made his own pleasure and the gratification of his own passions the great object of his life, neglecting the good of his people and the welfare of his kingdom. The boundless resources of the empire, situated where

"The gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"

enabled these monarchs to gratify every desire of a depraved and sensual soul, so that they have become for all succeeding ages examples of debauchery and sensuality. The people were not slow to follow the example of their sovereign, and they too reveled in every species of luxury. For the rude hut of barbarians they built splendid edifices, decorated with all that wealth could supply or art invent. For the wooden and brazen vessels of other nations they substituted gold, silver and ivory. Under such circumstances the passions could not fail to be unnaturally developed. Woman was degraded to her lowest condition, and everything conspired to mark Babylon as the type of sensuality. From this country that stream of corruption flowed which in later ages, sweeping westward, involved Greece, and afterward Rome, in final overthrow. The religion of this people corresponded with their morals. Customs the most revolting were made a part of religious worship. The inherent ideas of religion implanted in the human mind had been fearfully distorted and corrupted. From a religion which we may suppose at first to have been comparatively pure, they had degenerated into the grossest idolatry. Their principal deity was Bel, supposed to have been the founder of the city. A lofty temple was erected to this deity, far higher than the pyramids of Egypt and, perhaps, identical with that tower whose top was to have reached into the heavens. From the summit of this temple, during many generations, the priests of Bel watched the mysterious movements of the heavenly bodies. Here their vivid imaginations

pictured those myriad shapes with which they peopled the heavens. The universal desire of mankind to look into the future, led them to seek a revelation of its secrets from the movements of the stars. Here they devised a system by which they pretended to have power to reveal the fates of men and to determine the leading events of a life from the position of the stars at its beginning. To the planets Jupiter and Venus they assigned a benign influence, while Mars and Saturn indicated evil. This college of Priests, like all other classes of men, was wholly under the control of the king, and no stranger could be admitted to its mysteries without his permission.

After the overthrow of Jerusalem, Daniel was brought, by command of the king, into this sacred body. He was of a nation which had, in the days of David and Solomon, extended its conquests as far as the Euphrates, but now, its glory was departed. No longer conquerors, they had become the conquered people. God had at last brought upon them that punishment for their sins which had been so often denounced. Their homes were desolate; their fields were uncultivated; their cities were overthrown; their land enjoyed its Sabbaths which they in their prosperity had denied it; their "holy and beautiful house," where their fathers praised the Lord, was "burned up with fire, and all their pleasant things were laid waste," and the people were gone into captivity. From these forlorn captives were selected, probably from the royal family, a few persons, that they might be instructed in the learning of the East. They were especially selected as men of wisdom and ability, well acquainted with the principles of their own government and religion. Their idea of government was peculiar and different from that in which they were now placed. From the time of Saul the government of the nation had been monarchical, but the true Hebrew never lost sight of the theocracy. That God, who had chosen them as his peculiar people, and had established their national existence, was ever thought of as the true Head of their government. "By Him kings reigned and princes shewed justice." Manifesting himself in the shekinah, and making known his will by means of his priests and prophets, he was no less regarded the true Sovereign of his people under the good kings of the line of David, than when the judges ruled over the land. Daniel was an admirable type of true Hebrew character. He was distinguished for his deep and abiding reverence for God and his law as supreme. If that law conflicted with human ordinances, he was never at a loss which should be obeyed. Regardless of consequences, he made the law of God his only rule of action. In this course he was sustained

by an unshaken faith in the power of God to protect him in any emergency, and hence he derived that firmness with which he persevered in the path of duty, and that courage with which on so many occasions he addressed his sovereign; as when he interpreted to the terrified Belshazzar the fearful meaning of the hand-writing on the wall. He was plain and open in all his dealings. He cared not for concealment and never used deception. As the Jews of the present day, scattered among all nations of the earth are still a distinct people; so Daniel, amid the luxurious court of Babylon stood alone and uncorrupted, relaxing not one jot from his principles, but clinging with unyielding tenacity to that which gave him character as a Hebrew, the law of his God. The religion which he brought to Babylon was far superior to that to which he was there introduced. Among the Hebrews, by direct revelation, a knowledge of the true God had been preserved from the earliest ages. Idolatry was carefully guarded against. The spiritual nature of God was inculcated. Three times each year the people presented themselves at the temple of the invisible God to render to Him their tribute of sacrifice and adoration. One day in seven was set apart for meditation upon the doctrines of religion, and for teaching them to the rising generation. The indelible seal of circumcision marked the faithful from the surrounding gentile tribes, and the strict prohibitions of the Mosaic law were an effectual check against too free intercourse with external nations. From the midst of such institutions, Daniel was brought into the Babylonian court where he soon rose to a high position. Possessing the true wisdom, he demonstrated his superiority over the arts of the magicians and astrologers, and without doubt improved the opportunity thus given him of spreading a knowledge of the true God among that heathen people.

At this point another character is introduced. A philosopher of Greece, with that burning thirst for knowledge which characterized his people, after having drained the fountains of Egyptian learning, seeks still further to enrich his mind with the choicest gems of oriental wisdom. He came as a learner, not to teach but to be taught. He was from among a people distinguished by intellectual activity. That people were indeed yet in the infancy of their existence. The sun of civilization which shone with meridian splendor upon the proud states of Babylonia and Egypt, had but just begun to gild the mountain tops of Greece, that country, the brightness of whose day was yet to eclipse all that had gone before it. He inherited that love of power so natural to the Greek, and so different from the political apathy of

the Asiatic. It was this peculiarity of the Grecian mind that originated those forms of government, which prevailed among their states, all of which tended more or less toward democracy. They considered man as a being fitted to rule and not merely to obey, and as all could not rule, there arose among them the doctrine of political equality and popular government, an idea whose progress is destined yet to confer, as it has already conferred, numberless benefits upon mankind. Pythagoras was also a bright example of Grecian sobriety and temperance. He viewed the luxurious habits of eastern nations as unworthy of so noble a being as man, and restricted himself to that which nature needed. He was well instructed in the beautiful religious system of his countrymen, who were a people remarkable for their piety. Among them each city had its patron god. Every mountain was presided over by some divinity. The singing groves were musical with the whisper of the dryads. The gushing fountain and the sparkling rill were peopled with innumerable nymphs. Bands of oreads sported over the mountain ridges, and satyrs danced in the shady valleys. The sea god, Poseidon, held sway over the waves, and amid the flame and smoke of the volcano was the forge of Hephaistus, and the Cyclopes his workman. The gloomy realms of death were governed by the stern Hades, who gathered the souls of the brave and the good into the bright fields of the Elysium, but condemned the wicked to the fires of Tartarus. The Furies followed the criminal to the day of his death, while the Graces danced about the hours of joy. From Olympus the high Thunderer issued laws to gods and men, and far above all the awful Moiræ dispensed the fate of the universe. But these idle tales did not satisfy the mind of Pythagoras. It might suffice for the vulgar to adore and pray to zeus, as a god residing upon the summit of Olympus, to fear the wrath of the avenging furies, or listen with breathless awe to the senseless tales of augurs, or the weak verse of pretended oracles; but Pythagoras felt the falsity of all this, and while he recognized the basis of the system as truth, he yet longed for such a system as would satisfy a reasoning, thinking man. Surrounded by darkness and error, he sought the true God. There is something touching in the thought of this heathen philosopher, wandering with restless feet through the earth in search of God, and at last finding in Daniel one who could teach him the long sought wisdom, and then rejecting it. The God of the Hebrews was not the God of the Grecian philosopher. As in later ages Christ, so in that age Jehovah, was to the Greeks "foolishness." After comparing the religious belief of the Egyptians with

that of the eastern nations, Pythagoras formed his own opinions upon God and his worship, and upon the existence and condition of the soul. His mathematical mind reduced all things in nature to perfect order and symmetry. Everything depended upon number, and all sprang ultimately from one. Ranged around the great unit, each in its proper place and corresponding with its fixed number, was everything in the universe. He thus, doubtless, unconsciously anticipated by more than twenty centuries, the beautiful discoveries of modern science, by which it has been shown that the arrangement of the leaves about the stem of a plant, the laws of crystalization, and the disposition of the heavenly bodies, may all be referred to the same arithmetical expressions. The inexplicable movements of the stars, which so perplexed the minds of the Chaldean astrologers, he reduced to perfect order, and claimed the high honor of being alone among mortals permitted to hear the celestial harmony of the spheres. Nor was this the only claim of superiority over the rest of mankind which he put forth.

"Above the petty passions of the crowd
He stood in frozen marble like a God."

He aspired to infallibility and taught his followers to take his words as decisive upon all occasions. From his position of pretended superiority he gave forth doctrines which he intended should contain much of mystery, and to our eyes do contain much of folly. He indeed rightly considered the soul as always

"Progressing, never reaching to the end,"

yet he strangely supposed the path of progress to lie through the brute creation, as if the soul of man could be elevated by inhabiting the form of a brute. Perhaps from his acquaintance with the Jewish system, through Daniel, he derived the numerous restrictions which he laid upon his followers in regard to their food.

Many ages after the time of Pythagoras, a distinguished Latin poet sang of a person, then expected to appear upon the earth, and restore the golden age of Saturn's reign. Although Pythagoras taught no such doctrine, yet who can say that he may not have discussed with his disciples the strange ideas of the Hebrew prophet which he had met in Babylon, and although he may have given no more credit to the prophecy of a Saviour uttered by Daniel, than he would have given to the ravings of the Delphic priestess, or the uncertain predictions of astrology, yet perhaps this was the true origin of that popular belief, about the time of Christ, which possessed just enough of

vagueness to admit of being wrought into a beautiful poem by the master hand of Virgil. The prevalence of the same idea in the East may perhaps also be traced to the influence of Daniel. He did not indeed introduce the Hebrew religion into that country, but such worship was established as God was willing to honor when the time of the prophecy was fulfilled, by sending the Star of the East to direct the Magi to "Him that was born King of the Jews."

Ages have now passed away, the city of Babylon has crumbled into dust and the relics of its former greatness have perished forever. The stern despotism of its government is being more and more modified by the Grecian idea of political equality. Man has ceased to be the slave of government and is becoming his own ruler. But there is yet another step to be taken in advance of this. The turmoil and strife of the world shows that perfection in government is yet far from being reached. It will be reached when a universal theocracy shall be established; its only law the law of love. The religious institutions of that age too have passed away. The lofty temple of Belus is level with the plain, and the stars roll nightly over its ruins, unwatched by the eye of magician or astrologer. The beautiful mythology of Greece is remembered only as a fairy tale. The winds still murmur through the trees, but the voice of the dryad is hushed. The fountains sparkle as of old, but the nymphs are laid asleep forever. The oareds course no more over the mountains, and the satyrs have ceased to dance through the groves. The voice of the Thunderer is hushed forever, and the stern Moiræ no longer give forth their decrees. These "beautiful creations of fiction" do indeed

"In the web of the poet
Still hold sway o'er the heart;
People still the hoary forests,
And in haunted grottos
Disport to the eye of fancy."

But their power to influence the lives of men is gone. The Hebrew system too is a thing of the past. The streets of Jerusalem are trodden by the feet of the gentiles, and the fire on the altar of God no longer consumes the morning and evening sacrifice. A miserable remnant of this ancient people, scattered through the earth, still cling to the lifeless forms of that religion, but its types have found their prototype in Christ, and, though neglected by his people, the religion which he established is gradually subduing the earth to its sway. And thus the world slowly rises to a higher and a higher level. Thus it slowly advances toward perfection; and, as the soul through its

various transmigrations, so the world through every revolution, through every age of darkness and through every hard fought battle for the truth, steadily approaches

"One grade, one step, one cycle nearer God."

O. H.

More Chit-chat.

YALE "STYLE."

ANY one who has witnessed the annual boat race at Worcester, cannot fail to remember the marked difference in one respect between the Yale style of pulling, and that of Harvard. Superior gracefulness characterizes the latter. It is true that this is easily accounted for. The facilities for wherry pulling, and its consequent prevalence at Cambridge, make it much easier for a trained crew to pull with that long, easy, elastic stroke which gives such an appearance of grace and symmetry. But nevertheless I could not help thinking after the race in '65, when Yale won such laurels, that the two crews and their respective ways of rowing were good representative types of the two colleges: Yale, with plenty of backbone and muscle, but somewhat scornful of appearances, and Harvard, not without the same substantial qualities, yet preëminent for her attention to the polish which contributes so much to general effect. And without knowing how far the contrast between the colleges, if carried out, would continue noticeable, one cannot fail to remark how the Yale characteristic pervades everything. The course of instruction marked out by the faculty notoriously pays very little attention to belles lettres. The instruction in Rhetoric, which properly pertains to manner rather than matter, is very meager. Yale declamation is, generally speaking, ungraceful, and often really uncouth. Even our physical training shows the same character. One very seldom sees good gymnastic performances beyond the raising of weights and swinging of clubs; and in boating, as I have said, our whole attention is directed to the development of muscle. In society, the manners of most Yale students are anything but polished.

On many accounts it is a great pity, I think, that this should be as

it is. The Yale training is doubtless, in the main, remarkably thorough and good. We want men in this country,—thinking, practical, liberal. And such men Yale is very well calculated to produce. In fact she is preëminently an American college. But while she embodies American virtues so admirably, would it not be well if she could add thereto the culture in which much that is decidedly American is lacking?

Consider, for instance, the Yale standard of correct style in composition. Method and perspicuity, if I mistake not, are looked upon, and justly too, as the characteristics most to be sought after. For young writers this, in many respects, is a good standard, for it tends to prune off what is superfluous and bombastic. But its effects do not stop here. What is really invaluable to the writer, imaginative, force, and power of illustration, fall too decidedly into the background. We are apt to forget that a writer, in order to have his productions read, must present them in popular form. Unless, indeed, they be scientific in their character, no amount of originality or philosophy will compensate for lack of intrinsic interest. For in that case the works will not be read, and their contents might as well have remained where they originated, in the author's brain. Much of our chapel preaching, it seems to me, fails in this respect. While anything like attempt at display or ostentatious rhetoric, is in bad taste, and fatal to the right kind of effect, it is also true that a lack of attractiveness so great as not to keep the attention of the audience, is even more fatal. What rendered Prof. Mitchell so famous, even as a scientific man, was not more his astronomical genius than his power of presenting to others, in an interesting way, the results of his investigations.

One of the greatest resources for a writer of almost any class, professional or not, is a good stock of general information,—not in regard to matters of the day, simply, but historical and literary. How often in the description of a man, for instance, is an allusion to some of Dickens' well-known characters, more telling and appropos than the most elaborate of descriptions. How often an apt quotation adds perspicuity and vivacity to something in itself abstruse. How often by such means can a writer avoid tiresome circumlocutions. Now ought not a college like Yale, that sends out so many professional men who will have much to write in the course of their lives, to do something toward stimulating and directing and cultivating literary taste? And yet how insufficient and spiritless is our study of English literature. How closely we keep to the text-book which at best ought to be but

a general guide to the instructor, which he may wander from as much and as often as the wants of the pupils make necessary. Not only would more generous instruction be of great benefit personally to the students, but it would do much toward counteracting in our writing such tendency toward inattention to what concerns form.

The cultivation of good manners, again, ought not to be so utterly ignored by the student genus as it is now. It is not to be expected that a sophomore, brim full of spirits, will be in all respects a model of politeness; or that a junior will be thoroughly posted in etiquette. There is something really healthful in the boisterous, rollicking life of students. It is the natural outflow of high spirits, that would find vent in other and more objectionable ways, were there too great constraint imposed. But this is not at all inconsistent with a true spirit of courtesy and consideration. A man's personal address in life has no small place in determining his position. One who goes through life as a rowdy goes through a crowd, elbowing his own way without regard to others, by his very air brusquely asserting his indifference to their opinion, won't ingratiate himself into the good graces of people at all rapidly. All students are under a disadvantage in this respect,—they are without the realm of domestic life and domestic influences. These "dens" of ours are grand places for solid work and jolly times, but not calculated to cultivate the more graceful virtues. It is a real and great misfortune that we are so much out of the sphere of woman's influence. Purifying, refining, elevating,—it is what the rugged nature of man needs, and that much more while in the course of development and formation than after the character has shaped itself into the unyielding mould of habit. Worse than this, the habit of considering self so entirely, as men do in college, in the minor things of life, tends really toward selfishness,—a trait which is as certainly detected in the petty daily occurrences of life as in its crises.

Welcome then, say we, to the Art building, swept and garnished, bleak, empty though it be! There it stands in its glory, an abiding invitation to more liberal advances in what concerns generous culture. We trust its erection is the harbinger of a permanent change in the course presented by mother Yale, that shall impart to her sons somewhat of grace as well as the robust vigor that is now their unmistakeable characteristic.

That Autumn Day.

A REMINISCENCE OF "TOM BROWN AT OXFORD."

I.

We were strolling in the forest
On that bright October day,
When the Autumn leaves were falling,
Tinged with colors bright and gay ;
And, the gentle breezes sighing
Wafted them from tree to tree,
And they chased each other onward
Like to Elves in merry glee ;
And the mammoth oaks above us
Cast around a pleasing shade,
But, a tiny beam of sunlight
Peeped within the everglade,
And it showed the mossy couches
Circling 'round the forest kings
And the boughs from whence the songster
In the morn his carol sings.
It was like a scene in Eden,
All was bright beneath the skies,
But of all, to me the brightest
Was the light from Mary's eyes.
Oh ! she was an angel creature,
With those eyes of peerless blue,
Full of love and fun and meaning,
Yet with trust so honest, true.
Such a form a Sculptor worships,
Such a face a God would love,
With its rosy cheeks so beaming,
And that Parian brow above.
Then that saucy mouth, so tempting,
With its lips of ruby red,
Hiding pearly teeth beneath them ;
" Kiss me if you dare ! " it said.
Such was Mary on that morning—
Brightest morning of the year ;
Happy was I, as I wandered,
With that lovely maiden near.
On we strolled, and laughed, and chatted,
Heedless of the passing hours,
And I praised the lovely Summer,

With its noble wealth of flowers,
But fair Mary loved the Autumn,
With its heather, and its fern ;
Then, I too adored the Autumn,
So did love my fancies turn.
Near us stood some lofty bushes,
Covered with their tinted leaves.
While I plucked the radiant leaflets
Mary wove them into wreaths.
Then I caught the higher branches,
And I bent them to her hand ;
And I watched her graceful ringlets,
By the gentle zephyrs fanned.
And her sunny eyes were sparkling
As she laughed in merry glee ;
Ah ! a joyous, happy couple,
On that Summer day, were we.
Then she, fearless as a Dryad,
Sprang upon a lofty bank,
And she culled the woodland flowers—
All the rest to me is blank,
For the next that I remember
Was a pained, a startled cry ;
Heavens ! how it pierced my bosom,
Yet, thank God that I was nigh.
On the ground the maid was lying,
Swift I darted to her side—
“ What has happened ? tell me darling.”
“ Oh, my ankle !” Mary cried.
Then the flush of pain was mounting
And suffused her lovely brow—
How I longed to stay her suffering,
But, alas, I knew not how.
While I stood thus hesitating,
Knowing not what I could do,
Mary, though the pain oppressed her,
Read my troubled bosom through.
Then, in vain, she stretching forward
Strove her gaiter to unlace,
While a maiden blush was mantling
O'er her pained and troubled face.
“ Have you got a knife ?” she faltered,
To me kneeling by her side.
“ Oh, how much my gaiter pains me !”
“ Will you cut the lace ?” she cried.
Ah ! how then my hand did tremble,
Oh ! how fast my heart did beat,

As I cut the lace that hampered
One of those sweet little feet.
Wonder not, I cut the stocking,
Marvel, then, that that was all!
Such a trying situation,
What less could to me befall?
Off I drew the dainty gaiter,
Fondly held it in my clasp,
And her pretty foot, so tiny,
Lay revealed upon the grass.
But shall I then, gentle hearer,
Tell you all that happened then,
How I bound that wounded ankle,
(Think of that, romantic men;)
How she tried to walk on homewards,
How she leaned upon my arm,
How her ankle pained so badly
That she sank back in alarm,
How I wished to bring assistance,
Hastening backward to her home,
How those frightened eyes besought me
Not to leave her "all alone."
But one way is left, dear Mary,
"May I carry you?" I cried.
Mary's eyes gazed full upon me,
Grew her cheek with crimson dyed,
But that glance told her to trust me.
"Won't I weary you?" said she.
"Nay, e'en were you twice as heavy,
I would bear you willingly."
Then I lifted her as gently
As a lover e'er could do,
And I took the pathway homeward,
Treading all its mazes through.
Fast my heart beat in my bosom,
For, in all her youthful charms,
Lay a pure, a lovely maiden,
Resting on my willing arms.
Passing through the forest's tangles
On I walked with careful tread,
Guarding lest some hurt befall her
From the branches wide outspread;
Sometimes resting 'neath the shadow
Of an oak towering o'erhead;
Where the purple violets clustered
On their soft and mossy bed.
Thus I bore my beauteous burden

Through the openings in the wood
Till we reached a humble cottage
Which upon the highway stood.
Where the good old beldame bustling
Sought her cupboards high and low,
For her "world-renowned Elixir,"
Said to cure all ills below.
Then I laid the suffering maiden
In a huge, old-fashioned chair,
And I sent the good old beldame
Off to bring the carriage there.
When we two were left together
Truly, I could not resist,
Suddenly I bent towards her,
On her lips I pressed a kiss.
Back I strode into the forest,
To the well remembered place,
And I found the tattered gaiter,
And with it the mangled lace;
And those relics dear, I cherished,
Nearest to my heart them laid,
And I swore, if I was able,
I would win that lovely maid.

II.

We were strolling in the forest
On a bright and balmy day,
When the Spring was in its glory,
In the lovely month of May;
In the golden month of Marriage,
Fragrant with its many flowers
Scattered through the noble forest,
Forming perfect houri bowers;
When the birds were singing gaily,
From the branches high and low,
And the wavy foliage rustled,
Gently driven to and fro
By the breezes soft and balmy,
Wafted from the distant hills;
While the sparkling water murmured
Flowing in the tiny rills.
Once again I stood with Mary
On that well remembered ground,
Where the accident had happened,
Where the tattered boot I found;
And we talked of that bright morning—
Happiest morn to me on earth—

When the winged God first touched us,
When our young love had its birth.
And we blessed that sprained ankle,
As we stood there side by side,
For by it to us was given
Her, a husband, me, a bride.
Joy and peace shine bright before us,
Care and sorrow leave our way,
But till Lethe's stream rolls o'er us
Shall we bless that Autumn day.

J. M. V.

The Rose-Bush.

EVERY heart is sympathetic to the touch of song. We laugh at the convivial glee and are saddened to tears at the sorrowful swell of the solemn dirge. Our smiles at the jovial chorus are toned to soberness by the measured hymn. The Swiss' "Farewell" awakes his love of home; British patriotism has an ever ready response to "God save the Queen"; and the stirring appeal of the "Marsaillaise" has, ere now, drenched France with blood. In all ages, the praises of love and wine, in the ballad, have found a home in every heart.

Ballad poetry may not comprise the highest flights of imagination, nor the noblest inspirations of genius; yet it embraces, unquestionably, some of the sweetest, most tender and touching strains of the muse. And reasonably is this so. Subjects which are of common interest to men, when sung in a simple and pleasing verse, cannot fail to excite our feelings and arouse our sympathies; and the songs which best shadow forth our hopes and fears and passions, which best tell the story of our hearts and lives, these are the songs we love the most. We delight to recall them to mind, to dwell upon their remembrance, to repeat them to ourselves and to our friends. We hear them with pleasure unalloyed, and seldom weary with listening.

Now the enjoyment which we commonly experience in the remembrance or recital of our favorite ballads, is a sensuous one. Not

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entirely so, perhaps, for the indulgence in this pleasure tends in many cases, to refine the feelings and purify the heart ; yet that higher and more intellectual enjoyment which may be derived from our best songs, is one which, though easy to be reached, we still frequently neglect. Too often we are content that our ear should be pleased with the rythmical flow and melodious cadence of the verse, or our fancy stimulated by loved associations and tender recollections. Satisfied with this, we do not attend to the structure of the poem, apprehend its poetic beauties, nor appreciate the genius it displays. I believe this results usually from thoughtlessness, seldom from indifference or ignorance ; and that most people need but a word of reminder, and they will strive to reach this new world of profit and pleasure.

It is true that some object to a minute analysis of a poem. A poem they regard as something to be admired, to be felt, to be loved. They shrink from what they consider a profanation of an object which they revere. In the same way they shudder when we pick to pieces a delicate and beautiful flower in order to examine its inner structure. Such an act to them evinces a total lack of sentiment, and can be performed only by one who is devoid of the finer sensibilities. One who would thus analyze a musical composition, they would regard with unmitigated contempt. These human sensitive plants, in their sedulous care for the beautiful, fail to grasp the ideal of perfection. They narrow the sphere of sensation, neglect to educate a true taste, and thus defeat their own object. Flowers please by their fragrance, the delicacy of their tints, and the harmonious dispositions of color which their blended hues may produce ; and the enjoyment they thus afford has undoubtedly a refining influence upon our nature. But when we have analyzed the blossom with care, studied its parts and their functions, learned the wonderful adaptation they possess to the purposes for which they were designed, observed the extreme delicacy of construction of every part and the marvellous symmetry of the whole, we are then carried irresistibly into a higher world of sensation. As we gaze upon the perfection of beauty in its union with utility, we are brought for the first time, perhaps, to look through nature up to nature's God. Nor do we, by this, lose our former sources of pleasure. The rose is not a whit less sweet than before, the lily no less fair, nor the violet less lovely, because we have analyzed their parts and can, in a measure, comprehend the wondrous mystery of their structure. On the contrary, the more sensuous enjoyment which we at first experienced through the fragrance, the beauty and the modesty of the

flower, is heightened into a more refined and intellectual appreciation of these ministers of delight. Thus it is with music and thus with song. If our favorite ballad is really good, approximately perfect, the closest analysis will serve only to reveal beauties which before lay concealed, and the profanation will be in reality an act of worship. These thoughts have been suggested by a song which, to our mind, is the most exquisite little gem which we have ever seen. It is fit to deck the coronet of a poet laureate. Though a translation from the German, we venture to say it has lost little, if any, of its original beauty by being transplanted from its native soil. Here it is :

" A child sleeps under a Rose-Bush fair ;
The buds swell out in the soft May air ;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years go by.

" A maiden stands by the Rose-Bush fair ;
The dewy blossoms perfume the air ;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.
And the years go by.

" A mother kneels by the Rose-Bush fair ;
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air ;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years go by.

" Naked and lone stands the Rose-Bush fair ;
Whirled are its leaves in the autumn air ;
Withered and dead, they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.
And the years go by."

Passing over those beauties which are at once apparent, the simplicity of style, the precision of language, the entire absence of epithet and all redundant words, the melody and symmetry of the verses, let us endeavor to realize that higher appreciation which we may derive from a careful analysis of our flower.

Observe its sublimity of conception. It is an epitome of the life-journey, one of the grandest themes for human contemplation. And how beautifully is the conception embodied ! It is presented in the natural periods of life, and with masterly genius are selected the

crowning characteristics of each. The sweet repose of infancy's pure dream ; the tumultuous joy of youth's first passion ; the tender yearnings of parental love ; the solemn silence of the grave. Metaphysicians have noticed, that in sleep the most assiduously trained countenances lose that guarded expression which contact with a designing world tends to foster. Repose sets its seal of security upon the brow, and kindly relieves the sentinels which, in our waking hours, stand guard at the portals of our thoughts. If slumber thus frees men from the corroding cares of life, elevates them above the imperfections of human nature, and purges them of carnal impurities, how pure the sleep of infancy, which, fresh from the hand of God, has not yet imbibed the contaminations of a fallen world ! The thoughts of this innocent being, soaring aloft in dream to sport with the spirits who wing their happy flight amid the abodes of celestial bliss, how angelic ! * * *

The love of youth also is in itself a purifying, an ennobling passion. It is not merely an instinct. It is a spontaneous fulfillment of one of Heaven's great laws—the drawing of the tie which unites two kindred spirits. But woman is by nature, possibly, and certainly by culture, a being more pure and innocent than man. Her nature is uncontaminated with a knowledge of those vices with which every boy becomes but too familiar. When a creature of such purity, untutored also in love's ways, tastes for the first time the sweets of requited affection, we may well imagine her "enraptured" with the blessing. * * *

June passes. Maidenhood has ripened into maternity. Parental affection is portrayed in the unselfish love of a mother, as she kneels in prayer at the foot of the bush around which cluster so many of her remembered joys. Hopes have given way to fears ; confidence to anxiety ; anticipations of a joyous future to saddened recollections of the past. The tears which dim a mother's eyes, well up from the undefiled depths of a mother's heart. * * *

The years go by. *The dust has returned to the earth as it was ; and the spirit has returned unto God who gave it.*

Besides the figures employed and the scenes depicted, especially to be noted, are the harmonious surroundings in which each scene is placed. Above the child, sleeping in the helplessness of infancy, the buds of promise swell out under the soft influences of the "merry month of May." Around the maiden, standing erect in all the vigor of youth and passion, the full-blown roses, as they tremble in the early morning light, shed a perfumed spray of dew, like incense. As the shades of evening darken over the grass, the passing breezes and

the rose-leaves mingle soft sighs of sympathy with the wounded heart which, kneeling, weeps. The chill blasts of autumn wreath many a garland of withered leaves, fit offerings to strew upon the grave which is marked only by the Rose-Bush, lone and desolate.

These are some of the beauties of this little song. By this analysis, imperfect as it may be, we have shown how easy it is to rise above mere sensuous pleasure, and attain an æsthetic appreciation of ballad poetry. The means for intellectual enjoyment and refining culture are ever at hand if we will but use them. Farther, we have given no more than the song itself really contains—actually expresses. We have not drawn upon our imagination in a single particular, but have tried to set forth as simply and as naturally as was in our power, the legitimate beauties which make this song so pleasing. While we have thus neither added anything to it nor taken aught away, we hope we have increased the pleasure of some few, at least, in hearing it, and have diminished the former enjoyment of none. It is so perfect that the most narrow scrutiny serves but to disclose new beauties. Its perfection seems to rival nature's own handiwork.

We will venture, however, to unfold in a few words, an allegorical idea which our fancy suggests. The "Rose-Bush fair," which appears in every scene, may well be looked upon as symbolizing one of those guardian spirits who, as poets sing, attend us "both when we wake and when we sleep."

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us who succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle fiends to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward."

How tenderly the "Rose-Bush fair" shades the sweet repose of the dreaming child! How hopefully it hangs its buds of promise over her unconscious head. It is a spirit watching and duly guarding the May-time of a human life.

The years go by. Again we see the Guardian Angel mutely striving to express his care and sympathy for a maiden's joy and peril. The Rose-Bush breathes forth in its dewy perfume, tender apprehension at "love's young dream," which is

“ An odor fled
As soon as shed ;
'Tis morning's winged dreams,
'Tis a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.”

The years go by. A mother kneels by the “Rose-Bush fair.”
There arise

“ Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.”

“ Oh ! human love and human grief !
Ye make your places wide and far ;
Ye rustle in every withered leaf ;
Ye are heard, perhaps, where the angels are.”

And the years go by. The journey of life is past. The spirit's mission is over. Around the solemn silence which shrouds the tomb, he performs his last act of kindness. Over the grave the Rose-Bush strews its blossoms and its leaves,

“ Blossoms which are the joys that fall,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.”

We cease from our labor and return once more to our favorite. Its beauty again attracts us and we feel the futility of all attempts to adorn it, for

“ To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beautiful eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

J. M. S.

Railroad Observations.

A TRUE philosopher believes in extracting all the pleasure he can from his surroundings. To one who takes this view of life, railroad traveling affords no slight field for amusing observation and reflection. The reasons why people travel are so various, their differences of character are so numerous, and the necessities of exposing their peculiarities are so many, that a cool observer of men and things can generally obtain sufficient amusement to last him on his journey.

The station is the first scene of observation. In the background, the idlers carelessly indifferent; the drivers and runners greedily expectant. In front, the long train with its fiery head, seemingly lethargic, awaiting the noise and confusion that rouse it to activity. The neutral ground between occupied by baggage trucks and officials. Now appears the nervous man striding swiftly forward; first asking this one for directions as to the right train and car, then seeing that his trunks are sure not to go wrong; finally grasping his valise firmly in one hand, and his umbrella and shawl in the other, hurriedly entering the car full ten minutes ahead of time. Then the pater-familias, with a huge basket on his arm, smilingly advances with his buxom wife and numerous children; all of the little ones carrying bundles and parcels, and deeply impressed with their dignity and usefulness in so doing, but nevertheless continually losing themselves or their mother in their wild hurry and excitement. Then a young lady trips airily forward with shawl, bag, parasol, book and fan, and encircled by a loving group of friends. Before she enters the car, she must undergo a torrent of embraces, messages, cautions and remembrances, and the very last words and kisses are repeated several times; and even when she has taken her place, the whole ceremony must be again performed from the opened window. Sometimes a young gentleman is to act as her escort, and then he carries most of the above named indispensables, together with a basket, a thick shawl, a veil, several magazines, and a package of candy; and he views with ill-disguised envy the osculatory exhibition so necessary at parting. Then an excitable female rushes wildly in all directions, seeking her ticket, checks and train at the same moment, and fully believing that all are trying to mislead and cheat her. Lastly the regular travelers and men of business come dropping in with bag and duster, and

quietly pick out the best car and seats. Then the crowd and confusion become greater, and in a moment every car is filled with a bustling, pushing, struggling throng. Finally, as the engine, puffing and groaning, laboriously starts, and smokers and railway men swing themselves on each passing step, the belated man rushes wildly through the crowd, desperately jumps on to the last platform, and appears at the car door, breathless and staring, and but half persuaded that he is safe.

The manner in which different passengers take their seats is worthy of notice. The precise man fixes his bundles firmly in the rack, and deposits his valise carefully on the floor; folds his shawl methodically on the back of his seat, and places himself squarely therein, shuddering at the attitudes assumed by his more careless neighbors. The timid man slides quietly in, and drops into the first vacant place; here he sits, anxiously awaiting danger, and at each whistle or jar convulsively grasps the arm of his seat. The man that travels, secures a place near the centre of the car, half places, half pitches his bag in the rack; throws his shawl or coat over the back of the seat nearest the window, and resignedly stretching himself out, produces the inevitable newspaper. A natty young damsel, with trim round hat and coquettish veil, skims lightly up the aisle, her lifting skirts now and then showing a wee bit of white in sweet contrast with the neat little boot below. She secures two seats to herself by turning over one, and filling it with her stray necessities and conveniences. Then she reverses the order of the window, whether it be open or shut, the blind up or down; and finally settles down to a quiet scrutiny of the passengers, from over the page of her magazine or book. Then comes the rush, and well designed plans for comfort and plenty of room are rudely broken by some energetic individual or merciless woman, who coolly turn over the seat, cast aside its contents, and place themselves in what was deemed a moment before undisputed property.

Meanwhile, the spasmodic throbs of the awakening monster, are settling into steady onward progress; faster and faster he flies, seemingly gaining elasticity and strength with every bound, and sending new life through all his iron arteries. Now he is fully alive, out in the country, past the miserable half deserted outworks that mark the extent of man's invasion; and as he sweeps on, with triumphant, exultant stride, he sings, with all his joyful, expanding lungs:—Here we go, here we go, steaming on, screaming on, with our wild thunder;—now we fly, quickly fly, on the banks, on the hills, over and under.

Cattle are flying fast, meadows are quickly past; farmyards and bridges; brooks, with their shining sands; hills, with their verdant lands; mountains and ridges. Here we fly, onward fly; while rushing quickly by, all caution scorning.—But soon, with our speeding, we've done all that's needing; shrill sounds our warning; and then, with the screaming of devils in dreaming, haste we are dropping; slower, and slower now, and we are stopping.

But, while the engine is thus singing at his work, how fares it with the passengers. Many are sleeping. Newspapers being thoroughly exhausted, others are carrying on listless conversations about the weather, the crops, and business prospects; now and then waking up to animation in a political discussion. Kind and patient fathers are bringing water to their little ones in small silver cups, while cross and surly ones are scolding the brats with ill-concealed rancor. Pretty heads of young and loving wives are gradually nestling down on broad and protecting shoulders, and mothers are hushing their fretful children with many a caress and soothing word. Many faces wear a look of sullen discontent, some of patient expectation, others of quiet resignation, and the rest, of sleepy misery.

It is then that the Philosophic Observer, if he be young and a student, and if he chance to cast his wandering gaze at the looking-glass suspended at the end of the car, will see the reflection of the natty damsel in front of him, glancing at his image in the glass, with roguish enquiring eyes, as if to say, "What is the use of two young people moping alone in separate seats, when they might be more comfortable together? He will promptly respond, "That's my sentiments. No use at all. Whoever says the contrary is a humbug." Perhaps, if he is of a sentimental disposition, with a turn for rhyme, a note of this kind will find its way over the back of her seat,—

"Dear Maid, when I was distant far,
And miles were many between us,
I little thought a railroad car
Could prove such a "Car of Venus."

So pardon me for seeming bold
In speaking my admiration,
For surely this can well be told,
When we're in the *proper station*.

And as I breathe my love for you,
Keep not my feelings on the rack;
For we but do as others do,
That is, pursue the *usual track*.

So throw aside all foolish pride ;
Obey the spirit in your eyes ;
For, as we now together ride,
We override all common ties."

The appeal is not in vain. A blind to be raised, or a bundle to be restored to its place, gives the opportunity for the first remark, and soon the Philosophic Observer is so deeply engrossed in making himself agreeable, as to be unable to make any more observations. The glimpses of sweet landscapes, the pleasing expanse of valley and plain, are neglected for the glances of bright eyes. The varied scenes of each wayside station are passed unheeded by, and soon the journey's end too quickly teaches our traveler, that all joys dependent on steam are transient and evanescent. v.

The Last Night of the Year.

I.

LISTEN to an olden romance: On a New Year's Eve once shone
With bright splendor every window of old Castle Wilderstone.
All the great and high were there; stately lords and ladies fair.—
Mirth and joy were everywhere; for it was the wedding night
Of the lovely Lady Alice.—So, like some great fairy palace,
Shone the old castle with splendor and light;
But without, all was wintry and drear:
The night-wind its requiems moaning,
And the giant old trees 'neath it groaning,
Upon the last night of the year.

Forth then to the gray old chapel proud Earl Ivor led the way;
Followed all the lords and ladies, ranged in stateliest array,
Through the ancient vaulted halls; and sat 'round the chapel's walls
In the high old oaken stalls, waiting for the lovely bride
Up the aisle in splendor sweeping; and around them, calmly sleeping,
Lay the old knights in their tombs side by side:
They who had once knelt worshipping here—
Now gone from the scenes of their glory,
But oft called up in legend and story
Upon the last night of the year.

Suddenly into the chapel rushed half frantic, pale as death,
Godfrey, Earl of Leice, the bride-groom, drawing hard and quick his breath.
"She is gone!" he wildly cried, "Lady Alice! Yea, my bride—
Stolen from my very side! Up, ye knights, to horse! to horse!
From her I had just now parted, when swift through the casement darted
That untamed demon, Sir Guy de la Corse;
And before I could even get near,
She sprang to his arms and they vanished!"
So all mirth from the castle was banished
Upon the last night of the year.

Then was haste and wild confusion: up to arms the knights quick sprang,
And the grand old castle with their iron footsteps rang.
Mounted now, down through the park, through the shadows deep and dark,
Rode they to the lake, when hark! hark! they heard a piercing scream.
In a boat far o'er the water, with the knight, Earl Ivor's daughter
They could descry by the moonlight's pale beam.
Then another shriek fell on their ear,
And ere they could make an endeavor
Sank the bark in the billows forever
Upon the last night of the year.

Boats were sent swift o'er the water. Far and wide they sailed—in vain:
Scarce the slightest floating vestige of the wreck did there remain.
Long the knights stood on the shore, gazing still the waters o'er;
Then the sad, sad tidings bore to the lone old castle hall.
There was weeping, woe and sorrow that would cease not with the morrow.
Over all hearts there now rested a pall,
And fell there full many a tear;
And wailing there was, and soft treading,
Instead of gay dance and grand wedding,
Upon the last night of the year.

II.

In the ancient, crumbling chapel of old Castle Wilderstone,
On a New Year's Eve, once sitting, midnight lamps around me shone.
Few the number gathered there in that mouldering place of prayer,
And around me all the air seemed to breathe of olden times,
Filling me, with solemn feeling, and the organ's notes, low pealing,
Thrilled me with thoughts of the glad wedding chimes
That had once rung out merrily here,
When all was rejoicing and gladness;
And then how it was changed to drear sadness
Upon the last night of the year.

Then, at length, lull'd by the music, musing still I fell asleep,
And I seemed to hear in visions voices chanting soft and deep:
"Lady of the sunny hair, singing here, laughing there—
Spreading sunshine everywhere; tuneless is thy lonely lyre,
No more now is heard thy singing, or thy laughter merry ringing
Through the old desolate halls of thy sire,
And thy footstep no longer we hear.
Away the wild stranger knight bore thee,
And the pitiless waters closed o'er thee
Upon the last night of the year." :

Then they ceased, and lo! my feelings with strange awe and dread were
stirred,
And it seemed as if a rustling, as of sweeping silk, I heard.
Up the Church, now filled with light, came a maiden purely bright,
Clad in robes of shining white; on her lips a radiant smile,
In her hand a golden chalice.—Could it be the Lady Alice!
Quickly she vanished away from the aisle;
And the clatter of hoofs struck my ear—
I saw the steel armor bright flashing
Of weird horsemen down through the park dashing,
Upon the last night of the year.

On they clattered through the forest, white and grim, a ghostly band,
Through the shadow and the moonlight, onward to the lake's bright strand.
Then I saw them reach the shore, and stand gazing as of yore
At the bark with shining oar sinking, sinking in the wave,
With its precious burden laden. So the gallant knight and maiden
Sank in the depths to a watery grave;
And the moonbeams shone lovely and clear
Where gaily the wild waves were leaping,
Far beneath which fair Alice was sleeping
Upon the last night of the year.

Long I saw the knights stand gazing sadly o'er the deep afar,
When from out the waves emerging, lo! appeared a golden car.
Now serene it floats on high, upward toward the blue-domed sky;
Angel forms around it fly, light celestial round it gleams.
In the glittering car reclining sit a youth and maiden shining
With brighter radiance than midday's sun's beams;
And rich music now falls on the ear,
As upward their glorious flight winging,
Angel voices around them are singing
Upon the last night of the year.

Ravishing with wondrous sweetness, floats that pure angelic strain;
 When, behold! with thunderous clangor, all the sky is rent in twain.
 Loud the shock reverberates: Heav'n, reveal'd, their coming waits.
 Open burst the pearly gates, flooding forth supernal light.
 Through the everlasting portals rise the now redeemed mortals:
 Glory ineffable hides them from sight,
 But still anthems seraphic I hear,
 From angels and saints without number:—
 But, ah me, I awake from my slumber,
 And find it is now the New Year.

P. B. P.

Memorabilia Yvleusia.

College has been drowsy and muggy for thirty days. Cramming crowds out cheerfulness, and the approaching piled up examinations induce moroseness. In vain does the cheerful incendiary light the midnight torch, for Yale is too torpid to run with the machine. That icy winter has come, is proved by the almanac, thermometer, empty fence, and changing

Fashions. Our colleagues of the other sex attending the finishing establishments in the vicinity, have appeared in diminished crinoline, nice, tidy short frocks, "Ristori" hats, "sheperdesses" and "turbans," with everything close and comfortable. We hope that, in spite of the windy weather, their eyes will always remain a little bluer than their noses.

The Controversy between the *Courant* and the *Herald* still rages. We warn the *Courant* that J. G. B. can't be hit except *below the belt*.

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 28th, came punctually, but brought NO JUBILEE. It seems that Faculty and Committee couldn't compromise, and many are asking whether this glorious frolic ever did, or ever must depend upon the two or three individuals who take the female parts? Were not the Committee a little lacking in energy? Especially, after the Faculty had offered them Alumni Hall for the occasion.

Thanksgiving, too, was almost washed away by the incessant, dreary rain, but indoors it was impossible to forget that it was preëminently the auspicious holiday, and night faded out at evening upon a people exceedingly damp, but very thankful. Our next Thanksgiving exercises (not the Jubilee) may be held in THE NEW CHAPEL, for a plan has been adopted, and all that is needed is, \$15,000.

The Art Building is finished, and Mr. William Thompson, of Irvington, N. Y., who has done great things for art already, in the crino-line, has promised a statue of Ruth, worth \$5,000, and \$20,000 worth of pictures.

Allston's Jeremiah has taken up his quarters in one gallery, where he may

be seen by any one for two quarters. Let us hope that he will be patronized, and enough profit be made from the prophet to buy him for Yale. Fourteen thousand visits will accomplish it!

Editor's Table.

THERE is little enough jollity at Yale. We are sorry, therefore, that Thanksgiving eve passed away this year without the usual jubilee. Our college authorities, however, on account, perhaps, of some exceptionable and inexcusable performances at the last jubilee, seem to have come to the conclusion that it is "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." At least, their action, whether it was so intended or not, appears to have thwarted the efforts made by the committee to secure the customary celebration. Dramatic representations, though for a long time allowed, seem at present to be in about as ill repute with the College Government as they were with the famous and sanctimonious Long Parliament, in whose reign, as Craik tells us, they were "hushed by the frown of triumphant puritanism." We cannot, however, help thinking, along with our friend who has been kind enough to furnish us with the memorabilia for this "LIT," that the jubilee is not altogether dependent on "female characters" for its interest, and that we might have some wholesome fun without the usual farces. At any rate, we hope an attempt will be made, next year, to see what can be done. We should be sorry to see Yale lose this her freshest and most jovial frolic.

When this "LIT." comes to you, reader, you will probably be through with these bothersome examinations—unconditionally through, we trust. As we write, you are, of course, dutifully cramming, regardless of all danger of mental indigestion. Our friend, the Deacon, certainly is. His table, on which we are scribbling, is strewn with cards, in gross violation of Section XV, Chapter VIII, of the so-called "College Laws." As we take him to task for setting so dangerous an example, he grimly calls our attention to their color—green—and points to a significant word—*gas*—on the one he holds in his hand. We can simply remind him that one reason why cards are forbidden, is doubtless the tendency they have to provoke profane language. Certainly, the pack he is now shuffling draws from him expressions which, to say the least, are highly acidulated. We Seniors have a wonderful knack at mastering chemistry; that is, our instructors go on that hypothesis. In nine weeks we have been shoved through a course that demands, at least a twelve-month's study of ordinary mortals. Few of us, if any, are able, in the time devoted to this department of learning, to obtain anything more than a most contemptible smattering of an interesting and useful science. It is very much like the nine-week French and German course. Both are wretchedly farcical. In regard to the modern languages, however, we are glad to learn that they are soon to be raised to their proper place in our system of education. The demands of the present age are forcing, here, as at Harvard, concessions from that spirit which

clings to a custom on the Dutchman's principle "what was goot enough for meⁱⁿ fader is goot enough for me."

It is with even more pleasure that we hear, from a reliable source, that our present code of laws is undergoing a careful and thorough revision. This new code, to a very large extent, will determine the moral status of the College. Judging from our own observation, the present laws have anything but a salutary effect. The present obligatory and rather laughable matriculation pledge, wherein we solemnly promise to obey "*all*" the laws, and "*particularly*" some of them, has, we think, proved of very questionable utility. We think much the same of the present excuse system. Anything which tends, in the slightest degree, to blunt a nice sense of honor, and lessen a strict regard for truth, is productive of incalculable evil.

It seems probable that a change will, before long, be made in the constitution of the governing body of the College, doing away, to an extent, with its present close corporation features. Our revered President, in an article in the *New Englander* for October, suggests that the *ex officio* members of the Corporation give place to graduates, elected by "all Masters of Arts and graduates of a higher or an equal rank, together with the Bachelors of all the Faculties of five years standing." If this suggestion be adopted, there will at once be introduced into the present clerical corporation, an efficient and liberal lay element, which will go far to render the College more capable of all desirable progress.

And now, Reader, as we bid you good-bye, we would respectfully suggest to you, the propriety of calling at the College Bookstore and settling "our little bill," in case you have not done so already, before you are off for the holidays. Our printers don't work for nothing. We wish you, heartily, a jolly vacation, "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have received a very neat little volume of poems, from the pen of Mr. Weeks, "Spoon-man" of the Class of '62. We regret that it came too late for notice in this Number.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

No. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

J. W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Bash-Bish.

PERHAPS some of our readers may remember that about twenty years ago, in a Magazine known as the "Ladies Repository," there appeared the engraving of a beautiful waterfall, and under it, in quite readable German text, the strange dissyllable—*Bash-Bish*. That the sketch or engraving was intended to represent natural scenery, no one for an instant could doubt, but whether the artist was in company or *alone*, whether in love, or intoxicated with the spirit of Poetry and Romance, has been to the inhabitants of that section, for a long time, a matter of conjecture.

The picture, it is true, presents strong arguments in favor of any one of the above theories, and as it has been my good fortune to spend a few summers among the "Berkshire Hills," and the pleasant towns and villages upon either slope, I have heard the question discussed over and over again, but *never* participated; for it is related, by way of *parenthesis*—which we would advise persons of purely æsthetic taste to omit—that a short time after the appearance of this picture, a poetical child of our "Alma Mater" was seated upon a log in the midst of this romantic scenery, and in the twilight of a summer evening, dared to discuss the *condition* of the artist with a blue-eyed representative of a Boarding School. Pardon me, ye of solemn dignity, who semi-weekly marshal beautiful processions in our streets and elsewhere, for the school was not in the City of Elms, and its representatives are perfectly ignorant of that excellent little text-book—

the "Blue Laws of Connecticut." Hoping that the reader's attention will not be drawn from the main object of this parenthetical sentence by any side remarks we may have occasion to make, we pass at once to the discussion.

YALE VERSUS BOARDING SCHOOL.

It was urged with that conciseness and close reasoning for which "our style" is noted, that, *as* the picture had few points in common with the scenery, the artist was evidently "beside himself," and therefore *alone*. Like the chorus of a Greek Tragedy, that "Organ choir, the voice of many waters," proceeded to discourse unintelligible music until a voice "soft, gentle and low," replied. If the artist ~~was~~ beside himself, he was *in fact* another person; it follows then that he was beside another, and probably in a company of *two*. Whether the argument "ad hominem," was as logical as the argument ad feminam, it would be impracticable in a *parenthetical* sentence to discuss; but the sweet *naiveté*, the passing blush, the poetry of the place, the stillness of the hour, and "all we hope, or dream, or *fear*," tended to convince our classical brother that it was quite possible for a person to be "beside himself" and another at the same point of time, and he said, with a trembling voice, "I guess the artist intended it for a scene in Switzerland. Shall we go and see?" Years afterwards they stood again by the same log, in the deepening twilight of a summer evening, and the poet of our "Alma Mater" exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Thy blended beauty and sublimity, O, Bash-Bish, surpass even the wildest scenery of Switzerland!" and like Hamlet, taking his note-book from his pocket, he then gave to the world that familiar poem beginning—

"And there we sat upon a log."

from which this truly historical and parenthetical sentence is derived.

Trusting that the reader is by this time in possession of *at least* two important facts, viz: that Bash-Bish is a waterfall, and situated among the Berkshire hills, we will endeavor from this point to treat this subject as mathematically as its nature will allow, and in order to avoid another parenthesis.

"From the table of our memory,
We'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,"

and endeavor to separate ourselves from poetical sentiment as we recall an afternoon there spent with a classmate the week following Yale's *last* Biennial Jubilee.

About a mile below the falls, a beautiful carriage road, but extremely narrow, strikes the left bank of this mountain stream, and for a long distance rises gradually with its rocky channel. On the right a thickly wooded hill rises abruptly more than a thousand feet—a perfect wall of foliage from base to summit. The road becomes still narrower and more thickly shaded. The stream grows more impatient, dashing madly against huge boulders borne down by the spring freshets, or perhaps deposited in the “Glacial Epoch.” As we ascend, all but its music is lost in the thickly wooded ravine below us, and our natural “Temple Street” brings us to a small red building, consisting mostly of piazza,

“On native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,”

very rudely constructed and more rustic, if possible, than the gateways of “My Farm at Edgewood.” A little sign, hardly as readable as the German text of our engraving, tells us *this* is “Bash-Bish House,” and was probably painted by the very artist who, twenty years ago, sketched that picture of “romance and sorrow.”

Here we obtain our first view of the falls. The wall of foliage seems now rather like a curtain partially drawn, revealing the wildest scenery in that range of mountains, which reaches from West Rock to the St. Lawrence. Directly before us an overhanging cliff stands out in bold relief, presenting a solid mass of rock which rises three hundred feet above “The Gorge,” at the foot of the Upper Falls, and as the channel itself rises rapidly, its summit, according to actual measurement, is said to be seven hundred feet above us. If the Palisades are in reality five hundred feet at any point, or the Gorge of Niagara two hundred, we are inclined to think that the measurement is correct.

Having registered our names in “old Saxon style,” we descend a pair of dilapidated steps, and crossing a little bridge about three feet wide, with a shaky hand-rail, we find ourselves in the vicinity of Table Rock—a very modest boulder, about which gather almost every hour in the day, “the Good, the *Hungry*, and the Beautiful.” Directly before us are the Lower Falls, and advancing a few steps, we stand upon the brink of a rocky basin about twenty feet in diameter, in whose black bosom the white foam loses itself for a moment and again dashes on in its narrow channel to the little cascades below. At this point our classmate takes an artistic view of the falls, and

repeats Scott's description of an ancient seer "amid Benharrow's wildest glen," a beautiful picture, although painted in words :

" Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,
Close where the *thundering torrents sink*,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock and roar of stream
The wizard waits prophetic dream."

Leaving him for a moment to enjoy his reverie, we turn again to Table Rock, and visions of frosted cake and delightful parties crowd into our memory—a panoramic view of the past in all its *happy fullness*. Be it philosophy or sentiment, are not those deserving our pity who have no pleasant reminiscences *like these* clustering about some poetical log or rock along the pathway of life,—drifting icebergs of humanity in a world that calls for sympathy! Style it sentiment if you will, and pay proper respect to the consciousness of your own discernment.

But now the merry music of mirthful voices from up the Gorge, partially restores us to consciousness, and turning to the right we at once begin the ascent. A steep pathway, consisting mostly of rolling stones, roots of trees, and immense logs, soon brings us to the opening of the Gorge, a little above the Lower Falls. Huge boulders, under which the little stream at times is almost lost, fill the whole ravine, a perfect rock chamber "walled in with cliffs around." If we should say, here beauty is lost in sublimity, we would only express the feelings of every individual who has visited the Gorge of Bash-Bish. In many places these boulders make it almost impossible to proceed, and rocks broken from the cliffs above are

" Oft so steep the foot is fain
Assistance from the hand to gain."

We imagine that *here* even Tennyson's "Princess" would be false to her theories, and like Mahomet, "forget the Koran."

The gentle music of the stream as we proceed, is gradually lost in the sound of dashing water—the first intimation we have of the Upper Falls, which, upon the left, through a narrow rift in the rocks, bursts suddenly upon our view. Here we have the wildest scenery in the Gorge. Below us are huge rocks "in random ruin piled," and almost three hundred feet above us we can distinguish "The Old Eagle's Nest" under the very brow of the overhanging cliff. We have often thought that in some wild retreat like this, originated those beautiful

German Legends of Forest Streams—the continual weeping of “hidden hearts” far away among the hills. Putlitz, who, I believe, is considered one of the most imaginative writers in Germany, whose “Forest Voices” has gone through twenty-six editions in his own country, makes a mountain stream tell its own story to the listening flowers and trees. * The translation made by a class of young ladies in Philadelphia, and recently published, seems rather a translation of Nature than a rendering of German. The words flow musically, like laughing water, and we cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences as we are resting in our ramble: “In summer, when so many children of the wood are broken and destroyed, I flow lightly but continually. In autumn, when all are separated, I weep in silent grief for the blossoms and the leaves which the wind often scatters in my path so that the tears shed over them become also their sepulchre. In the desolate solitude of winter, I become chilled, and the tears are converted into pearls, like those of the hidden sorrow of the sea. Thus I hang upon the roots and the stones in the faint lustre of weeping eyes. But in the spring, when intense desire fills every heart, the tears of the wood flow in sadness and in joy. Often, too, sympathy awakens me, for when the clouds weep rain, or the flowers dew, the forest stream also swells.” Perhaps beneath these very cliffs, one of our greatest American Poets, whose early life was passed among the Berkshire hills, composed his *Thanatopsis*. Truly, these forest streams “speak a various language!”

A sort of natural stair-case, without steps, leads us to the top of the Upper Falls, and although neither this nor the Lower Fall is more than fifty feet high, yet the channel between the two descends so rapidly, that the point we have now gained is three hundred and sixty feet above the rocky basin where an hour ago we stood musing. Here a narrow plank spans a chasm about thirty feet deep, over which we are compelled to pass as the Catholics were accustomed to ascend the “sacred steps,” for a ledge of rock projects about three feet above the plank. A few minutes climbing up a steep but not difficult ascent, “where hazel saplings lend their aid,” brings us to the summit of the cliff. The scene here is perfectly indescribable. From this dizzy height the stream seems almost like a crystal thread winding between the rocks, and way down the Gorge, seven hundred feet below us, from the portico of the little hotel, waving handkerchiefs tell us that we are recognized.

The descent to “The Old Eagle’s Nest,” is somewhat dangerous, for a single mis-step would plunge a person into the abyss below; but

there is always a strong temptation to visit the home of this "historic bird," and the feeling of caution generally yields to the desire of adventure. Of the nest, nothing of course remains, but we find a little recess about ten feet square, sheltered by the overhanging rock, and bordered with little trees whose foliage distinctly marks its locality to one at the foot of the falls. Here for an hour or more we sing our Biennial songs according to each version, and conclude the concert with "Our Country, 'tis of thee," for the first time recognizing the full beauty of those lines—

"We love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and *templed* hills."

Perhaps the thought that in this very place, one hundred years ago, dwelt an old representative of American Liberty, whose image once occupied the place of *our public men* on circulating medium, somewhat intensified this gush of patriotism, and made us in some measure comprehend "how *sublime* a thing a free people is!"

Transporting ourselves to the opposite cliff, which in reality is not wholly the work of the imagination, we wait about an hour to see the sun set, which, viewed from this cliff, at times presents a scene of dazzling beauty; for the Gorge opening to the west is so narrow that—if you will pardon the extravagance of the figure—it gives almost the appearance of an immense telescope looking into fairy land. Far away, over hill and valley, stretches a landscape of light and shadow, and the blue outlines of the Catskills, more than forty miles distant, are literally bathed in a sea of gold. From this point a steep carriage road leads us to the hotel, and taking another look at the overhanging cliff and the gorge, glowing gloomy in the twilight, we have finished a pleasant afternoon visit at Bash-Bish. W. B.

The Career of Percival.

IN PERCIVAL we are especially interested, because he was a graduate of Yale, and ranks among the poets of America. But in the study of his career we are sadly disappointed. Half a century ago Percival graduated, the best scholar of his class. His literary ability was of a high order. The bent of his mind bespoke the future poet. But his attempts in professional life, his numerous resorts to become a practical, useful citizen, were ominous failures. There was some-

thing in the nature of Percival, an extreme sensibility, a nice discrimination, an attention to particulars, the essence of scholarly genius itself, which made him unfit to bear the jostlings and defects of mankind ; a something which bore him away from the mass of men.

Percival's true place was in the realm of poetry, and upon the gems of that "art divine," which were the product of his early manhood, rests his fame with posterity. With his poetical career, then, we are chiefly concerned. There can be but little doubt that he was endowed with a highly poetic genius. That almost unnatural imagination, high-wrought and vivid, now soaring in an ether of ecstasy, now plodding in a mire of melancholy ; that extreme sensibility and, we might add, wierdness, which so eminently characterized him and distinguished him from other men ; that intellectual striving, which, despite itself, burst forth ever and anon in some poetic strain ; and that self-satisfaction which seemed to attend it, the cravings of a fancy ever unsatisfied with the revelations of foreign tongues ; all these mark the poetic genius of Percival. He has himself described it in its happier impulses :

" 'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the chain of grace and power."

* * * * *

"Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn ; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet."

Added to this native talent, were noble aims. In the first number of Clio he says : "Poetry should be a sacred thing, not to be thrown away on the dull and low realities of life. It should live only with those feelings and imaginations which are above this world, and are the anticipations of a brighter and better being. It should be the creator of a sublimity undebased by anything earthly, and the embodiment of a beauty that mocks at all defilement and decay. It should be, in fine, the historian of human nature, in its fullest possible perfection, and the painter of all those lines and touches in earth and heaven, which nothing but taste can see and feel. It should give to its forms the expressions of angels, and throw over its pictures the hues

of immortality." And again: "True poetry should be a holy thing, like true philosophy and true religion; the product only of our highest intellectual and moral nature."

Percival's chief merits consist in his great beauty of thought and expression, apt illustration and vivid imagery. The luxuriance of his style was remarkable, to which, when he had once set out in it, there seemed to be no end. This, which might weary many a reader, seemed to him a great beauty. "I like," he says, "to see something savage and luxuriant in works of imagination, throwing itself out like the wild vines of the forest, rambling and climbing over the branches, and twining themselves into a maze of windings."

When Percival's poems were first published, they were well received. His merit was recognized and a wide-spread fame seemed opening to him—almost the pioneer of American poets. There was a time when he occupied the first rank. But the poets who have since appeared on the American horizon, if they have not eclipsed, have, for the time at least, overshadowed his "name and fame." Whether either have produced anything worthy of the "oil and cypress," time will prove. But certain it is, Percival does not stand to-day where he did thirty years ago. His fame has hardly outlived him. Percival, poet by nature's gifts and art's training, with all his beauties, will, we fear, be soon forgotten among the hurrying throng. Percival, in that very art in which he might, we believe, have wrought an undying fame, failed.

The reasons of this are easily assigned. They do not lie in any lack of poetic genius in the man, nor of any real merit in the poems. They are found rather in the peculiarity of his genius. He wrote only on the spur of the moment and while the inspiration lasted. His longest poems were the work of a few days. That great genius, which should have gathered itself for some extended, crowning work to last for all time, scattered its energies in innumerable little sallies.

The poet, too, was impatient of revision. Nearly all that he wrote went fresh to the public just as he first cast it off. He had not learned the "labor limæ." He did not practice "the art to blot."

Percival wrote rather to amuse himself than please the public. He wrote poetry because it was his nature, not for popular applause. He rarely gave himself up to the continued labor of a poet, but generally composed in his leisure moments, catching at a new image on each occasion and turning it into some beautiful little melody.

Percival's want of self-confidence, and extreme sensitiveness, were great obstacles to him in bringing what he did write before the public,

and doubtless tended much to hamper his genius. His poverty disturbed his mind and obliged him to devote much of his time to works of a more paying nature than the production of poetry in a time when American art had few patrons. The world, he imagined, treated him coldly. Circumstances like these led Percival to abandon poetry early in life, before he had even attempted, as poets in their maturer years are wont to do, an extended work, in which his genius might have made its best effort, and on which he might have rested a surer, nobler fame. Had he done so, we should have no fears for his future reputation. He had perseverance in deep, solitary study, but it was not of that kind which could stand the gaze of men. The circumstances of his life and his peculiar nature defeated his high genius.

Percival, like Goldsmith in his poverty and despair, now became the literary hack of booksellers. The jobbing nature of this business afforded him much leisure, but he wrote no more poems. He sought contentment in the study of linguistic science. Retired to a hermit's life, he lost himself to the world's indifference in the maze of a dozen languages. Out of this labyrinth he emerged towards the end of his days to make one more effort at active life. He became a practical geologist, and in the enthusiasm of his pursuit ended his earthly career. The earnest study of linguistic and geological science may have aptly followed the raptures of poetry, as the reality of maturer years follow the high hopes of youth, but it was evidence of that thorough change which circumstances had wrought in the tastes and genius of Percival.

As a scholar he was persevering, far-reaching and accurate, dealing constantly and thoroughly with every detail. Informed in every science, none were more profound; few less useful. He was a prodigy in learning; a weakling in practice. What scientific works he has left are so technical and abstruse as to consign them to oblivion.

When we compare Percival, the poet, with Percival, the scholar, we put in a clearer light some of the reasons of his ill-success in either character. Percival, when poet, was not Percival, the scholar. The poet was borne away with the rapture of his song, while that scholarly nature which trims and prunes, writes and re-writes; while that scholarly perseverance which ever works on and on, and which monotony never tires, all were left behind. And Percival, when scholar, was not Percival, the Poet. The scholar's nature, perseverance, depth and accuracy were all there, but never were the attractions of poetry more wanting. About the intricacy of science he threw none of the alluring influences of poetry. His musings reveal

his scholarship, but conceal the scholar's nature. In his scientific studies the scholar stalks abroad; the poet lies out of sight, buried deep beneath their abstruseness. At the one period he was all poet; at the other all scholar.

Such was the career of James Gates Percival. That gifted name, whose genius might have given it an immortality in a future American literature, is reaping but a dying fame from the too small volumes he has left us. In that oft-repeated phrase, "it might have been," we read the sad story of his life.

E. A. T.

The Answer.

It's come at last, the question boded long;
So long in coming, I did think 'twould stay
Alway. Poor fool and blind! as if the strong
Unerring certainties of life did weigh
So little in the balances of hope.
But now I am adrift, and only cling
To memories of the past, and darkly grope
Through gloom and doubt, to faith's clear opening.
Just when my soul had risen out of grief
To know the freedom of a life of love;
Had swept away the dust of unbelief,
And through the parted clouds saw light above.
And must I then go back to what I was?
To struggle up again, by paths o'ergrown
With tangled briars of cast-off aims, because
Thou leavest me to walk through life alone.
But who am I; what is there I can claim;
What right have I to urge my hopes on those
Whose hopes and fears are not all the same;
The current of whose life in quiet flows
To restful seas, while mine not smoothly glides
'Neath clouded skies, o'er rocks and shallows, till
It meets at last the high, incoming tides
Of thought and Life—the Ocean of the Will.
I know how vain it was, but yet the heart
Cannot forego to look upon the side
That seems the brightest, while the rays that dart
From it, are augur'd for the whole,—they hide
The dark—and we dare not to look behind.

I fondly hoped that sometime we might stand
 Together by the sea, and watch the wind
 Roll up the waves, all hoar with foam, to land,
 And feel that storm and calm to us, were but
 Grand symphonies in different keys; or on
 The mountain top whose granite faces cut
 The clear, blue sky, while field and cloud should don
 Their brightest hues, the morning sun to greet.
 To wander in the meadows, picking flowers;
 Or by the river's bank, on grassy seat,
 To watch the blossoms falling after showers,
 And drift away, or once again to float,
 While the soft sunshine glimmers on the sea,
 At close of summer day, in our light boat.
 I thought too, in the winter nights, that we
 Might read together from the poets rare;
 Or sit before the cozy fire and talk
 Of future joys and past, or places, where—
 But why fill up the tale with hopes that mock
 The very longing?—Suffering is sure.
 The grandest thought of sorrow is, that in
 Its furnace fires, our hearts may grow more pure;
 Men rise from out their griefs, nobler within,
 And by them stretch out stronger hands to reach
 The Infinite.—

The blow is not yet here ;

Whene'er it falls, I firmly trust 'twill teach
 Me to be calm and still, and free from fear.
 The light of higher possibilities
 Just dawning o'er my soul, unfelt before,
 May all be dimmed and I may fail to seize
 The one decisive hour, that comes no more—
 And life be henceforth, fighting 'gainst my fate;
 What will it harm?—God's grand designs will be
 Fulfilled as well—I can but stand and wait
 The brighter dawning of eternity.

* * * * *

Yet though our little boat must strike the rocks,
 And go to pieces on the shore, when we
 Had gained a view of stiller seas, where shocks
 Of storms are rarely felt, it must not be
 Resigned to waves to bear away and drown;
 I'll build a drift-wood fire, and in my heart
 The flames shall glow,—and keep the hot tears down.—
 The ashes of my hopes shall cure the smart!

R.

Dante and Beatrice.

"We are linked to an angel who lifts us unceasingly towards heaven."—HUGO.

THE domains of love have been so often invaded by novelists, each of whom has usually contrived to carry away a sentiment, a character, a portrait or scene, as Columbus bore away tokens from the new world to the old, that the whole realm is now revealed. But there is one story that will never lose its interest or its freshness; for it is a record of a great poet's passion, written at an early period, when love, although not a newly discovered element in human nature, had not yet, and perhaps has not since, found such an embodiment as it received in the touching language in which Dante's affection found expression.

The city of Florence, in Tuscany, is spread over two hill sides, which face each other. Through the vale between them winds the river Arno. There, in that ancient city, Dante, when in his ninth year, met Beatrice Portinari, at a May-day festival. The bashful youth is captivated by the modest little lady dressed in a "subdued and becoming crimson," and wearing ornaments suited to her childish age. Her portrait, Dante has not drawn. Imitating his example, let us be silent on a subject to which no pen can do justice. From the time of that memorable meeting, the poet dates the commencement of a new existence, and thus he commemorates it: "In that part of the book of my memory, anterior whereto is little that can be read, stands a rubric, which says:—'Incipit Vita Nova. Here beginneth the New Life.'"

When eighteen years of age, Dante's sensitive heart receives another magnetic thrill. Beatrice, attired in the purest white, while gliding along the street in the company of two other noble ladies, graciously turned her eyes upon her trembling, awe-struck admirer, and, "in her ineffable courtesy, which now hath its guerdon in everlasting life," saluted him. In his delight, he seeks the solitude of his room, there to give way to that meditation which so effectually spiritualized his affection, and exalted its object. His health becomes affected, and his feverish fancy conjures up visions and dreams, until it is plainly evident that he is, as it is commonly termed, "in love." With whom? That must not be known; and so effectually does he dissemble, and conceal the real object of his affection, that even Beatrice is deceived, believes him unworthy, and denies him the coveted

salutation. By chance they meet at a wedding-party. He is so overcome with emotion, on seeing her, that his conduct is observed, and becomes a subject of comment and of laughter, in which the beautiful Florentine joins,—perhaps thoughtlessly, perhaps to conceal her real feelings. The poet now philosophizes, and concludes—

“That I of life am well-a-nigh forsaken;
One power alone remains, and that to show
The beauties forth that so my soul have shaken.”

This he does not attempt to do by describing her personal beauty, or character, but by portraying their effects on others. He tells us Beatrice excited so much interest, that, “as she passed along the street, people ran to catch a sight of her.” “When she drew near to any one, a feeling of reverence so profound came over his heart that he had not courage to raise his eyes, nor to return her salute.” “Her demeanor was so full of grace and dignity, and every charm, that, looking upon her, men felt within them an emotion of inexpressible sweetness and elevation.”

Even greater misfortune was in store for Dante. At the age of twenty-five, Beatrice died.

“Yes, Beatrice is gone to yonder heaven,
To realms where angels dwell and are in peace.”

This sad event links him to another world, but it allots him a melancholy existence in this. His grief takes refuge in verse. But at length he resolves to write no more concerning her, until he shall be able to write more worthily; and then he hopes “to say that of her which hath never yet been said of any lady.”

We receive no intimation from Dante that Beatrice was ever married. She seems to have retained his undivided homage to her dying day. But an owlish antiquarian claims to have picked up, amongst obscure rubbish, a clause in her father's will, according to which it appears that she had been wedded to a Simon de Bardi.

Within three or four years after the time of her death, Dante marries; probably yielding to the wishes of his friends. It proved an unhappy union. Nor is it strange that Dante failed to find sympathy and consolation in Gemma de Donati while he was mourning for the lost Beatrice, and composing his “Commedia” in accordance with his resolution to immortalize her. It is not strange that the great poet did not make a good husband, nor that, as some say, his wife proved

a Xantippe, while he did *not* prove a Socrates. However great may have been their domestic troubles, we have no reason to believe that they separated, until he was driven into exile.

This last misfortune finally overtook him. In his youth he had joined a military company, which was, in those days, the avenue to distinction for all spirited young men. In 1289, one year before the death of Beatrice, he engaged in a campaign which brought him into action, and added the title of soldier to that of poet. Steadily he rose to the chief magistracy of Florence. In order to quell a popular tumult he exiled its leaders, some of whose friends afterwards secured his own expatriation. Dishonored and impoverished, he was compelled to leave Florence, and became a wanderer.

During this period of his life was written most of the "Commedia," on which his fame principally rests. In this work, the poet locates hell beneath the city of Jerusalem, and makes it resemble a funnel in shape, terminating at the centre of the earth with old Pluto imbedded in ice. Purgatory is a mountain, on an island of a sea, at the antipodes of Jerusalem. Having reached a forest, on the top of this mountain, after a journey through hell, Dante sees Beatrice, across the Lethe, accompanied by a troop of angels, to whom she relates the following particulars concerning him. After her death he fell from his allegiance to her. In vain did she strive to redeem him. He had fallen so low that nothing could save him but a view of the condemned, undergoing punishment. Accordingly, she had been instrumental in causing him to pursue his journey thus far, to the very gates of heaven. And now she upbraids him for faithlessness. He swoons. When he recovers, he is being borne across Lethe by a nymph. When safely landed, "a song bursts from the lips of the angels," and Beatrice unveils her "ineffable beauty." The ascent, from thence to heaven, is performed without the shifting of scenes, or the creaking of machinery. It is a simple and poetical process. Dante fixes his eyes on those of Beatrice, and is immediately transported to Paradise. Such is a sketch, in part, of the vision of the exiled dreamer.

Like the Babylonish captive, he lamented his enforced absence from his native city, and lived in constant hope of pardon and restoration. But an honorable return never came. And at length, weary with waiting, the soul of the poet, soldier, and statesman, broke forth from its shattered prison, and soared to meet its sainted Beatrice.

Quentin Durward.

History and fiction, though distinct fields of literature, are sometimes with the happiest results combined, and of such combination no happier instance can be found than that afforded by *Quentin Durward*. In this work of his, Scott gives us a genuine historical romance by which in an equal degree the reader is historically instructed and romantically captivated. Now, without expressing any opinion as to their comparative values, it must be confessed that we prefer the captivation to the instruction, and consequently intend treating our subject chiefly as a love story.

In reference to the selection of Louis XI, as the principal character in the romance, Scott, it is true, loftily remarks, that "the little love intrigue of *Quentin* is only employed as the means of bringing out the story." Nevertheless, whatever were Scott's intentions, whatever his opinion as to the matter, we think that every reader possessed of affection and sympathy will join us in saying, that the chief interest and charm of the work lies in that same little love intrigue, and that we gladly turn from the detestable Louis to the fortunes of *Quentin* and the lovely Countess. The plot of the story is simple and orthodox. *Durward*, a young Scotch adventurer, entering the service of Louis, meets and falls in love with Isabelle, Countess of Croye, a fair young maiden of sixteen, or thereabouts, who, in company with her ridiculous aunt Hameline, has thrown herself upon the protection of the King, to escape a distasteful marriage planned for her by Charles of Burgundy, her immediate suzerain, and the nominal vassal of France. The treacherous Louis, designing to betray her into an alliance which shall prove inconvenient to Charles, sends Isabelle and her aunt, under the care of *Durward*, to the Bishop of Liege, having secretly communicated with William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, who is to possess himself of the Countess and her extensive estates bordering upon Burgundy.

From dangers by the way, and from out the dreadful scenes of slaughter at the Liege, *Durward* rescues his fair charge with the most devoted gallantry and remarkable presence of mind, and subsequently, after having cherished a well nigh hopeless passion, by a fortunate turn of circumstances, he attains his highest hopes, and the story ends as all such stories should.

We propose now running over a few of the scenes and incidents in the work, with especial regard to the hero and heroine.

Our hero is introduced with a dashing description of his person, as with light and active tread he approaches the swollen ford of a small river near the castle of Plessis les Tours. He crosses the rushing tide with a remarkable display of natatory ability, and upon the hither side meets Louis in the disguise of a merchant, accompanied by his gossip hangman. Innocence, frankness and gallantry, come in contact with craft, treachery and baseness. Louis, however, not entirely lost to all benevolent feeling, in his guise of merchant, shows our hero timely hospitality at the inn when first he sees our heroine, who at the close of Quentin's enormous meal, under the disguised kingly auspices, waits on Louis, as it were a dove waiting upon a serpent. Her youth, beauty, and half-hidden distress, strongly impress him, and at a disparaging remark from the King, with youthful impetuosity, he proclaims his willingness to throw down his gauntlet in her behalf, only to be laughed at, however, by his sarcastic entertainer. One more glimpse of her he is favored with, as at a little turret window opposite his own she sings to her lute a touching love ditty. Of course, every reader, at this point, correctly surmises the end. After this incident, Quentin is by force of circumstances separated from the Lady of the Lute, till the time of his departure, as their attendant, with Isabelle and her aunt, for the abode of the excellent Bishop of Liege, and it was during this journey that proximity ripened into love their romantic interest.

After their escape from perils by the way, and their safe arrival at Liege, we approach the most intensely exciting point of the story. William de la Marck, with the insurgent Ligeois, attacks and storms the Bishop's castle, and, with agonizing anxiety, Quentin sets about the rescue of his love. In all fiction, we know not a narrative which in breathless, painful interest surpasses this of the rescue of Isabelle from the castle, the soldiery, and the lust of William the Wild Boar. Quentin swims the moat, diverts the attention of the attackers from himself by shouting, "To the west tower, and the priests' treasury!" and the greedy plunderers leave him, as with beating heart he makes his way to the tower, where he should find Isabelle, and breaks in upon her, fainting with terror, in her little oratory before the sacred emblem. A scene ensues with which he who does not sympathize deserves our pity, as lacking all heart and feeling. It is strange, the power the story exercises over us. Of course the lovers surely will escape unharmed. Still the dangers are so great, the chances of safe-

ty so hopeless, that we are nervously apprehensive to the last. How, seemingly, upon a thread hangs their fate, as Quentin, the veiled Countess, and the Syndic, their newly made friend, and her father for the time, appear before William, revelling with his followers, in the banquet hall, to demand safe exit from the castle. How fearful the scene around them with drunken carousal, the excitement of passion, and the horrid murder of the good Bishop before them all. How hopeless their prospects till Quentin, boldly assuming his character as an Archer of the Scottish Guard, and for the occasion making himself an envoy of Louis, denounces their proceedings in the King's name, and demands safe egress for all who would leave the castle. This turns the scale, and they escape. As they leave the hall and the revolting scenes of blood, we involuntary draw a long breath of relief in their behalf. We pass hastily over their escape from the city, the pursuit, the timely meeting of Count Crevecoeur, to whom they render themselves, the Countess having decided on a return to Burgundy. She is presently entrusted to the hospitality of a convent and the care of an abbess, for a time, and, with bitter heartache, poor Quentin, temporarily a prisoner, leaves her behind, having no prospect of further association with his heart's love. Finally, France and Burgundy alike having turned upon William the Wild Boar, Duke Charles proposes the hand of Isabelle as a reward for the Monster's head, and a faint gleam of hope flushes the horizon of our hero's destiny. In the conflict, urged desperately on by one heart-filling desire, he seeks out and makes for the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and actually engages him. Ah, Quentin, thou art near love and hope now, and cruel seems the fate which again snatches happiness from thee. A cry of distress from an old friend, the Syndic's daughter, calls him away, and in honor he must leave his foe and protect her to her home, and so, with unutterable bitterness of disappointment, he gives up the hope which had borne him triumphant through the bloody day, and sacrifices love upon the altar of remorseless duty. At first thought, we are angry at this cruel deprivation, but our feelings soon change, and we delight to recognize the true hero, who prefers despair to dishonor. Of course Providence, in this case, under the control of the author, must make matters right in the end. Quentin's uncle, LeBalafre, of the Scottish Guard, completing his nephew's work, produces before the Duke and assembly, the "Boar's" head, resigning his claims in favor of his young relation, upon whom, finally, Count Crevecoeur bestows his benediction as follows: "After all, it is sense, firmness and gallantry, which have put him in possession of Wealth, Rank, and Beauty."

Having now, imperfectly, we are aware, given some idea of the plot and leading scenes in order, like the player who has passed through the arches, in croquet, we purpose exercising the privileges of a "rover," in wandering about, without special regard to order, in speaking of various characters, and such incidents as may be involved. Little or nothing need be said of Louis : he is too well known, historically, to need criticism in fiction. He was no fool, though most emphatically a knave, and we are glad to know that his sins troubled him greatly on his death-bed. Le Balafre, our hero's uncle, does his nephew an exceeding good turn in the beginning and at the end of the story ; in the first case saving him from hanging, and in the second, securing him a wife. He is a rough old soldier, without delicacy, and not over sharp, but courageous, and, on the whole, good-hearted. Scott gives us, through him, one of the richest specimens of humor to be found in literature, and which we must be excused from quoting in full. When first he meets his nephew and learns that his relations in Scotland are murdered, taking a gold chain from his neck and twisting therefrom, with his teeth, about four inches, he addresses his attendant, as follows : "Here, Andrew, carry this to my jolly gossip, Father Boniface, the monk of St. Martin's. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him. and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks ; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angus-shire, in what way soever the Church may best come at them." As a mild satire upon himself, priest, Church, and doctrine, this is perfect. The character of Charles the Bold is admirably portrayed. In contradistinction from Louis, he was by no means a knave, yet, in some respects not far from a fool, blundering, impetuous and obstinate, as he was. In Anne of Guerslein, we have the continuation and close of his career, and the two works give us a full delineation of his characteristics.

As for Quentin himself, the sarcasm of Louis will do for a beginning in his analysis : a true Scot, plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and a right great scarcity of ducats. Native keenness and a tender susceptibility characterize him, as well as the obvious traits, courage and presence of mind. We are led to infer, moreover, from certain

little touches which our author gives us, far too few, that he possessed a ready wit, and that indefinable quality of making a good impression, for which adaptability perhaps comes nearest of anything to being a name. Hope and ambition are his springs of action, and love his guiding star. His romantic attachment for Isabelle elicits our warmest interest, and his manly spirit, our highest admiration. Who does not enter into the melancholy of his feelings, when, after the greatest services that could possibly be rendered her, he is separated from his love, without a word, and under the surveillance of the sarcastic Crevecœur, pursues his weary way to Burgundy's Court, through the night, while the yellow harvest moon pours her rich light upon plain, woodland, and battlemented castle, as with bitter heart-ache Quentin passes through the peaceful scene, feeling the distance between him and his heart's desire continually widening. We attribute to the moon an intensifying power over our emotions: if joyous, they are heightened, if sad, they are deepened in her mystic rays. Therefore, we pity Durward, sad at heart, in the autumn moonlight. Soon, however, in manly mood, he schools himself in this wise. "The pilot," he reflected, "steers his bark by the polar star, although he never expects to become the possessor of it, and the thoughts of Isabelle of Croye shall make me a worthy man-at-arms, though I may never see her more. When she hears that a Scottish soldier, named Quentin Durward, distinguished himself in a well fought field, or left his body in the breach of a disputed fortress, she will remember the companion of her journey, as one who did all in his power to avert the snares and misfortunes which beset it, and perhaps will honor his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland." A bitter sweet soliloquy, mournful indeed, but no less manful. The character of Countess Isabelle is far less distinctly drawn than that of Quentin, and from the nature of circumstances this is the case. Having the good taste to love Durward, and the firmness to hold herself aloof from other suitors, and the requisite amount of maidenly reserve and modesty, we are left to judge of her more by inference than example, and therefore we infer everything which is good and becoming, and to her manifest charms add those which in the mind of each one of us form our individual ideal of womanly perfection. But we must now pass to some final considerations as to the general features of the work. As a historical novel, its delineations of character may be received as fully reliable, but the events, of course, "*cum grano salis*" as Scott is not loth to receive the privilege of an author in suiting them to the story. Scott exercises his descriptive powers with great effect, in this work,

and his pictures stand out in bold relief before us. Yet, the language is not always the most musical, nor his sentences always fluent and artistic in the mere matter of sound, but the power which underlies them, that of seeing for himself what he describes, makes us also to see with him. His style appears to be plain, vigorous, and picturesque, and are the farthest from ever sacrificing sense to sound. We would that space permitted quotations, but can only refer to the little moonlight scene which introduces chap. vii, vol. 2, as a specimen of word painting worthy of notice. Scott, in this work, displays certain characteristics which are common to most of his novels. He is remarkably sparing of sentiment, and particularly chary of love scenes, of which there are but two in the book. Undoubtedly the author is vastly more interested in the history than the fiction of his writing, but when, in the departments he neglects, his powers are so remarkably good, it seems our misfortune that we are favored with so little of their exercise. Behind his very few love scenes, a faint spirit of gentle, kindly satire lurks, which, while it adds to their charm, makes it evident that he is not given to much indulgence in them.

The work ends neatly, but abruptly, and we feel the want of something at the close. Scott adds a postscript, in which a friend enters a bitter protest, clamoring energetically for an account of the marriage, and subsequent results. This is all very well, and would of course interest us highly, but we could do without it, if our reticent author had only given us one more scene, in which Quentin and Isabelle meet, after their good fortune becomes known to them, so that we could enjoy their happiness with them, and hear what they have to say of it; especially Isabelle, who has altogether too little to say in the story. But no; the remorseless Scott shuts up his narrative without an intimation of any kind as to these things, leaving, at our last glimpse of them, the heroine in anxiety, the hero in despair. It is aggravating. For a complete contrast to Scott's niggardliness in the matter of a satisfactory love scene, we would refer the reader to Bayard Taylor's John Godfrey. It has been remarked that the character of Isabelle is somewhat faintly drawn, and, in general, it may be said that this is the principal imperfection of Scott's heroines. There is one marked exception, however, that of Die Vernon, who has, we were tempted to say, more individuality than all the rest combined. The most strongly marked characters of Scott are often mere side pieces, or appendages to the story, and we can only wish that his heroes, and especially his heroines, were better exponents of the genius he so lavishly displays elsewhere. We must, of course, however, take things

as we find them, and be, if possible, content ; and the task is certainly no difficult one in the case of our subject, whose merits so far outweigh its defects.

The atmosphere of the work is pure and bracing. No doubtful morality, no hidden, insidious principle finds a place therein. Iniquity is exposed to light, and crime held up for our abhorrence. Virtue meets its due reward, and the story, as the author remarks, ends with " a moral of excellent tendency for the encouragement of all fair haired, blue eyed, long legged, stout hearted emigrants from his native country who may be willing, in stirring times, to take up the gallant profession of Cavaliers of Fortune."

R. F. B.

College Reading Room.

IN writing on this subject, we are well aware that it is a somewhat hackneyed one.

However this may be, the necessity for such an institution, in the College, remains the same. If you, reader of the LIT., feel that the subject is too stale for your notice, we beg of you not to read this article. If you, at this period of your College experience, think it beneath the dignity of the LIT. to publish an Article on the subject of a Reading Room, all we have to say is, so let it be. Still further, we are aware, that some Articles appeared in the columns of the COURANT, last term, very pertinent to the subject ; but there the matter seems to rest. Is anybody to blame ? If so, who ? We all know, or ought to know, that several spasmodic efforts have been made to establish a College Reading Room. Upon investigation, the almost unanimous conclusion was arrived at, that, just at present, the College Corporation has no suitable building for this purpose. This is unfortunate, and no one is radically to blame.

Some have recommended the consolidation of the Society Libraries, and taking the South wing of the Library Building for a Reading Room. Now, in each of these Libraries, the places for delivering books are frequently crowded beyond convenience. Consequently, to have one of these places of delivery serve a double purpose, would render the inconvenience still greater. It was also urged, if the Libraries were consolidated, only one Librarian would be needed; the salary of one would thereby be saved, and could be used in the purchase of books. Yet it seems to us no more than fair, that a Librarian, rendering double service, ought to receive double pay.

Still further, the Library Building serves the purpose for which it was intended, and ought not to be put to any other use, unless a better building be offered in exchange.

The last plan proposed was, to take Brothers in Unity hall. Then arose the question, what will Brothers do for a place to hold their meetings? The answer was, that Brothers and Linonia were both to occupy Linonia hall, and hold their meetings on different evenings. This, of course, the members of both Societies strongly objected to. It appears to us that they did so on just grounds. In our private opinion, it would be equivalent to an abolition of one, and perhaps both, of the Societies. The process might be slow; but the result would be, to merge the two into one. This is a fact that ought not to be overlooked. If a Society is worth an existence at all, that existence ought to be of sufficient value to guarantee it a place exclusively to hold its meetings. Then we ought to have more consideration for the feelings of the Alumni, than to destroy the Society associations, by giving up the halls. There is hardly a man who has gone forth from this College, after four years connection with either Society, that would like to hear that the Society, of which he was once a member, had given up its identity. There are many pleasant associations connected with these Society halls. Associations that we shall love to carry with us, long after we have left this place. For proof of this, we have only to refer you to those venerable men, who each year assemble in these halls, and enliven their meetings with a rehearsal of College and Society reminiscences. Never failing to express their affection and devotion for these fraternities. Then, we say, most emphatically, for the sake of the Alumni, if for no other reason, let neither Society give up its hall.

Thus, at some length, having considered the impracticable, let us see if we can arrive at the practicable, and find what and where it is; also, what the nature of the Reading Room ought to be. We learn,

from good authority, that the paintings are soon to be transferred from Trumbull Gallery, to the Art Building. Doubtless there are many good uses to which the Gallery can be put, after the paintings are removed.

Among these uses, we wish to put in an appeal in behalf of the Reading Room. This room, in size and locality, is better adapted to serve this purpose, than any other on the College grounds. Its internal arrangement is such, that it could, with little expense, be turned into a very neat and convenient Reading Room. It is also lighted from overhead; an advantage that is, in itself, desirable. In point of locality, we think it is equal to, if not superior, to any building we could get. Scores of men, every day, pass by Trumbull Gallery, in going to and from their College exercises; while hardly a half dozen pass near Alumni Hall. In short, Trumbull Gallery is at the juncture of as many paths, as any place we are at present likely to secure. Convenience of access, is an argument that we cannot present too strongly. It is an element upon which depends, to a great extent, the success of every institution.

The importance and advantage of a Reading Room is so obvious to all, that it seems to us almost superfluous to urge it here. It strikes us that it is a matter that affects, quite materially, the whole system of College society. Yes, my friend, it affects you and I; this matter of a Reading Room. Here are assembled five-hundred young men; and how many of our number can tell, to-day, what is taking place in the halls of our National Legislation. Few of us are well enough posted, to hold an intelligent conversation on what has taken place in this country since we entered College.

Webster says:—"We know, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind." As College students, we are sadly neglecting the current events of our own times. Not only that, we are forming habits of indifference in regard to public questions.

We do not feel like giving you a homily on the evils of wasting time. Yet, there are many students, who, almost necessarily, lose time enough every day, to keep themselves well versed on national affairs and events. If there was a Reading Room, convenient of access, and well supplied with papers and periodicals, the time now lost could be spent there, with pleasure and profit. The grand result of this would be, to improve the tone, and give greater interest to conversation among College students. To converse fluently and intelligently on the topics of the day, is something that every student

ought to be able to do. Yet, how few there are among our number who can.

The Reading Room, we think, should have in it, Daily and Weekly papers from the principal cities of the country. Also, British and American Periodicals, Magazines, Reviews, &c. The latter could afterwards be bound, and put into the Libraries. Thus the students would not have to wait any great length of time after their publication before getting a chance to read them. We hardly feel it necessary to say anything about the difficulty of supporting a Reading Room; we know there would not be any. We think there is no student of Yale who would object, or feel that he was throwing away his money in giving it for the support of such an Institution.

Now, the question arises, is the plan practicable, or is it an Utopian scheme, that can never be realized? Our answer is, we think it can be brought to a successful issue. We have already seen, on the part of the Faculty and students, a strong desire manifested for a Reading Room. The chief obstacle, as we stated in the beginning, is the want of a place. Now, as there is a room soon to be made vacant, which, if obtained, we have shown would answer the purpose, it only remains for the coöperation of the Faculty and students to secure this room and fit it up. And let Yale College bear the honor of supporting a first class Reading Room.

A. C. R.

Forsyth's Cicero.

FORSYTH'S biography of Cicero is perhaps justly considered the most complete and interesting account that we possess of any of the ancient classic authors. It presents to us new attractions for acquiring a more correct and intelligent appreciation of the character and genius of one who gained an almost unrivalled position among the great masters of oratory. But, although the general voice of scholars concedes to Cicero the highest honors in his art, there is still a great diversity of opinion in respect to his character and statesmanship.

His biographers have appeared to occupy the two extremes of extravagant praise and detraction. An overweening admiration of his brilliant talents has led some to extol him unsparingly, while others find in him but little to commend. They see in him only the egotist, the intriguing politician, the peevish and unmanly exile. Consequently they have failed to give us a just and impartial record of his life. Of the former class is Middleton, whose book has probably been the most generally read. His Cicero, however, is a very different character from Forsyth's.

Middleton is not content with attempting to persuade his readers that Cicero is the greatest orator that ever lived, but he would also have him believe that his public and private life was as near perfection as the imperfect state of man will allow. He would claim for him natural military endowments which, had they been cultivated, would have made him the rival of Cæsar or Pompey. We should infer from his description, that his poetical ability was beyond dispute, but that the popular productions of Virgil and Horace in the golden age of Augustus, bore away the palm from his more polished verses. In this respect he goes even beyond Cicero himself, but as Cicero was not apt to underate his own ability, we feel justified in believing that he drew rather from his imagination than from facts.

You will remember that Juvenal, in the tenth satire, while speaking of his verse,

"O, fortunatam, natam me consule, Roman,"

said, that if its author had never produced anything more brilliant than that, he never would have created those enemies who endangered his life. This probably is not a fair representative of Cicero's verses, yet he expressly states that he had not a poetical genius.

There is perhaps no one among the conspicuous characters of antiquity who justly merits this almost unqualified praise. We certainly could not expect to find one at Rome in the time of Cicero, when vices most ruinous to society passed without censure; when her history was stained on every page, with the blackest deeds of human infamy and degradation; when pagan superstition held her people in spiritual darkness and venality, permitted the wealthy to defy justice and to barter away their liberties. The object of doing so would seem almost an attempt to argue against the beneficent influences of our modern Christian civilization. It is calculated neither to benefit us nor to increase our admiration. A just and impartial record of facts is the first duty of the historian. Without it, biogra-

phy, as well as history, is of little service to mankind. This is the chief excellence in Boswell, and the one that has placed him so far in advance of the other writers of his class. It is the faithful delineation of Dr. Johnson's character, his personal appearance and conversation, that has made Boswell's Life, as Burke remarks, "the best record of his powers."

Forsyth has endeavored, so far as circumstances permit, to furnish us with a more reliable account of Cicero. While he is a great admirer of his subject, he has not suffered his admiration to influence his position as a critic and historian. He has placed before us the facts as he finds them from a thorough examination of Cicero's letters and other literary works. He does not attempt to create an enthusiasm for Cicero by decreasing our esteem for the other great characters by whom he was surrounded. On the contrary, we sometimes feel that he has said even less than we might reasonably expect in favor of one whose principles were formed in such perplexing times. His style is clear, attractive, forcible, and at times eloquent. He has been exceedingly happy in the arrangement of his material, and his quotations are just sufficient for illustration. The narrative is clearly drawn. If he turns aside to give the reader a knowledge of circumstances and the men who moulded them, he does not make the great aim of the work obscure. Cicero is the moving spirit of the whole. We see him as the studious youth at Rome, bending all his energies to the attainment of that one great object that has given his name such immortality; the zealous student of the poetry and philosophy of Greece; the general student, the distinguished lawyer and the able statesman.

Cicero seems the finest example of moral character in his age. The morals of the younger Cato were stricter in theory, but Cicero excelled him in practice. It is true he was vain and egotistic, in an age when egotism was a marked characteristic, still it never lead him to disregard the rights nor to undervalue the talents of others. He respected and honored merit wherever he saw it, and many of the distinguished men of his day have acquired additional luster by his eloquence. The self-sacrificing patriotism of Cato received a memorial from his pen, while the name and fame of Hortentius, his great rival at the bar, rests almost entirely on the immortality of his writings. But there is justly some extenuation for his egotism. We must consider the influence of the age in which he lived,—the circumstances in which he was placed. From boyhood he was flattered and caressed. His shining talents made him a leader and example for his

associates, and we are told that their parents resorted to the schools to see this youthful prodigy.

He appears to have been the last of a great generation of orators. Cæsar was the most successful politician ; Pompey, as regards military tactics, the greatest general that Rome ever produced. Nearly all his distinguished contemporaries perished, like himself, by a violent death. Soon after the disastrous battle of Pharsalia, Pompey was killed in the east by Septimus. Cato, at Utica, in despair over the ruin of the republic, committed suicide. Cæsar fell by the hand of Brutus ; and Brutus scarcely survived his defeat at Philippi. A little before this, Cicero was murdered by Antony's assassins, and according to Plutarch, it was left to his son, as colleague of Cæsar Augustus, to punish the murderers of his father.

There is a marked resemblance in the lives of the two great orators of antiquity. Each ranked highest in the art among his countrymen. The one fought for the liberties of Greece, the other for the liberties of Rome. Cicero fell by the hand of his enemies, Demosthenes by poison taken to prevent that fate. In traits of character, however, they differed. The latter was vindictive and repulsive. The former, generous and affable. Cicero could use his wit and humor to his opponent's disadvantage ; Demosthenes only to his own. St. Jerome apostrophized him thus : "Demosthenes has snatched from thee the glory of being the first ; thou from Demosthenes, that of being the only orator."

There is no one of the Latin authors who is entitled to so high a claim on our consideration as Cicero. His writings embrace the finest specimens of Latin prose, and occupy a large portion of our time in the study of the language ; and when our college days are over, it will probably be to him, more than to any other Latin author, that most of us will turn with the greatest pleasure. But there is a claim beyond this. He found the literature of his country in its infancy. He introduced the study of philosophy, and gave to it an impulse that shone out so brilliantly in the age of Augustus.

It is true that he was ambitious for public honor, but the only means by which he wished to obtain it, was through the rightful suffrage of the people. Though his zeal and influence in behalf of the republic was hated by its enemies, his character and talents were respected. Plutarch says that some years after his death, Augustus found his grandson with a volume of Cicero concealed under his robe, and after having looked it over, returned it to him and said, "My dear child, this was an eloquent man and a lover of his country."

But a higher authority than all, is that noble and generous love of the people that raised him through every honor, from Quaestor to Consul, from the first stepping stone to political preferment, to the highest honor of the republic.

F. H. W.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Class Elections.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, Jan. 19th, to elect the Valedictory Orator and Poet for Presentation, the following were chosen:—

JOHN WILLIAM SHOWALTER, Class Orator.
WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP, " Poet.

On the same day, the Junior Class elected the following gentlemen for Editors of the Lit.:—

R. W. AYRES, W. A. MCKINNEY,
JOHN LEWIS, A. P. TINKER.
W. A. LINN.

Also the following gentlemen for Spoon Committee:—

C. D. BERRY, WILLIAM PARSONS,
O. W. BINGHAM, T. C. SLOANE,
W. P. DIXON, SAMUEL TWEEDY,
IRA C. HALL, E. J. TYTUS.
GEORGE MANIERRE,

Prize Debates.

The Brothers' Senior Prize Debates took place Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th.
Question. "Do Nations necessarily grow old and die?"

The Prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize, John W. Showalter
2d " { Wallace Bruce,
Boyd Vincent.
3d " { Jacob A. Cartwright,
Robert E. DeForest.

Linonia Senior Prize Debate took place the same evening.

Question. "Would Ireland be justified in forcibly separating herself from England?"

The Prizes were awarded as follows:

1st Prize,	J. W. Partridge.
2d "	{ L. T. Brown,
		{ E. W. Clarke.
3d "	{ A. E. Lamb,
		{ O. S. Walker.

Brothers Junior Prize Debate took place Thursday afternoon and evening, January 17th.

Prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize,	{ R. W. Ayres,
		{ S. A. Davenport.
2d "	{ J. Coffin,
		{ R. A. Hume.
3d "	{ O. C. Morse,
		{ N. P. S. Thomas.

Linonia Junior Prize Debate the same evening.

1st Prize,	J. M. Varnum.
2d "	{ John Coats,
		{ G. H. Lewis,
3d "	J. Lewis.

Sophomore Brothers Prize Debate took place January 15th.

1st Prize,	H. A. Beers.
2d "	{ E. G. Coy,
		{ W. G. Sperry.
3d "	E. P. Arvine.

Linonia Sophomore Prize Debate took place Saturday afternoon and evening, January 12th.

1st Prize,	{ Frank Atwood,
		{ H. C. Missiner.
2d "	{ S. H. Dana,
		{ H. W. Raymond.
3d "	{ George S. Sedgwick,
		{ Edward P. Wilder.

Senior Astronomical Prizes.

1st Prize,	H. T. Eddy.
2d "	L. T. Brown.

Editor's Table.

ROUSSEAU'S prescription for a love-letter—"begin without knowing what you are going to say, and leave off without knowing what the 'Dickens' you have said"—frequently finds, in Table-talk and Editorials, its most happy illustration. Two hundred and seventy-four times, kind reader, according to accurate computation, an "interesting" company of five has gathered around this Table. Other publications in our College World have sprung up, flourished, and passed away, but—with due deference and all modesty be it said—we feel confident that this, the two hundred and seventy-fifth Table, illustrates the above prescription, in a manner unparalleled. Now, whatever may be the natural profundity or fluidity of our ideas, the serenity of our mind is certainly not at all enhanced, as we receive a note from a small boy—perhaps a Franklin in disguise, in the service of TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR—informing us that we have but "one consecutive hour" to put our ideas into hieroglyphics, if we intend to get out the present number before the completion of the two following months. This may be a beautiful *hit* at our negligence, but we consider it wholly unmerited; and unmerited severity, we all know, excites contempt, rather than respect. If it were our fault, that February has but twenty-eight days, we would, most certainly, feel like asking the pardon of our readers; but, probably, you all know, that at the "Council of Nice," in the year 325, the Julian Calendar was introduced, and "an error accumulated," down to the time of Pope Gregory XIII: whether the Error—if it had been allowed to accumulate for a few thousand years—would have finally thrown this "terracqueous Globe" out of its elliptical orbit, or whether there would be a "vernal equinox" in the present Century, have been interesting questions to the scientific world, and *particularly* to the Editor of the New York Herald.

To the Council of Nice, and the sainted Father of the Catholic Church, we therefore commend your currees. And we further hold, that as the date of General Washington's birth-day, according to the above methods, is either written Feb. 11th, 1731, O. S., or Feb. 22d, 1732, N. S., so we feel justified in believing, that *to-day*—being precisely eight days after the celebration of this glorious event—is Feb. 19th, O. S. It therefore necessarily follows, that if we wish to pay proper regard to the customs of our ancestors—that this is the February number of our Magazine. "Further, deponent saith not."

It must also be admitted, that the middle of a term is always a period of stagnation. For about two weeks, the wheels of College seem to stop. This is a pe-

ried when week-counting leaves us "in statu quo." "in medio," &c.—seven weeks are gone; seven weeks to come. The reminiscences of last vacation, in spite of ourselves, are fast losing themselves in the web of daily life, and the dreams of next vacation have hardly begun.

But in the midst of this stagnation of *time*, the various classes are in a moderate state of mental and physical activity. The Seniors—as usual at this stage of College life—are permitted to write Commencement pieces, although some are excused from speaking. The *eloquent* are looking forward with pleasure to the 18th of July, 1867, that day of days—the incarnation of thirty "swallow-tails." Those that "*have time*," we hear, are thinking quite seriously of matrimony, but it is gratifying to know that most of the class are busy. We are also happy to state that the fine lithograph of "The Future," exactly expresses the present *distant* feelings of the Board. We might also add at this point, that most of our Class (cause unknown) have found it difficult to assume the dignity of Senior Year, and a long time ago gave up the attempt. We regard the few exceptions as sufficient, and to these we would call a proper attention and advise a suitable degree of subserviency if—advice is necessary.

The Juniors are beginning to think of—their Junior Exhibition, and the probability of their realizing their hopes in being eloquent on that occasion. Pardon our familiarity, but *don't* let "atra cura" in any respect trouble your dreams, for the second term of Junior year never comes but once, and one year from now you will *all* undoubtedly regard it as an Oasis in College life, perhaps because

"The past will always win
A glory from its being far."

The Sophomores and Freshmen are getting along *finely*; each Class finding a degree of satisfaction in its own prowess, and occasionally sending some heroic, but unfortunate representative, to the Police Court. Whether this tribunal is a place of Justice, we don't believe Themis herself could tell. The study of "Puckle" undoubtedly requires a large amount of *out door* exercise.

We have quite a pretty little poem lying upon our Table—"Girlhood." The envelope accompanying it is unopened, as we print but one stanza. We think it shows considerable poetic taste and ability, but is not completely finished :

"Bessie put on with laughing grace
A silken hood, demure and quaint,
From out whose depths her girlish face
Glowed like an antique picture saint
Fresh-tinted, though in setting old,
Of dingy carving and tarnished gold."

We have also received some very good articles from other Colleges, but we are more than supplied at present by the facile quills of "our own Institution."

Our hour is up, but we feel that we must write at least one more sentence, by way of quotation. We are aware that last term "the germ" of it was printed, but it is gradually growing longer, and will soon become a perfect synonym of sweetness. First, a rap at our door; then a basket, then a hat, *and then*, "not wishing to interrupt the gentlemen in their studies, but don't the gentlemen wish to invest in buying a package of first-rate, extra good, real pure, superfine, old fashioned, home-made molasses candy?" This is only equalled by the Irishman's notice on the "Free bridge:" "All persons of every description, hereafter, in all future time to come, can pass over this bridge, free gratis for nothing, without paying a cent."

We have only to add in conclusion, that the last year in College is eminently qualified for cultivating the affections. As a proof of this, a person for the first three years of his course, never given to sentiment, innocently answered the following question: "When man loves, what goods does he choose?" "Dry Goods!" This last touching apostrophe suggests a volume of emotions, but as light literature already floods the market, at this point we cease—leaving our "medical lectures" and remarks on "carving," to the Doctor, who will undoubtedly have something to do with our next publication.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

MARCH, 1867.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

J. W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Mackintosh's *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

We intend to review the work before us, confining our attention to its argumentative and artistic merit. Now, the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* is avowedly a reply to Burke's "Thoughts on the French Revolution;" therefore, to estimate correctly the soundness of the arguments found in the reply, an acquaintance with the views held by Burke will be necessary: that is to say, we must institute a comparison, plainly between the two works.

In Mr. Burke's somewhat rambling and illogical essay, we discover, intermingled, it is true, with much legitimate reasoning, an unusual amount of mere rant and denunciation. Separating the latter from the former, let us briefly notice the principles which Burke advocates, and the arguments which he brings forward. His principles are apparently these:—a sturdy, prejudiced belief in the unequal rights of men,—a strong bias toward aristocracy, as opposed to democracy,—a love for nobility, in whatever shape found,—a disposition to trust *experience implicitly*, and to *distrust* any self-evident truth, provided that it savors at all of innovation. These principles being enunciated, he appends some special argument, powerful in the case at hand, and directly appropriate to it. Let us state these arguments in order, and attend to their refutation, as found in the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

First, Burke endeavors to set at nought three propositions announced by the Democrats. They are as follows:—"That we have acquired a right to choose our own governors; to cashier them for misconduct; and to frame a government for ourselves." Mackintosh takes up these propositions singly, and, in one of the finest sections of the work, proves them triumphantly. To prove the first two, he selects from the unimpeachable record of History a chain of circumstances, logically connected and convincing. To prove the third, he has recourse to a noble and masterly *a priori* argument. Burke, in his treatment of the matter, had made more than one deceptive allusion to History, had covered his weak position with his ever-ready, brilliant eloquence, had most freely manifested his inveterate repugnance to innovation, and unreasonable reverence for antiquity. Mackintosh exposes the historical inaccuracy, and bears down the eloquence and the prejudice together by the mere weight of argument—"What!" Burke in effect would cry, "Is the aged oak to be destroyed? Are the past centuries to be obliterated? Is our monarchy to be annihilated?" Mackintosh in effect would reply, "Yes! if need be. If the monarchy is rotten, let it fall! If the centuries indicate stagnation, let the days record progress! If the oak is dead, let it be cut down, and let the vigorous sapling take its place!" There is not a flaw in Mackintosh's reasoning. History and Philosophy alike uphold him in his views.

The violence attending the formation of a revolutionary government will always prove, to the timorous and unthinking, the injustice of that government. It is, then, not surprising that Mr. Burke has laid great stress upon the civil confusion in France. About this matter he declaims and reasons, just as if he was ignorant of the fact that every great revolution must be attended by excesses and suffering.—The sufferings of the royal family particularly excite his delicate sensibility: for he exclaims, "On this new scheme of barbarous philosophy, a king is but a man, and a queen is but a woman!" As if titles necessarily ennobled any one,—as if midway between God and man there was a rank of sentient beings, troubled but little with the vices of mortals, and partaking of the divine nature; unfortunately compelled to abide with us, and only prevented from soaring to the ethereal regions by the obstinate law of gravitation. Mackintosh demolishes this fabric of pathetic eloquence, with one well directed blow. "Has any moralist ever pretended," he asks, "that we are to decline the pursuit of a good which our duty prescribes to us, because we foresee that some partial and incidental evil will arise from it?"

“Shall we abstain from establishing a free government, because we foresee that it cannot be effected without temporary confusion?” He then points to Holland and America, and asks if the examples which are there furnished are not as worthy of imitation as those which chivalry has supplied of servile obedience and courtly pride.

Next, Burke proceeds to slander the character of the National Assembly of France. And, first, he flatly denies the ability of the popular representatives. Then, discovering no badge of nobility upon their breasts, he insidiously attempts to blacken their honor. He charges them with deliberate acts of violence, and finally attacks them *en masse*, in one general manifesto. “All employments,” he says, “are not honorable. The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honor to any person—to say nothing of a number of more servile employments.” A sneer is no argument, and cannot demand a reply. Mackintosh, in *his* discussion of the character and composition of this Assembly, discloses quite a different state of things. He not only asserts, but proves, that the Assembly was composed of men practically acquainted with the nature of the work laid before them: he proves that they fostered no violence, and were guilty of no crime.

Mackintosh next undertakes the defense of the New Constitution of France. Against this document, in all its parts, Burke had inveighed. He had disagreed *in toto* with the ideas contained therein respecting the legislature, the executive power, the judicature, the model of the army, and the system of finance. A recital, however brief, of the arguments *pro* and *con*, would consume altogether too much time. Suffice it to say that, in our opinion, Mackintosh's position in reference to this point is impregnable. He not only satisfactorily answers Burke, but introduces other arguments in support of the new Constitution. But Burke denies the *necessity* of a new Constitution, and, in fact, of a revolution. He refers, in eulogistic terms, to the late reign of Louis, and praises the old nobility, the old clerical system, the old military system; in fact, *all* the *old* establishments. Thereupon, Mackintosh proceeds to prove the expediency and necessity of the Revolution. This he shows, first, by reviewing the various events anterior to the overthrow of Louis; these events are seen to mark an era of despotism and incapability: next, by enumerating the various causes which influenced the people to demand a more equitable division and administration of government. He proves the legitimacy of the Assembly, and the justice of its decision respecting the destruction of the old government.

We have thus reviewed the greater part of the arguments brought

forward by Burke, and answered by Mackintosh. What shall we say of their actuating principles? We have already referred to Burke's. We cannot but have noticed the incidental evidence of his blind trust in antiquity, his prejudice in favor of nobility and aristocracy, and his inclination to scorn the lowly. In contrast with these theories of pride and pomposity, glance for a moment at the more unpretending and stable ones of our author. He does not deride experience: on the other hand, he acknowledges that it is the "basis of human knowledge"—"the guide of human action:" but he further says, "History is an immense collection of experiments. Some institutions are experimentally ascertained to be beneficial; some to be most destructive. What now would be the dictate of enlightened experience? Not surely to follow any model in which these institutions lay indiscriminately mingled: but, like the mechanic, to compare and generalize, to imitate and reject." Again, "Government may be made to be respected, not because it is ancient, but because it is useful." This, in his opinion, is the only principle of authority that does not violate justice and insult humanity. Again, while Burke takes every possible opportunity to declare in favor of "that feudal and chivalrous spirit of fealty," and "that nobility which is the Corinthian capital of polished states," Mackintosh points out the general weakness of feudal principles, and declares a "titled nobility to be the most undisputed progeny of feudal barbarism." And, further, he claims, that to give stability to a popular government, a democratic character must be formed, and democratic sentiments inspired. The sentiment of equality must prevail." And, finally, in opposition to Burke's theory that "a complete surrender of all natural right is made by man, in entering into society," he proclaims the doctrine of the "*rights of man*," as they are now understood and upheld by most of the great philosophers of the world. These are the principles of Mackintosh. They are well and nobly expressed in the work before us. His style, though not so elegant and captivating as Burke's, is far more manly, and his logic is, of the two, infinitely the superior. We find in our author the ready writer, the profound philosopher, and the fearless champion of freedom. The Englishman who, in 1790, could say, "We ought to demand freedom, not because we *have been free*, but because we *have a right to be free*:" this man merits some higher appellation than that of a "warm enthusiast," which Mr. Burke has bestowed upon him: he deserves to be gratefully remembered as an intrepid exponent of that true Anglican liberty, the blessings of which we have enjoyed for so many years and which, please God, shall be our boon for years and years to come.

C. S. E.

The Lost City.

Who can read the story of Herculaneum and Pompeii without feelings of astonishment and delight ; astonishment that cities once flourishing and important should have lain so long concealed from the eyes of man ; delight at the treasures of art they at last disclosed to the world ? Perhaps the former feeling is the stronger. And indeed it is *wonderful* that, during sixteen hundred years, these cities should have defied repeated attempts of the learned to ascertain their position, until chance at length revealed it. Imagine, too, the scene of their destruction ! Picture to yourselves the terrible convulsion of nature which overwhelmed these two cities, containing in themselves a *world* of thought and feeling and still throbbing with the pulse of life, and buried them deeper and deeper in their fiery grave. Youth, beauty, science—art, all in it that makes the present dear or the future precious—all destroyed forever, naught but their memory left.

Similar in its desolating effect was the Spanish conquest of America. The fierce tide of Spanish arms, bursting its barriers at home, rolled on, a resistless flood, over the countries bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico. Ever onward it swept, while ruin and blackened desolation marked its course. Nothing was left untouched, not even the religion of the poor Indians,—that in which the *Roman* did not dare to interfere with his tributaries, not even in the palmyest days of the Capital. The settlements destroyed by the Spaniards were never built anew. They fell to rise no more. *One* city, however, appears to have been overwhelmed by the terrible inundation, as were those marvels of Italy ; enveloped around and above with barriers thrown up by the invading element which at once destroyed and preserved them.

Let the traveller, who will see this city, journey some eight or ten days from Guatemala, on the road toward Mexico. Then, leaving the direct road, let him turn to the right, and climb the lofty Cordilleras till he reach the summit of the range. A large barren rock commands a view of the extensive plain lying to the south-east of Yucatan. The traveller waits till some fine day lifts the veil of cloud which floats low around and beneath him, and which clings to the rock as if for protection against the fearful blasts continually threatening that exposed situation. The cloud lifts. The sun's golden beams illumine the plain, calling each object forth into light and beauty. And as the

panorama unfolds itself to his gaze, away off on the level far below his feet, rise the sacrificial pyramids of a city long lost to the world. What emotions must rise while gazing at such a sight, with such surroundings, at such a time! A nameless city, buried alive, with all its hopes of glory, all its ambitious dreams, with all it contains of youthful ardor or manhood's strength; how mysterious it seems in its loneliness! How many far-reaching minds must have been trammelled by the self-contained life in which the dwellers in this plain have matured and died. The subject teems with thoughts worthy of the poet's pen. And, laying romance aside, this mysterious city remains a most wonderful object for our contemplation. More than three centuries have rolled away, during which this place has been isolated from the surrounding people, shut in by natural barriers and by the severe restrictions its governors have deemed expedient to avert the contamination of the white man's influence. But one or two of the white race have seen it—none have ever entered its walls. There it stands, a living, moving, breathing monument of the past. For, without commerce, and the interchange of ideas which commerce brings; without the salutary lessons to be learned from the experience of other nations, ignorant of the outside world and its customs, this little community, most assuredly, cannot have kept pace with advancing civilization. All history militates against the idea. It represents, then, a former period in the history of our continent. What we know of the culture of the Gulf nations at the time of the Conquest, may lead us to some conjectures as to its civilization, its proficiency in art, science, literature. All such conjectures must be vague and speculative; still they may not be without useful results,—useful when measured by those ideas of utility which characterize the present age. They may lead us to study man, "the highest study of mankind," under a new phase.

Existing records show that the ancient Mexicans, at the time when Cortez invaded their territory, were a people skilled in many of the arts known to Europe, both useful and ornate, and also in some now lost to the world; versed in the natural sciences; sufficiently well in astronomy, certainly, to form a calendar as accurate as our own, (no mean achievement for *any* people.) They likewise could boast of considerable attainment in literature, especially in poetry. Broad political views controlled their state, which was based on a code of morals as sound as any ever possessed by an idolatrous nation. Though they betrayed great fondness for peace, they displayed a prowess in war which Cortez little expected. Surely it would be useful for the stu-

dent of man's nature to ascertain the physical condition of this ancient people, to learn their origin, to study their language, their religion, their laws, and by this means to estimate their moral and intellectual grade, and discover their mode of life and of thought. Now there is one way in which this may be done, and that is by deciphering the hieroglyphics engraved on those grotesque stone sculptures which Stephens discovered in Central America. See how rich a harvest Rawlinson speaks of gathering from similar inscriptions :

"On the clay tablets which we have found at Nineveh, which are now to be counted by thousands, there are explanatory treatises on almost every subject under the sun : the art of writing, grammars and dictionaries, notation, weights and measures, divisions of time, chronology, astronomy, geography, history, mythology, geology, botany, &c. In fact, we have now at our disposal a perfect cyclopædia of Assyrian science, and shall probably be able to trace all Greek knowledge to its source."

And as the clue to decipher these Assyrian inscriptions was given by the famous Rosetta stone, speaking with three tongues to the genius of the French scholar, so the key to read the stone tablets containing the history of the Aztec race is to be found in this lost city in the wilds of Central America.

Insomnia.

LAST night a terror seized me, sleeping;
I, trembling, waked, and upright leaping,
Sat harkening in the gloom.
The night without was wild with snow;
The lonesome winds moaned to and fro;
Dim fire-light lit the room.

A piteous sound of sobbing, sobbing,
The leaden beat of sad hearts throbbing,
Surged through the half-shut door.
Vague whispering voices filled the air,
Uncertain steps came up the stair,
And paced the creaking floor.

And they were shades of olden time,
Haunting by night their buried prime,
And sudden one sang low :—

I am aweary, weary ;
All day long I sigh,
And all the world has grown so dreary,
I care not when I die.

The world cares not for me,
I care not for the world ;
I would my sail were furled
Safe from the angry sea.

Oh, not for such as I
Is ever joy or calm.
Death is the only balm ;
I pray that I may die.

I may not break the bond
That holds my gloomy life ;
I dare not end the strife ;
Who knows what lieth beyond ?

And then another took the strain ;
But still of all the sad refrain
Was suffering and woe.

So all night long I heard them weeping,
Like as the measured sound of reaping
Comes through the autumn corn ;
And all life's mystery I knew.
Pale and more pale the darkness grew,
Till eastward bloomed the morn.

The Love-Life of a Freshman.

" Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers."

THE old, old story everywhere claims a place. Not in the dewy meadow, at "Five o'clock in the morning," nor in cushioned boudoirs, under the gas-jets, does it lose a jot of its beauty or its sweetness. Its notes chime with the jingling of sleigh-bells, make sweet and low music of summer evenings, and everywhere rise up from their nests in youthful memories, and vibrate in pleasant thoughts. What wonder, then, that the footprints of Cupid are sometimes discovered around

these ungainly heaps of brick, and cannot be swept away by the trail of the student's gown? What wonder that the stories of the faithless Helen and the frantic Dido, suggest no note of warning or of pity!

As a student, the Freshman forgets his boyish experiences and his boyish philosophy. There is a wall between his present and past life which every day grows thicker and stronger. He has an eager look around and beyond him; no backward glances. He walks up and down Chapel street on holiday afternoons, to gather materials for his "Dream of Fair Women." You will know he is a Freshman by the modest way he has of peeping under sun-umbrellas, and by an occasional sudden halt at street corners, with an amazed look, as if he had seen a—vision. One of the pretty faces that he meets has a smile on it that somehow seems meant for him. And he catches a sight of the flutter of a handkerchief as she glides past. He doesn't understand it. He whispers his story to a seat-mate—one of the knowing ones—at the evening recitation. He is assured that the kerchief was a symbol for a bag of oats—wild oats—inviting a reply. The spirit of romance is thoroughly aroused. He anxiously rubs his chin. He thinks he will "let his whiskers out a link or two." So he lets it for several weeks, and the result makes him perceptibly down-y at the mouth. The next smile he meets with on the street, he welcomes with a full spread kerchief, grasped unflinchingly with both hands. He is hardly prepared to see that witching smile slip so suddenly behind a glance of indifference and scorn. He would as soon have expected a snow-storm in July. He has not learned yet that a maiden looks always at such demonstrations through a veil of shy forgetfulness. He is mortified, but not disheartened. Ere long he makes his way into a Sunday School, "more," says a jilted Senior, whose eyes were blinded for a whole year by the white hand of a pious beauty, "more attracted by a pretty pair of ankles that he saw disappear behind the Chapel door, than by a desire to disseminate Bible truths." But we will be charitable. At the worst, earthly beauty has heavenly kindred. And the whole epitome of Gospel law begins, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and is completed with the words, "and thy neighbor as thyself," however fair she be. It is fair to suppose that the motives that swing him into his Sunday labor, are hinged at least on a part of the Commandment. He watches with more than casual interest the sweet face across the aisle. One Sunday it is not in its place. That day he astonishes his class by making Noah grind up the golden calf, and compelling the invalid Job to cut off the head of Goliath.

That week he attends his first "teachers' meeting." He is gorgeous in a red and white neck-tie, one that his sister made for him at home. He watches uneasily for the face he has thought about so much. At last he finds it. But the anticipated pleasure fails him. His elbows move awkwardly. His smile is somewhat like that of a peddler trying to sell his wares to a lady whose baby is sticking pins in his leg. But "Tempus fugit," and he is terribly conscious of it. At last he blurts out, "It's been a beautiful day." (One of the late Freshman rains had been clogging the streets with mud all that afternoon.) Those beautiful eyebrows are arched a little more, and there is a scarcely perceptible nibble of that exquisite lip. Can she be laughing at him? He feels as if he were reciting a lesson he has forgotten to look over. He thrusts his hands into the depth of his pantaloons pockets, and lays one foot across the other. He grows desperate. "Have you read Euclid—ah, the dickens—es David Copperfield?" And he shouts out the last word loud enough to be heard across the room. The amused smile which introduces the answer is scattered by the sudden irruption of a third party, having something of importance to communicate to the fair one.

His confusion clings to him all the evening. He is conscious that he appears at a disadvantage. But before the assembly breaks up, he makes a desperate plunge with his eyes shut, and comes out with the red stains of battle on his face, but with a soared delight in the consciousness that he is to be Her escort home. He sees that the clouds have floated from the sky, and gathered in a single mass at the horizon's edge. He feels in his inmost soul the beauty of the elms as their wet leaves move gently in the moonlight, like locks disturbed by some fair sleeper's breath. But somehow he connects it all with the touch of that little hand upon his arm, and the gentle rustle of silks at his side.

He leaves her at the door with many a backward look. He had confidently hoped that she would invite him in, or at least ask him to call very soon. But she very sweetly bids him good-night—nothing more. He walks thoughtfully away, though when he gets to his room he will not for the life of him be able to tell what he was thinking about. At the corner he stops and looks back, he hardly knows why, only he remembers that

"On such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,
* * * and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

He imagines the feelings of poor Dido, as she watches the tri-banked boats disappearing in the dim, unreal light. He almost hears the light splash of the waves against the Carthaginian banks, and even the rumbling of the distant thunder, whose suggestion of contrast might have completed the beauty of that strange scene. But there is no thunder, only the raising of a window over his head. Yet there is a shower after all. And as he lays his soiled coat and limpsy hat aside, he realizes the wretchedness of being

" In love,
Where scorn is bought with groans, coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs,"

and reason, once more heard, almost persuades him to take his pen and follow the example of Dogberry. He dreams that night that he is in an open boat with her at sea, and that the salt water is continually plashing in his face. The next morning—it is Sunday—he finds himself at prayers in a reverie, walking round the Coliseum at Rome, on his bridal tour, while she leans on his arm. And out of his day-dream grows a resolution to walk to Church with her from the School. But as he hurries out of the School-room to overtake her, a lady just in front of him drops her Bible, and moves on, apparently unconscious of her loss. Of course he stops to restore it. She thanks him, asks a question of no importance, and while he is answering, a careless Junior quietly steps into the coveted place. Alas, he is only a Freshman yet. His new companion—he never spoke to her before—lays winningly upon his arm her gloved hand—he notices that she is the girl that always wears yellow kids—and declares that she has for a long time taken an interest in him; that she is delighted with his devotion to his class; that she is charmed with the words of instruction she has overheard from him. And after a pause, she expresses great interest in the School; she would like *so much* to go to the concert that evening, but she has no brothers. Here she sighs audibly. What can he do but offer his services? Of course they are accepted, and he is all the evening racked with jealousy by the delight of the laughing Junior who is sitting at Her side just in front of him. He thinks the torture insupportable, but his troubles have only just begun. Thenceforward he receives little missives, *not* written in Her hand. He is surprised into walking home from socials with the wrong person, by arts more feminine than modest, and in various ways he is treated to a "sister's privileges." In his

afternoon walks he is astonished to find himself going the same way with the "sister." Sometimes, in hurrying to recitation, he meets a pair of yellow kids lifted in deprecating astonishment, and yet half hiding a smile which, with dozens of its fellows, is forever saying,

"Hence bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife if you will marry me."

His class-mates offer congratulations. In despair and disgust he quits society, believes himself an 'injured mortal, and for weeks acknowledges no sense of enjoyment, save an occasional chance to hurl a stone at a yellow-haired dog across the way. But at last the talk of his class-mates, tossing about their comments on face and form and other various attractions of the fair ones they have met, stir his vanity. He resolves to call on Her once more. But the very sweetness of welcome is made bitter by an inquiry about the welfare of—the owner of the yellow kids. His conscious blush belies his statement, and disconcerts him terribly. In his confusion he is betrayed into telling two or three lies that will worry him for months. He hurries away as soon as etiquette permits, and meets that hateful, careless Junior on the steps. Thenceforward he devotes himself to his pipe, and his books. Perhaps you will find him in the large societies, fiercely debating in the negative all questions concerning woman's rights. At all events, any allusion to the fair sex and the tender passion, provoke in him only a cynical growl. And when the sweep examines his room in vacation, he spells out this verse, framed and hung upon the wall:

"The wild, sweet tunes that darkly deep,
Thrill through thy veins and shroud thy sleep,
That swing thy blood with proud, glad sway,
And beat thy life's arterial play,—
Still wouldst thou have this music sweep,
Along thy brain its pulsing leap,—
Keep love away! keep love away!"

The Freshman has taken a long step in wisdom.

“Little Nell.”

CHARLES DICKENS has been censured for selecting his characters from the lower class in life, lingering in the dark alleys, by the lowly fireside, amidst sickness and disease, rather than where life is but a butterfly dream; but he wrote for something more than to give pleasure,—to portray some vice in society,—to paint with a master’s hand the misery and poverty we little dream of, under our very eyes, and to show that flowers may blossom and bloom in lowly places, and by life’s rough roadside, as beautiful and as fragrant as in the hot-houses of wealth and affluence. Little Nell is one of that class of children called spiritual, who seem to have a special mission on earth, sent to entwine themselves around our hearts, and then pass away, leaving us wondering that anything so lovely could have been among us. Like child angels, who have left their bright places, to try the world and human life below, but finding it rough and full of trouble, too soon spread their wings for home again.

In the suburbs of London, dwelt an old gentleman, Master Humphrey by name, who being somewhat enfeebled by physical misfortune, and rather retiring in his disposition, had gathered around him three or four well known and tried friends, who used to hold meetings in the great room of Master Humphrey’s house, around a good old-fashioned fireplace. An ancient clock standing in the corner, was the guardian spirit of the place, and did service only on the night of their gathering, and its homely face alone overlooked their doings and listened to their sayings. It was on one of these occasions, when this chosen circle was gathered around the fireplace, all strangers to us, save one, whom a glance would be sufficient to recognize,—the jolly, sympathetic, cheery Pickwick,—the genuine Pickwick,—with his short coat and veritable gaiters, and the same kindly twinkle in his eyes he always had—it was on one of these memorable occasions, I say, that to the steady tick of the old clock in the corner, the story of Little Nell was told to all by Master Humphrey. At a very early age, Nell was left to the care of her grandfather, who lavished on her all the untold love of a father, for in her he saw what reminded him of his daughter, Nell’s mother, who had formed a romantic marriage, followed by a life of misery and speedy death. These two, Nell and her grandfather, dwelt in “Old Curiosity Shop,” for the old man, being something of an antiquarian, had gathered together all the old

relics of by-gone days he could lay hands on, until his shop became a memorabilia of the past. Here were gathered rusty armor, in which some brave knight had sworn to do or die for his lady love, and the dents on the breast-plate were witnesses of his fidelity; tapestry which had concealed alike the lover and the assassin; vases which had ornamented palaces; richly carved goblets royal lips had touched; ancestral pictures, moldering in their dark corners; swords grown rusty in their sheaths; battle axes, helmets, shields, crossbows—all, in fact, a curious mind could collect, heaped together in inextricable confusion. Here, amongst these waymarks of the past, inanimate things, outliving the passions and deeds of their possessors, dwelt these two. An insatiable desire to have Nell rich and educated, had seized the old man, and he had recourse to the gaming table to amass a shadowy fortune; ill luck followed, and ruin; his money went first, and to obtain more, he mortgaged his shop and its contents to Quilp, a dwarf Jew, in the neighborhood. The story is known, how it all went, and how, when fever seized the old man, weak and maddened by his failures, Quilp took possession, and by his persecutions drove them forth, one morning, early. Little Nell and her half-crazed grandsire, the latter eager to get away to some indefinite spot, anywhere away from the dark city of crime, and the child, in obedience to her child nature, longing for the green fields, the song of the birds, the blue sky, and the quiet retirement of some lonely spot, where she might live, with all that was left her, undisturbed. "Let us be beggars and be happy," says the child. "To-morrow, dear, we'll turn our faces from this scene of sorrow, and be as free and as happy as the birds; and then the old man clasped his hands above his head, and said in a few broken words, that from that time forth they would wander up and down together, and never part more until death took one or the other of the twain." This was their compact, and faithfully did they keep it. It would be a weary task to recount the various events of their wanderings, hither and thither through towns and country, and their adventures with Codlin at the fair, or Jarley at the wax works, and with the coal-heaver at the furnace, and their meeting with the old school-master, whose heart, made desolate and lonely by the death of his favorite pupil, Nell's sweet face soon filled, until she grew as dear as the boy he had lost. All these are little stories in themselves; they cannot bear abridgement; they are only a few of the many beauties of Curiosity Shop. From the sorrowing school-master they pursued their indefinite course, following the old man's ceaseless cry, "Away, away from the city;" the road

growing rougher, their feet tenderer, exhaustion and privation telling upon the child's slight form, until nature was outdone, and she sank by the road-side, only to be rescued by the kind old school-master she had left but a few days ago.

Nell's devotion to her grandsire was of the rarest kind, through sickness and trouble, even unto death, and the feeble old man, half crazed, with one foot in the grave, cared for by the courageous, unshrinking love of patient Nell, who never wearied in her kindness, was a spectacle that never failed to touch the hearts of those they met with, even the roughest. It was almost like "Life and Death," going hand in hand on a journey through the world. In these words she expresses her strong love:—"God bless him," said the child, as she stooped softly to kiss his placid cheek, as he slept; "I see it too well, now; they would indeed part us, if they found us out, and shut him up from the light of the sun and sky. He has only me to keep him; God bless us both."

When Nell and her grandfather, for the two were inseparable, were provided a home in a quiet village, close by the church, through the untiring kindness of the school-master, the old man to act as sexton, a new life commenced for this frail and devoted child. She had now found what her young heart ached for, "singing birds," "blue sky," the "green fields," and "rest." The old man was content, for he was away from the city. Their home was one of those ancient houses, full of nooks and corners and dark holes, almost a second Curiosity Shop, containing high rooms, with ornamented ceilings, great fire-places, oaken furniture, and richly carved arches, while the dim light that struggled through the stained windows, shed an air of mystery around the place, that would make any one shudder at the thought of life there; but to Nell it was quite different; "it was a quiet place to live and learn to die in." I say near by was the village church, so wrapped in the embrace of green ivy, that the cold, bare stones were hardly visible, as if the good words from the lips of the pure-hearted parson, from his pulpit to his lowly flock, had fallen on good ground, and sprung into life, weaving a garment of immortality for the sacred place. Dickens could not have chosen a happier place for Nell to end her life; the spot was one peculiarly suited to her spiritual nature. Nell soon won a place in the hearts and affections of the lowly people she dwelt amongst. Even the grim old sexton would pause in his work, to look on the sad face of the child, as she stood by the new-made grave, with tears in her eyes. Most of her time was passed in the church. Here she would sit for hours, amongst the monuments of

the dead, with her open Bible on her lap, thinking. And she would fix her great, sorrowful eyes on the dim window panes, and look steadfastly, as if trying to peer into the bright heavens, whilst her pale face would light up at times, as happy and peaceful thoughts came and went, and her lips would shape a quiet smile, so contented was she. And when twilight came, when the shadows deepened in the old church, and the cold stone effigies of knights and ladies seemed to grow whiter than the forms moldering underneath; when the crickets began to chirp, the rough school-boys, tired with their sport on the village green, would steal on tiptoe to the church door, to catch a glimpse of Nell, as she sat there, and then they would step away softly, with hushed lips and fear in their hearts, as if they had seen a spirit there, and the village folks solemnly affirmed that she used to talk with the angels in the church tower. She would wander up and down in the grave yard, amongst the narrow hopes, endeavoring to decipher the time-worn names on the gray tomb-stones, and the simple words, "Mother," "brother," "sister," would start the tears from her eyes, making the blue bells and daisies lift their tiny heads, surprised that any thing sad and sorrowful could come from that peaceful and happy face. The sight of weeds growing on the graves of the young, grated on her delicate sensibilities, for she could associate nothing but beauty with death, and she and her grandfather would sit down and clear the grassy mounds, until naught but flowers could be found there. So the days passed one by one; summer, with all its glories, went, and winter spread his cheerless covering over the earth, and Nell was growing paler every day, wasting away slowly. Like Tennyson's May Queen, she longed to die in the spring, when Nature shows her brightest face. "The birds sing again in the spring, thought the child, as she leant at her casement window, and gazed at the declining sun,—spring, a beautiful and happy time;" but unlike Tennyson's May Queen, she died when the snow was on the ground. Death could not take her at a single blow; he tipped his keen arrow with gentleness, and she passed from this life so gently that the old man sat by her bed-side waiting for her to wake. "She is sleeping soundly," he said, "but no wonder; angel hands have strewn the ground with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet, and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. Why dost thou lie so idle, there, dear Nell, when there are bright red berries out of doors, waiting for thee to pluck them. See here, these shoes, how worn they are; she kept them to remind her of our last long journey. You see where the little feet were bare upon the ground. They told

me afterwards that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that; No, no. God bless her; and I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was; but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still." And so the old man's reason seemed to be coming back, as he sat looking at the dead face of his loving guide.

Nell's mission was ended, and the little pilgrim had laid down her staff, and was resting. "For she was dead; there upon her little bed she lay at rest; the solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead; no sleep so beautiful and calm; so free from trace of pain. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. 'When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.' These were her words. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever. * * * * * The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him, with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her. She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast; the garden she had tended; the eyes she had gladdened; the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour; the paths she had trodden, as if it were but yesterday, could know her no more."

The old man did not survive her long. But after a while he took up his old knapsack and staff, her little bonnet, and the small basket she carried in her wanderings, and plodded to the church, and sat down in her old seat, making ready for his final journey with her, murmuring each night, as he went to bed, "she will come to-morrow." One morrow she came, and they found him lying dead upon the cold stone floor of the church. What could be more beautiful! His little guide had led him to the threshold of Life, and left him but a short time, to meet him in the land unknown, to lead him over the dark river, to where he would cease his wanderings.

So ends the story of Little Nell; and when it was finished, tears were running down the cheeks of good, honest old Pickwick, and the faces of the rest were bowed on their hands in sorrow, and the old clock in the corner stopped its ticking, as if unwilling to disturb the thoughts of Master Humphrey and his friends.

Milton's Council of Fallen Spirits.

"MILTON," said Dr. Johnson, "was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones:" and though the remark was made in a most ill-natured attempt to underrate some of his sonnets, it was, in reality, a splendid encomium on England's noblest poet. For what if the 'sonnets' were inferior, if such be the case? Their author could well forego the attainment of excellence in 'carving heads upon cherry-stones,' to be the genius that cut so grand a 'Colossus' as *Paradise Lost*, from that stupendous 'rock,' the Fall of Man!

There is not one of Milton's sublime conceptions, but is, in itself, a Colossus. Perhaps the most striking of all is that one of the fallen angels.

Even into heaven, that blessed abode of the Creator, it was ordained that once, in all eternity, should strife and discord enter. That single conception of legions of spirits, first engaging in fearful war upon the plains of heaven 'against the throne and monarchy of God,'—then fleeing in dismay before the Messiah's thundering chariot, and leaping headlong out of heaven,—next seen wallowing, in a lake of fire, amid the gloomy caverns of hell,—then, roused from their forlorn condition by that indomitable leader, Satan, shaking off the ignominy of defeat, like a mantle, and daring to consult how, once more, they might scale high heaven, how yet renew the 'dubious battle;'—this whole conception is, surely, a towering, a majestic Colossus! But herein is Milton's greatness most conspicuous. A subject which other men would despair of comprehending, would even shrink from contemplating, this blind poet undertakes, with the calm deliberation of a philosopher.

Not however blasphemously, like the atheist, not unfeelingly, as the stoic, but devoutly, and with the humble inspiration of the Christian, he sets himself to the task.

Ever before his own and his reader's eye he keeps one great end, that he may 'assert eternal providence, and justify the ways of God to men.' See how nobly he executes the design ! The whole poem might be taken to be an exquisitely beautiful sermon upon that text from St. Paul, that " Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God ; and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation." Follow him, as he describes the fallen spirits in their hellish council.

Downcast, but not dejected ; hopeless, but not despairing, with a terrible energy, and a heroism worthy of a better cause, they prepare to '*resist*' the Almighty. A palace must first be built, in which the great assembly may gather. Myriads of ready hands hasten to the task, and in an hour, as if by magic, 'out of the earth a fabric huge rose like an exhalation,' 'built like a temple,' and endowed with such splendor, as not Babylon, with all its glory, could equal. Hither are convoked the powers of hell, by winged heralds, who,—

" With awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers."

There is something overpowering in the spectacle of millions of immortal spirits, the sudden blaze of whose flaming swords 'far round illumined hell,' sitting in solemn council, and bidding defiance to the most high God ! With what stern determination, though struggling against despair, the majestic monarch explains the purpose of this infernal Court :—

" Thither let us tend ;
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbor there,
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair ;
How overcome this dire calamity ;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
If not, what resolution from despair."

Behold the haughty emperor exhorting that assembly to debate the question 'of open war or covert guile ; assuring them that hell's deep gulf could never hold 'immortal vigour,' and that though oppressed

and fallen, he gives not heaven for lost. Listen as he encourages to union, and faith, and firm accord, shrewdly arguing that there could be no obstacle to their harmony, because no jealousy could trouble, where there was no good worth being jealous of. Surely none would envy whom distinction the more exposed to the Thunderer's aim! Witness how he cheers the conquered hosts with the hope of speedily returning, to claim their just inheritance of old, 'surer to prosper than prosperity could have assured them.' As the chieftain ceased, it would seem that the very consciousness of truth were stamped on that defiant brow; that even Reason, Right, and fair-eyed Hope, had left their seats in heaven, to join in the counsels of the lost! But more of Satan anon. The question having been proposed, Moloch stands up to speak, arrogant, impetuous, and wrathful, the strongest and the fiercest spirit that had fought in heaven. He, ages afterwards, became that horrid king, 'besmeared with blood of human sacrifice and parents' tears,' who turned the heart of Solomon, in his old age, to build for him a temple, right against the temple of his God; and whose idolatrous grove made the pleasant valley of Hinnom a type of hell.

His had been the ambition to be deemed equal in strength to the Most High; and that hope gone, with it went all his fear and all his wisdom. His sentence was for open war. Yet he displays not the bravery of firm resolve, but the reckless daring of desperation. His lips burn with an eloquence, to which is added all the intensity that passion, humiliation, and despair impart. Blind to reason, scoffing at the Almighty, execrating the shame of lingering in that den of woe, he hurls against the throne of God a storm of hate, defiance, and fierce invective, till it would seem that even hell were exhausted of its madness, and Fury could rage no more. You almost see that towering form, standing in the reflection of hell's perpetual fires, his countenance distorted with the frenzy of his wrath, his powerful arm tossing with the wild eloquence of denunciation! Achilles, in his fiercest passion, with no Minerva to stand behind, and seize his 'golden hair,' could not present one half so grand a spectacle as this, of mingled ire and scorn and injured right.

The 'sceptered king' sat down: and on the other side rose Belial, fair in countenance, of graceful mien, and dignified deportment. About this character the poet casts a wavering light that puzzles us. He calls him one who was, seemingly, 'compos'd for high exploit,' but altogether 'false and hollow.' Of him, he says, that though gifted with eloquence so persuasive, that his tongue 'dropt manna,'

a baser and a lewder spirit, had not fallen from heaven. Yet Reason would seem to sit enthroned upon his brow. He hates the Almighty no less than does the frantic Moloch. But with greater prudence, he wills not to risk all hope in a second encounter, for the sake of mere revenge. He very wisely asks,—

“First what revenge? the tow’rs of heav’n are fill’d
With armed watch, that renders all access
Impregnable.”

He argues that resistance were a vain and hopeless task; and even while deep hatred rankles in his breast, he pays to purity and holiness a tribute that would alone be worthy of immortality, if caught from the lips of a saint in heaven, and not of a devil in hell. For, urges Belial,—

“Could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,—
* * * yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th’ etherial mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire.”

No seraph, clad in robes of white, could utter sentiments more exalted in praise, or more sparkling with truth, than does this fallen spirit. None so sadly, and yet so exactly depicts the real, hopeless condition of the lost angels, as does Belial in this speech. We are amazed to find such candor, where we least expected it, but we are insensibly drawn to the truth of his sentiments. Almost alone in that vast assembly, he seems to fully comprehend the weakness and folly of attempting further war. But this consciousness, so far from driving him to the reckless despair of Moloch, seems almost to rouse in his breast a feeling of penitence. At least, he does not curse his Maker. We notice in him none of Moloch’s blasphemy or fierce defiance. So when the final question comes, “Shall we then live thus vile,—to suffer here chains and these torments?” he answers, “Better these than worse,” and owns that the law is not unjust, that so ordains. He has defied the Ruler of heaven, and being worsted, he is willing to suffer the penalty of his crime. Says he:—

“I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And vent’rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
The sentence of their conq’ror.”

Perhaps, too, by submission to the victor, his anger might, in time,

be much appeased, his breath might cease to stir those raging fires, and so the tortures of their dungeon might be slackened, or at least become endurable. Future days, besides, might bring some chance, some change worth waiting for; and even the present lot were not intolerable, if they should bring upon themselves no greater woe. The effect of such an argument on these ambitious spirits, can easily be imagined. It seemed by far too tame for a *Prince* in hell! The poet himself declares, that Belial "counseled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth, not peace." But in spite of this, the mind is irresistibly drawn to him. There must be something more than those fair features and that reason's garb, that so sensibly attract us to this singular personage. To devils filled with hatred and bent on revenge, so mild a proposition might indeed seem ignoble; but when we view it in the light of truth, of reason, and of God's omnipotence, what juster sentiment could this prince have uttered? Forget for a moment that all this picture is the work of a poet's brain. Imagine yourself a personal spectator at the council of Pandemonium. As you listen to the unanswerable logic of the god of revelry, remember the load of sin and woe and eternal perdition, that the following of a certain other course brought upon this wretched world,—besides the greater damnation in store, even for the devil and his angels, for following that course,—and then refrain, if you can, from crying out, O Belial, that thy nobler counsel had prevailed! Then, too, there is something not ignoble in his frank acceptance of the conqueror's terms. Is there not a certain loftiness of soul, as well as wisdom of mind, in one who quietly submits to inexorable fate, rather than fly into an impotent passion and offer an absurd resistance? The truly wonderful incident is, that so much candidness and strong good sense were found in one so fallen and so 'lewd!' And it may not be presumption, in passing, to observe, that possibly the poet here imputes to Belial, language which does not accord with the Scriptural accounts of that character. At least the sons of Belial, in later times, showed no such disposition as this speech would indicate to belong to their master. Do what we will, it is difficult to associate the words of Belial with a being so utterly depraved as Milton would have us believe him. We may call his proposition unmanly, if we choose; but what better could he have made, in view of the 'fate inevitable' which subdued him? His motives, at least, were far nobler than those of Mammon, who spoke after him. This spirit agrees, in main, with Belial's plan, but manifests a sullen, stubborn spite, that betrays the devil throughout. His was that morose submission which leaves room

for not a spark of penitence to warm the heart. Even should the Lord of heaven relent, his blackened soul could find no pleasure in singing 'forced hallelujahs' to that 'envied Sovereign :—

"How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate!"

To many minds, indeed, there may seem something noble in the spirit that prefers 'hard liberty before the easy yoke of servile pomp ;' but when we hear that spirit contemptuously styling the beauties of the celestial world, the glories of the eternal throne, the hallelujahs tuned to heavenly music,—all as 'servile pomp,' the narrowness of his mind becomes disgusting, the loftiness sinks to insignificance. A nature which could not appreciate the bliss that angels enjoy, a spirit whose looks and thoughts—

"Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,"

must in truth have been the 'least erected' that fell from heaven !

Mammon elicits from us no particle of sympathy. Even when so grand a scheme is urged by him as that of founding a nether empire which in time should rival heaven, our admiration for its boldness is lost in contempt for its proposer. For, listen when he says :—

"This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; *and what can heav'n show more ?*"

As if, by aid of gold and gems, hell could be turned into a heaven ! For so base a spirit, surely Pandemonium was bliss enough ! How truly did he afterwards maintain this character, when suffered to walk upon the earth ! How many among the sons of men betray his secret influence, and how disgusting is the spectacle ! Sin may sometimes seem most lovely, vice grown familiar may clasp the conscience in a sweet embrace, the mind, distorted by long abuse, may even deem it possible to reconcile evil with good, Belial with heaven, or Satan with God ;—but never, to the most darkened intellect, must it seem consistent for man to serve both God and Mammon.

We gladly turn to Beelzebub, the last speaker of the council. About this character there centres a peculiar interest from the fact that his was the prevailing measure. In heaven, clothed with transcendent brightness, he had 'outshone myriads,' and in hell he is a chieftain of great influence among his peers. The poet deems him

next to Satan himself in power, doubtless because long afterwards in Israel he was held to be the "prince of the devils." The fall from heaven had by no means robbed him of his stately dignity. On that majestic front still sat 'deliberation and 'public care.' The plan of Beelzebub, though not original, was certainly novel, and appeared to be feasible. God's omnipotence he could not but recognize. The scheme of building up an empire in a dungeon were surely a mad one; for, though he were to "make his bed in hell," the Almighty's arm could reach him. To his mind an 'easier enterprise' had been suggested. Another world, the happy seat of some new race called Man, offered a brilliant field of profit, or revenge. The plot is too fiendish—too revolting, not to arouse a feeling of horror. Listen to the monster unfolding it :—

"Thither let us bend all our thoughts, * * * * *
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny inhabitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge * * * * *
 * * * * * when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original and faded bliss."

There stands the fiend unmasked, the devil in the perfection of his devilish nature! What scheme more infamous, more malicious, more unblushingly vile could have been devised? The details are too shameful to relate. A world, which till the Messiah came, lay wallowing for four thousand years in the mire of sin and degradation, needs not to have the shocking tale repeated. The loss of her Eden, the page of her history blackened with endless records of her misery and shame, the eternal ruin of millions of her 'darling sons,'—all testify to the villainy of this plot, and curse the spirit that gave it utterance. His grandeur fades at once. Those 'Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the weight of monarchies,' cease to inspire us with awe. In that polluted breast mercy is unknown. Many virtues may seem to have joined in the angels' fall; Reason, Genius, Hope, may each have lent them powerful aid; a sort of nobleness of spirit may have belonged to some of their leaders; a certain kind of honor may have characterized their actions with each other; Union, Faith, and firm Accord may have marked all their deliberations :—but Mercy, a spirit

of gentler blood, needed the purer atmosphere of heaven. Close to the throne of God she sits, his fairest minister, beloved among the angels of light, adored among the sons of men. No particle of her influence was ever shed in hell.

Beelzebub had not indeed devised this foulest plot, but rather had been the tool of Satan's deeper malice. But Satan has nobler qualities, which we cannot overlook; and try as we may, it is impossible to cast upon him the opprobrium attached to Beelzebub. Indeed it is well for Milton's master-piece, that his infamy should thus have been partly obscured. Throughout his poem the author ascribes to Satan many redeeming traits. His was, to be sure, the task of carrying out, this shameful plan; but when we count the dangers of the enterprise, when we estimate its magnitude, when we peer into that 'dark unfathom'd infinite abyss' which must be crossed, when we read the blank dismay pictured in every countenance at thought of the 'dreadful voyage,' and when finally we behold the mighty monarch, 'whom now transcendent glory raised above his fellows,' daring alone to undertake it,—amazement fills the mind, and we forget for a moment the nature of the scheme, in admiration of the hero who would execute it. When Beelzebub was speaking, seduction, malice, and eternal ruin to mankind, were the prominent ideas,—and we execrate the fiend who could propose them. But when Satan rises in that god-like majesty, and scorns to reign 'refusing to accept as great a share of hazard as of honor,'—the grandeur of the spectacle, the noble daring, the self-sacrificing courage of hell's Ruler, are uppermost in the mind, and we are forced to honor, while we yet condemn. From first to last, there is something about this infernal Hector, that chains your interest. It is excited when that character is introduced, stretched upon the fiery flood, where he lay 'floating many a rood,' conversing with Beelzebub. What mortal, what angel or demon, ever uttered words revealing such indomitable will, such lofty resolution, such proud disdain, mingled with deep and even tender feeling, as does Satan here? Again behold him as he rises off the lake of fire, a giant combining all the vastness of Leviathan, with the terrible defiance of a Typhon, and the dignity of Apollo! His 'pond'rous shield' hung on his shoulders like the moon seen through an 'optic glass!'; his spear was like the Cyclops' staff, 'to equal which, the tallest pine were but a wand; his voice was like Achilles,' when standing on the Grecian battlements, that hero, shouting, drove the Trojans in terror and flight. See those princes, potentates, warriors, 'once the flower of heaven,' spring up at his call abashed, and rally around the standard

of their monarch. A much similar scene is described by the poet of Sorrento, when Godfrey's forces gathered for the holy war. But not even the noble object of rescuing "the belov'd Redeemer's tomb" from outrage has invested the crusades with so deep an interest as centres in this sublime conspiracy of hell. Not all the brilliance of Tasso's precious genius, not all the glories of chivalrous valor and pious enthusiasm, have shed so bright a lustre upon Godfrey's or the Hermit's name, as Milton casts on this infernal king. Many would therefore censure the poet, declaring that he paints Satan in colors too glowing to be true, and ascribes to him a character too sublime to be safe in its influence over the reader. "There is always danger," says Dr. Johnson, "that wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it miss of approbation." But do not such complaints arise through shallow observation? Does Milton's idea differ essentially from the hints thrown out in Scripture? It plainly shows indeed the poet's indebtedness to Æschylus with his noble conception of Prometheus, but the *holy scriptures* were the sources from which he most largely drew. Their accounts certainly ascribe to Satan a degree of power and grandeur not allowed to the other fallen angels. If the Saviour had "beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," surely Milton may describe him as springing upward "like a pyramid of fire." Why not? Was he not a king? "by *merit* rais'd to that bad eminence?" If in heaven his bearing was so godlike that *myriads* extolled him "equal to the Highest," surely he might retain a supremacy in hell! But how *could* he retain it if not possessed of some of the higher and nobler qualities? Nay, even, is not Satan a perfectly *natural* character? Remember that he has been an angel of light, and is an angel yet, though "Oh! how fallen, how changed!" His fairer nature may be sadly dimmed, but why needs it to be quite destroyed? We are not to suppose that these rebels must be so utterly depraved as to love vice for itself, that their souls are so completely blackened, or their judgments so deplorably obscured, that they can appreciate no excellence at all. Such a view is not sustained by the Bible and does not conform to reason. For if this were true, many a man moral in his conduct, but in reality a "whited supulchre," might urge that he was pure from sin:—

"for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnished o'er with zeal."

This, however, is not the only side of Satan's character which the

poet presents. Our feelings at the very outset are roused against "the infernal serpent whose guile deceived the mother of mankind." Nor are we left to wholly admire him when standing proudly amid the acclamations of Pandemonium. Even there the devil's selfishness betrays itself; and the jealous fear lest others offer to share the perils and thence the glory of his enterprise *must* detract from our admiration of his courage. Behold him when at the gates of hell he stood unterrified, and "like a comet burned" before the goblin Death,—the sublimest attitude perhaps in which Satan ever was described. Here too his glory is marred by the filthy story of hell's portress. This hideous creature, who to the loathsome shape of a Scylla with her sea-green dogs united all of Medea's ferocity, recalls to Satan's mind the day when she Minerva-like sprang from his head, dwells fondly on some secret "dalliance" afterwards held with him in heaven, and finally draws from him the epithet, "Dear Daughter!" The scene is utterly revolting. Satan meets with no greater fall when he drops "plumb down ten thousand fathoms deep" in space than he has met with in our estimation by this affair with Sin. So behold the hypocrite when, wearing "wings of many a colored plume," he deceives the angel Uriel; behold at last the tempter when "squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,"—and say if the poet has described him as altogether lovely!

On the contrary does it not seem that Milton with consummate skill has blended in his hero all the traits both good and bad that are appropriate to hell's monarch? The attempts to portray this character have been many, but who has better succeeded than this blind poet? Has Goethe in his Mephistopheles? Has Byron in his Lucifer? Look for a moment at these conceptions.

A cold, unimpassioned, deliberate creature is Mephistopheles; while in Satan, energy of soul, heat of enthusiasm, depth of feeling, are perceived with every word he speaks. Mephistopheles is as destitute of emotion as a stone; he never is angry, he hates none, he loves none. Satan's soul is a volcano whose fires pour forth and are diffused through his whole being; he hates intensely, and he must love passionately. In the one you see little to admire, not much to dislike. In the other the nobler qualities are so noble as to dazzle you, the meaner are so mean as to disgust you. The former excites in you no sympathy, the latter almost draws from you tears. Mephistopheles declares "Pathos from me would look too like a joke." There is no heart in Goethe's devil. See with what calculating coolness he makes to Faust that hellish proposition:

"I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
 To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding,
 And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant."

The German was a beautiful poet, an accomplished scholar, a great philosopher ; but his Mephistopheles possesses too much of its author's abstract shadowy mind, and too little of Milton's living soul, to be a true impersonation of the Evil One.

With Lucifer it is different. Many contend with some show of reason, that Byron has more justly portrayed the prince of darkness than any other poet. He is indeed a most interesting character. When he first appears to Cain, he seems

" 'A shape like to the angels,
 Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect, * * *
 Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
 Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
 As he hath been and might be :—sorrow seems
 Half of his immortality.' "

This is the fairest attitude in which Byron ever shows him. After this we see Lucifer playing sometimes perhaps the philosopher, but always the tempter, and often the toad. Shy, subtle, evasive,—we behold in him far more of the "lying spirit" than we do in Satan. But perhaps he after all does not so far surpass his other self. Are not both pictures truthful views of the same character as he often appears ? May not Byron, in so vividly portraying the subtilty of his devil, rather neglect to impress the mind with that other essential,—a suitable awe of him ?

It is often complained of Milton that his infernal council is too gross a conception, that his demons are marked by a too ponderous materialism, that by leaning to the pagan diabolism they lose somewhat of their proper spiritual essence. But we must remember that to materialize every conception is one of the mind's strongest tendencies. An abstract idea seldom strikes us with its full force, until either by associating this with other ideas, or by clothing it in some material form, we fix as it were an image of it in the mind. So it is with the beings of another world. Milton, without detracting from the spiritual nature of his devils, has given them just enough of substance to enable us to grasp their tremendous proportions, and to realize how fearfully powerful is the element of Evil.

Viewed in this light, it is hard to censure his conceptions. Study them carefully, compare them with all the infernal creatures of legend

or poetry, from Homer to the present day ; and if you take Scripture for a guide, you *must* take Milton for a model.

He often uses, to be sure, the fables of mythology for illustrations, because they best served his purpose, and were too poetical to be neglected. But he never gives them prominence. True Christian that he is, he regards them not as buried realities, but as dreams of a deluded mind ; and thus he heightens the beauties of his own conceptions, and "clothes himself in the spoils of superstition." Not even does he follow their analogy. When the Giants made war upon Olympus, the conflict for a time was so fierce, that many of the gods in terror fled to Egypt. But not all the power of Pandemonium's council, not all the vaunting of Satan, when he boasts of having 'put to proof his (Maker's) high supremacy in dubious battle,' leaves us for a moment to doubt the issue of such a conflict. The poet throws an air of security about these abodes of the blessed, that sets us perfectly at ease.

How far are Milton's ideas removed from the stories of tradition, the petty nursery tales, the commonly received notions of the day ! Who can read the *Paradise Lost* without feeling its exalting influence ? We at first exclaim, what a moral power it must have been in its day ! And yet this noble Epic was *not* well received ! To the corrupt court of Charles, both author and poem were distasteful ; to an ignorant populace so grand a subject was incomprehensible. It remained for a subsequent age to appreciate the sublime work.

No poet ever lived more isolated from the world, and therefore more bound in meditation, than Milton. His high religious fortitude gave tone to all his works ; so that *Paradise Lost*, for example, bespeaks the Christian, as well as the poet, upon every page. In its most revolting scenes, when the powers of hell seem blackest, he brings truth out of the darkness, and turns all to the glory of God. Thus even the horrid council of spirits plotting against their Maker he cannot pass over without exclaiming :

" 'O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds ;—men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace.' "

The ideal characters of no poet are so good in their influence on the reader. The old furies and demons such as Megæra, Tisiphone, Hecate, only excite our profound abhorrence. The giants of antiquity are but distorted monsters, remarkable for little else than their size

and impiety. Pluto is at best a flat, insipid personage, rousing in you scarcely an emotion of any kind. Tasso's infernal king is but an outrageous tyrant, his conclave of fiends a den of ugly ferocious monsters; and the poet takes little pains to use them as the instruments of a loftier inspiration. Even the sorrowing melancholy Dante, though he touches a chord of tender sympathy, fails to rouse in your breast the holy fire that Milton stirs. There is something too horrible about the malice of those devils who, after the poor sinner is plunged into the liquid fires of Malebolge, could tear his flesh with outstretched hooks until he dived again! That Milton used both Tasso and Dante as models is very likely; that he surpassed them both is most evident. For the genius of England's blind poet was it reserved to paint the horrors of darkness in their truest colors.

Poetical ideas, according to Macaulay, appear gradually absurd as the light of science brightens upon them. Hence the conceptions of Homer and Virgil, although both grand and beautiful, seem to-day chimerical. But the contrary is true with Milton. So long as Bible truth shall impress the heart, the spirits of Milton shall dwell in the memory. Before his lofty ideals the paltry fables of mythology pale and sink away,—just as ignorance and superstition must always fade in the blaze of the Gospel's light. His powerful mind, his rare genius, his noble Christian spirit will always shine with a lustre far surpassing ordinary fame.

B. P. W.

Rituralism.

THOSE persons who have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, if there are any such among our readers, must remember the story of "Villikins and his Dinah." The incidents of the story were very sad, but the manner of the telling was so tinged with affectation that the hearer was in considerable perplexity. One sensitively observant of the conventionalities of society will not laugh at a funeral, be it ever so cheerful, nor cry at a dinner, be it ever so dreary, and this perplexity arose from this same sensitiveness. The story was a puzzle, and you must listen to the solo with a mute countenance, in the anxious hope that something would soon give a fixed character to the story, and direction to your facial muscles. When the doleful song had begun to oppress the hearer as a cloud or dun, or superfluous hot

cake, and indignation against the opulent mercantile parent had given place to grief for the lovers whom despair and the druggist had conspired to kill the complete submission and growing hope which sprang up with "Ritural iural," &c., was as satisfactory as it was astonishing. Then were we glad that we had straightened our faces, for tears would have been wasted, and laughter premature. We see immediately that the song was written by a healthy man immediately after dinner, and the chorus was his safety valve. For if he could have helped rolling out the Ritural he could never have written the verses. The story is complete with the chorus. It is like age to boots and tobacco, the fence to Yale College, or lunch to a school-girl. Without it, the story lacked all sentiment; with it, it overflows with insincerity and sham feeling. And so transparent is the hypocrisy, that it never brings to mind a real love tragedy, nor prompts a laugh at the occurrence which it does not caricature. It is humbug laughing in its sleeve, and is so perfect an epitome of all falsehood that it has seemed proper to christen every sham, whether in religion, politics, sentiment or diet, by the name—"Rituralism." Whoever the author of this poem was, he was honest and true, else he could never have written so complete a farce. A real Rituralist must needs affect some feeling, would have dropped some tears, and blotted the story.

It may be noticed that our title is like the name of a new doctrine in religion, with the exception of the second "r," a liquid consonant which was dropped from their name by the Ritualists when they discovered a liquid more consonant with their belief, called milk and water. After all, this new doctrine is a small matter, simply the shadow of a cloud of incense, from which springs up mitres and surplices and candles. When the strong and true religion shall have swept before it all Rituralism, this Ritualism will be found somewhere in the ruins, its last and sickliest child, snuffed out, without life enough to waver out in smoke.

The "Lit," however, is not the place for a Church paper. We have in mind two or three developments, or rather croppings out, of this Ritualism in College which deserve a passing notice, a warning cry, before the sentimental trifling which they indicate, completely enervates and vitiates our manners and manliness. But, by the way, isn't this an alarming symptom of Rituralism in College, that it is thought necessary by the corporation to demand these written affirmations every week, or else to mark those imperfect men who go to chapel? It shows a lack of confidence in the representative young

men of America, that they cannot be trusted to aim for themselves in this great shooting gallery of ideas, lest they should smash some windows in the old edifice, or bring down some weathercock which is always pointing toward the ancient east. There is hardly a student here who might not have been trusted to keep all religious observances with at least an outside show, or to write a piece for the "LIT," or "COURANT," in a spirit of good will, and in a courteous manner, before he came to college; and if we must now be watched, it is because of some sham sentiment which has sprung up between students and faculty, or among students themselves; a spirit of ritualistic carelessness, heedless of rights of others, sneering at all serious effort; a spirit of frivolity and idleness. This Ritualism sometimes manifests itself in expressions of good will. Once, when a man was going home to attend the funeral of a near relative, we heard a friend of his, with tears in his eyes, express the hope that he (the student, not the departed friend,) would enjoy his journey.

The most annoying development of this Ritualism is in "sells." It is supposed that all those who are striving after high culture will be inquisitive and very thirsty for knowledge, and certain persons delight in taking advantage of this yearning of the curious soul. They are always eager to supply your wants, upon the slightest intimation. There is a club we know of where if you open your mouth to ask for anything but grub, they will have you sold and demoralized, and will be ready with another before you can shut it again; and when you have fallen into one of these Ritualistic "sells," your only way of living it down is by resolutely refusing to ask questions.

A more harmless development is the college conundrum. This facility of making conundrums is very useful during vacations, whenever you may be called upon to act in charades. For example: Catch a mouse, place on it a tablespoonful of hash, and pass it around. The answer probably will not be guessed, and when you give as the solution, "*Anonymous*," the mystery will be deeper, until you thus explain it: "Hash is an indefinite article, 'an' also is an indefinite article, ∴ An-on-a-mouse." Probably some one will say that he should judge from this, that charade acting was *an aimless* sport. Thus the attention of the company will be drawn away from your blushes, and you are saved.

There appeared an article in a newspaper, of the 6th inst., which contained sufficient bitter personality to prove that the fair play professing editors did not write it, and that some "Proxy" did, but which

contained three conundrums which kept each other in countenance like three graces at the head of the column. These concerned the "LIT," and published the fact that this venerable Magazine was nearly bankrupt: Well, we shan't throw up an orange, or any other of our edibles, and "Hurrah for the LIT," but mildly ask, Why is the statement that the "LIT" "is stuck," probably true and probably false? Because it's likely or like lie; and why is this conundrum like a College President's double D-degree? Because it's a pair o' Docs. And once more: What is the difference between the statement of our need, and the evident ambition of the one who stated it? One is so, and the other soar.

But enough of conundrums. Many points remain unnoticed, but we only wish to hint that there may arise from this insincerity which we call Ritualism, a feeling of estrangement between classmates, developing into suspicion and personal hatred, which is worse than "hazing," or raids upon the property of citizens, or differences with the College officers, because it kills all class feeling, which is the noblest production of our College life.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Prizes.

Prizes for excellence in English Composition in the Sophomore Class have been awarded as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.—1st Prize—Henry A. Beers. 2d Prize—Frank Atwood. 3d Prize—Lyman H. Bagg, Henry C. Bannard.

SECOND DIVISION.—1st Prize—Edward C. Coy. 2d Prize—Henry V. Freeman, Edward Heaton. 3d Prize—Alexander A. Ewing, John T. Hillhouse.

THIRD DIVISION.—1st Prize—Bernadotte Perrin. 2d Prize—Henry W. Raymond, Rufus B. Richardson. 3d Prize—Isaac G. Reed.

FOURTH DIVISION.—1st Prize—Edward P. Wilder. 2d Prize—Arthur Shirley. 3d Prize—G. S. Sedgwick, Thomas W. Swan.

Editor's Table.

THE present board is rapidly drawing its labors to a close. With the issue of one more No., we shall tenderly consign the LIT. to other hands. We personally are cudgelling our brains, in the hope that something will occur to us, that shall be suitable to our last Table. The times are interesting and suggestive. About a hundred of us are very soon to separate, and find out by experience what life will bring to us. There is enough to write about, but the difficulty is, to make a wise selection. As we are drawing near the close of our College course, we naturally look back through the incidents of our four years stay, tracing our internal history, from year to year, till finally, we behold ourselves in Alumni hall, utter strangers to each other, utterly alone amidst a crowd, suffering all the horrors of a first examination, and wondering, confusedly, what solemn meaning is attached to "white" and "blue" papers, about which we hear, now and then, mysterious and horrified whispers. Our own experience was, we presume, more than usually painful. We hadn't acquired, in the smallest degree, that very essential prerequisite to a successful College, viz. "cheek." We were exceedingly shy. Moreover, our instructor, whom we thought a man of prodigious learning, whose lightest word had with us a vast and oracular significance, had told us that College Professors and Instructors had a remarkable craving for the blood of sub-freshmen, and gravely advised us to defer our examination till the second day, because, on the first, this cannibalistic thirst was, in a great degree, satiated.

But we felt that we could not wait for the satiated appetites of the second day. We wanted to go home. Accordingly, with courage roused to martyr-like energy, though not without some indistinct apprehension of the real meaning hidden under the extraordinary figure of our revered instructor, we started, very early in the morning, for Alumni Hall. There we sat all day, overcome with dismay. We watched the instructors furtively, and studied them as well as we could, considering the perturbation of our mind. We looked for some signs of a flaming, blood-loving eye, or for some sly manipulations of a concealed knife. We, however, could discern no iniquitous manifestations. We sat there very quiet and still, but were not without some confused notions of "dying game." On the strength of this, we got through. But there are one or two qualities that are brought here by a few of the new comers, that are not so apt to be carried away as they ought to be, and these are, simplicity of character, and an earnest faith in human nature. We believe in the above-mentioned qualities. We say this with all earnestness. We are all of us, for instance, rather apt to make light of those things that bear the stamp of the direct and earnest influence of the home. The utter sincerity, genuine earnestness and simple faith, that this sacred place imparts, isn't apt to stay long after one comes to College. There is a power abroad in College, such that a young man can't well retain these influences, except in the silent depths of his own heart. The fashion is rather to scout the really noblest influence of the father and mother and sister; in short, to set at nought their most sacred utterances—words that, perhaps, are spoken with an earnestness that subdues the voice and almost chokes the utterance. If a young man ought to carry anything in his deepest heart, the sacred instructions that are given him in his childhood and youth at the home, should receive that distinction. If these are fit only to be set aside in

his young manhood, then, human life is a cheat, infamous and immeasurable. Human character and human wisdom and human affections, are delusions, beneath even contempt. We believe that the influence of mother, sister, and home, is rarely justly valued. No man is fitted for the conduct of public affairs, unless there is in him the truth, simplicity, gentleness, and patience, that rarely anything else than the influences of a good home imparts. Undoubtedly, so far in human experience, the most exquisite beauties, eluding all observation, have lain hid in the home. How many divinely beautiful things, in human life, have not yet been expressed. Down deep in common life, throb the mighty pulses of the world's spiritual life; in deep and silent hearts, to whom God never gave words, but only to endure, lie mightier things than the world has conceived. The pageantry of kings, the pomp of courts, have been reported, but the deeps in lowly, earnest, struggling hearts, of these the world has not yet heard. Only God knows them. When, then, the young man turns his back on the sacred influences that home exerts, he puts contempt on what is holiest in all the earth. We believe that the manner in which we treat this deep and early influence, imports much to this Institution, as to whether its influence be good and healthful, or poisonous and pernicious; it imparts much in regard to the character of American literature, and also in regard to the honesty and dignity of American statesmanship. The fate of America is in the power that moulds and inspires its Statesmen, and no man can breathe an atmosphere that fits him to occupy this exalted position, but in a home.

But what is substituted for the simple faith and earnestness of early youth? It seems to us that its substitute is a sort of subtle, pervading skepticism, that makes life unreal, that mocks at earnestness, that makes human nature altogether untrustworthy. Is this well? If we would thank God for anything, it would be, that, after we had encountered all the shocks of life, after we had suffered all that we could from human selfishness and passion, He would suffer us to hold fast our original firm faith in human nature. And this unreality is creeping into every department of American intellectual life, religious, political, literary. It substitutes an obtrusive show, for real substance. It employs external grace, instead of downright nerve. "Elsie Venner," well exemplifies the spirit to which we refer. Its skepticism and general distrust of everything, except human selfishness, extracts, as far as its influence goes, all the marrow and glory out of human life. He writes like a caviller, and doubtless is one. Of all classes, cavillers are a brood most numerous, and exceedingly trying to human patience. This swinging from everything gentle and genuine, that characterizes all of us here in College more or less, seems to us to tend strongly toward just such hollow and marrowless stuff as distinguishes portions of "Elsie Venner." Such works are getting to be not uncommon in American literature.

Again, are we not too much prone to rest satisfied with the conviction that we have in us possibilities of high excellence, while we make no particular efforts to realize such. We respect purpose and achievement, in any case, even if it be to advance a course of evil. Aaron Burr, who did more to poison American social life, than any other man who has ever lived in this land, brought such splendid powers and acquirements to his infamous work, that notwithstanding we extend to him our weightiest disapprobation, yet we greatly admire him in a certain way. He brought into his service such consummate adroitness, such a matchless grace of address, such almost preternatural insight into human nature, such inimitable self-control and self-possession, that we cannot but admire such great powers, marshalled

with a genius so vital and energetic. So we have some little respect for those who, unwilling to lie as dead weights on human life, strive, in all sorts of wild abnormal ways, to achieve eminence and attract attention. To our mind, a pugilist, earnest and ugly, is a more interesting object, than a mass of organized inertia, as some so-called men are. So intellectual pugilism is better than no intellectual life at all, though, perhaps, in its results, it is nearest to intellectual lumpishness of anything? We believe this, because, "while there is life there is hope." "Awful" Gardner, who for years cursed himself and society by his terrific ugliness, at last, by supernatural power, became respectable enough to dwell with men. We believe that we never ought to surrender faith in men. Even intellectual "plug-uglies" may be, in the slow process of years, transformed into respectable and candid thinkers. But, in any case, a bully, whether he be devoted to fisticuffs proper, or to indiscriminate intellectual slapping, is a very troublesome fellow. You don't know when you are safe. He is as liable to cuff you as any one, because his main object is to get up a "scrimmage," or to draw upon himself the attention, the unenviable stares, that such a character always receives. We say we have some respect for such an individual. He is one step above the inertia of the lump. But the earnest desire to achieve something noble, is very grand, and somewhat rare. We suppose that about half the men who go through College, with their College career, begin and end their mental culture. In their cases, what a humbug is College drill. We are told, often enough, that a College drill is nothing but a very imperfect foundation for future attainments. We value perseverance and a purpose that is so large as to involve a life-long struggle, so highly, that we were about to express approbation of determined resoluteness in evil, rather than that one should have neither tenacity nor purpose. A life without these, is a life without a backbone. When a man should be iron, with this deficiency he becomes pulp, a limp sign of departed manhood, hanging on the outskirts of the world's busy life.

We all recollect the visit of Gen. Sherman to our College, last summer. He seems a man of fine capabilities, simple-hearted, sincere and earnest; a man, as it seemed to us, not thoroughly well-balanced, but carrying the day over and through all obstacles, by dint of his overpowering and tremendous enthusiasm. I remember a few of his words. He said he hoped we all were actuated by a strong and "nervous will." He seemed to think that all things could be done by means of steady, tireless energy. But what of all these things. We, Classmates, are standing on the threshold of our College home, and in a moment we shall step forth into the world. It's a rough place. From earliest childhood to oldest age, it is nothing but rough. The question is, shall we know more than we do now at sixty, if we live so long, or shall we know less? shall we grow continually, till then, in wisdom, in simplicity, and earnest truthfulness, or shall we cease soon to value knowledge, and continue to grow skeptical and distrustful of the dignity of human nature and of human life? Some years ago, Emerson said some noble words to a graduating Class at Harvard. They are pertinent here, and I will transcribe them. "When," says Emerson, "you shall say, 'As others do, so must I; I renounce, I am sorry for it, the dreams of my youth, I must let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you—then perish the buds of art and poetry and science as they have died already in a thousand, thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history. See that you hold yourselves fast by the intellect." College friends and Classmates, FAREWELL

VOL. XXXII.

NO. VI.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

"*Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES.*"

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**APRIL, 1867**  
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NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED AT No 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T H Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MORKHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXVII.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

APRIL, 1867.

No. 6.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

J. W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

A Place to Begin.

THERE is a sort of anxiety felt by those of us who are soon to change our mode of life concerning the immediate future. We have been swinging through an etherial region these four years, but as we approach our perigee, we are losing our academic carelessness, and, like the man in the moon, are more and more moved to learn what this old world is, and how to use it. It has been called "an oyster which we may open," but seems so tightly shut, that it is hard to discover, in its roughness, a seam to start from. Perhaps a view of that country called "the West," may strengthen failing hope, when we are reminded that it is on the outer edge of this mundane shell, and has been already a base of operations for many a successful struggle. Now, we can never fix the boundaries of the West, and can only point the inquirer to the star of empire as it chases the setting sun. When you have arrived in that indefinite region, you will surely know it; but when you first touched its soil, you can never tell. It has come upon you like the twilight of a cloudy day, when the night takes the world by unseen approaches, and there is no sudden change to mark the sunset. Still, you are certain at last of your occidental situation.

We may call that part of the United States between a line running North and South through the middle of New York, and the western boundary of Ohio, the dividing line between the East and West. Let the new oyster opener compose himself in one of those chariots which Vulcan has dedicated to Morpheus, and not awake until he hears the

cry, "Chigago Morning Papers," and he will open his eyes upon the genuine West. When he stops for breakfast at the town of aboriginal name, he will perceive that the air is dryer, the soil deeper, the coffee beanier, and the boiled eggs harder, than fancy had painted, or his stomach craved; also, that seventy-five cents is only "six bits," and that Western alchemy makes "dough" from greenbacks, and transmutes nickel cents to "brads." As he is again whirled Westward, and sees new cities, each a metropolis called by an Indian name, he wonders what wind storm, muddy and mathematical, could have blown hither these shiftless boxes, arranging them in dreary lines upon streets pharisaically straight, wide to lonesomeness, and deep, even to danger. The wonder is, that these temporary dwellings have remained so long, for one would think that the tide of emigration would have borne them further on; but the age they symbolize has by no means passed away,—the transition from picturesque barbarism to cultivated civilization. These dreary little buildings are as superior to the log-house as that was to the wigwam, and that they will soon give place to a tasteful architecture, is indicated by the ugly gingerbread eruptions with which some are already breaking out. Having tired of the blank monotony of the open prairie, or the endless reach of the cornfields there will be found enough that is new in the way-passengers and people at the stations, to keep the thoughts awake during the longest, drowsiest, summer ride. Much cannot be said of the beauty of Western women. They are a serious set, worn out with black care and ague. The younger women are too robust, the children are sandy in complexion, and literally earthy in appearance. The men are lank, leathery, and "long-favored," have a long, swinging stride when they walk, and a general appearance of joints when seated. They are also serious, and as they converse concerning pork, and corn, and lumber, fight their melancholy with natural leaf tobacco; a Western swell is made up of figured calico, hair oil, swagger, and broadcloth. In full dress, their black broadcloth pantaloons are always rolled up, as if to display their boots, blacked half way to the tops. They are also serious, and seek happiness in fine cut tobacco. Our Bachelor of Arts may feel a disappointment, as he looks upon his traveling companions, and deceive himself with the notion, that here is poor material to make friends of, and there is little promise of high culture in Western Society. But before he has rested from this first journey, he may find that Out West is the real United States, and that Western Society is the real Democracy: for he will find himself perfectly free to pursue happiness as he pleases. As there is no old and settled organization

of society, with prescribed etiquette and a fixed standard of gentility. Western people have acquired the habit of going entirely on their own hook; and it is a remarkable fact, that those who were born in New England, become as free and easy Westerners, as those who came from Ohio or Kentucky. The great inducement held out to young men to settle in the West is, that as it is a country from which the primeval stumps are not wholly eradicated, he may be one of the builders of the State, and the founder of a first family. A large proportion of the present inhabitants of the newer Western States are from New England, perhaps more than from the Middle and Border States; but of the foreigners, the Germans are decidedly in the ascendant. Their patron saint, Gambrinus, has followed them, and conspires, with Ceres, to make the land to flow with beer and pretzels. This beer, by the way, is good, and a sure antidote for intoxication. The Germans are radical in politics, rarely in church, and vast in circumference. We know a German Chief of Police, weighing three hundred and seventy pounds, who declares that rascals must rise early to circumvent him. They are very loyal citizens, and while they do little towards filling the jails or almshouses, are always willing to take office. They raise excellent vegetables, and rule their wives with patriarchal simplicity. Most of the manual labor of cultivating their onions and cabbages, falls to the women, while the men attend to the head work. They keep the Sabbath according to the dictates of their own conscience, and in a manner more pleasant than puritanical, making themselves drowsy with the national beverage, and awakening themselves with stirring music. But it is unnecessary to further supplement Tacitus. It would be well to remember what he says in this connection.

Everyone knows that the staple products of the West are corn, wheat, oats, pork, (on the hoof or barreled,) ague medicine, (sometimes barreled,) town lots, feeble colleges, churches which struggle much with eastern beneficence, reapers and mowers, steam-plows, railroads, grain-elevators, etc. A grain-elevator is not, necessarily, corn or rye whiskey, as is erroneously supposed. A description of the elevator may be found in the Chicago Directory, a book which is not very well written, though generally correct in its statements. These various products hint at various ways of getting a living. There are also many chances for a situation in a school-house or newspaper office, which are available to those well trained in muscle.

The amusements of the people savor somewhat of speculation, though not generally metaphysical. They are, chiefly, draw poker,

railroad excursions, oil ventures, and matrimony. The last of course involves croquet, pic-nics, and singing-schools. The circus thrives, while the theater is an empty show. Western people have hardly yet found time to be amused.

It is impossible to do more than hint at a few of the advantages to be found at the West, and in this article pains have been taken to strip it of all false attractions, while many things might have been said to induce a trial of it. The West needs men of education, and appreciates them. She needs more earnest, thinking, loyal men, and will give each one his place. The Western people have acquired shrewdness in a severe school; they cannot be deceived by pretension, and have no disposition to withhold credit when it is deserved. It is because we think that a training here in Yale has scoured off snobbishness, developed manliness, given clear heads and warm hearts, that we advise all who can, to leave their dress-coats and walking-sticks this side of the Alleghanies, and go Out West.

The Dead Soldier.

Night brooded o'er the chamber. Not a sound
Disturbed the smothered breathings of the ill,
Save the unceasing tongue of Time's recorder,
A groan forced from some lips unused to weakness,
Or the low-murmured words of some sick soldier,
Dreaming of far-off loved ones in his home.
For days the battle-cry had ceased its shoutings;
Cannon grown mute, and thunders hushed to silence;
And the cold moon enveloped in her glances
Nought but low mounds, the witnesses of anguish.
Alas that even our protective goddess
Adjusts her balance with a nation's life-blood !
On a low cot lay a young one-armed soldier—
A few short months and he had been as happy
As all those thousands who now sleep the slumber
Which God has judged to be the price of valor.
He left a home where all God's richest blessings,

Kind sisters, brothers, mother and a father,
Would link him to it and make hard the parting.
O mighty is man's duty to a father,
And boundless love should he have for a mother.
But when a bleeding country claims his prowess,
And wrongs to man would put his life in danger,
Then be the parents for a time forgotten.
Bid pity leave thee, all thy kindlier feelings,
Grow like the Tiger, arm thee for the struggle,
Deaden thy senses with the rage of battle,
Fly to thy country, leave the rest with God.
Thus did this youthful soldier. In the ranks
He bore a soldier's hardships and his toils,
Longing for battle, hoping as all hope,
That he might aid his country by his might,
Escape the darts of death, and once more go
To claim a father's blessing in his home.
All day he stood the mark of angry missiles,
All day long fought for his cause and right.
Around him fell, here one he knew from youth,
And here a friend whom college ties had bound
With links of honest and enduring love,
And here the rough acquaintance of the camp.
But he escaped until, as evening came
Blushing to view a scene so fraught with rage,
His turn came too, and helpless hung his arm,
Just as the victorious shout of conquering freemen
Told of another battle gained for truth.
He walked to camp. The surgeon's knife removed
What could avail no longer. Pale and weak
They laid him down upon his couch, and sleep,
That mild panacea of all mortal ills,
Soon soothed his anguish, took away his pain.
The harsh removal brought on farther fever.
His wound grew threatening, and again the knife
Was forced to farther rob him of the dwelling
In which the Father's kindly placed his children.
Thus he was. Night brooded o'er the chamber,
And he dreamt of home and far off loved ones,
Whom he soon again might see and comfort.
The wee hours from the sluggish time-piece dropped,
The moon grew paler in the dawning light,
The cock dared crow at last from off his roost,
The fox went homeward from his nightly tramp,
The kine their breakfast took in meadows green,
The nurse goes round, here with a cooling draught
Here smoothing with a woman's care a cot,
Here placing ice upon a fevered brow,

On which you plainly saw that ghostly seal
With which the Death-king, ever hovering near,
Marks out a victim with his bony hand.
The one-armed soldier calls, and hastening there,
She finds his covering streaming with his blood.
The surgeon, quickly called, looks at his wound,
Sees that all hope is vain, and with his hand
Stops for a time the throbbing jet of blood
Which, like all slaves, when once its bonds were loosed,
Leaps from its chambers, serving him no more.
Then with a voice that spoke of sorrow deep,
He gently told him of his coming end.

Hubert, your wound's been bleeding,
And 'though we always knew
That death might take you from us,
We scarce believed it true
That one so young and noble,
So truly good as you
Must in your youth be sundered
From earth's alluring ties,
And leave us as the leaflet
That withers, fades, and dies.
The artery no longer
Gives place for surgeon's skill,
And when I raise my finger,
Which I'll not do until
Your last words are recorded,
And you've no more to say,
Why then your soul will leave us,
And wing its flight away
To realms far better fitted
For a home for one like you,
Where battles, rage, and anger
Give way to the good and true.

The soldier's words came sad and slow,
For his voice was low and weak,
And a quivering lip, and sorrowing eye
And a tear adown his cheek,
Told alone of the anguish that rent his heart
And forbade him at first to speak.
"It is hard, it is very hard," he said,
To receive my summons so soon,
For although I knew that I might be called,
I had hoped as my greatest boon,

That a mother's fingers might smooth my brow,
But I'll not complain, for it can't be now.
Raise my head a little, that I may see
The friends who have been so kind
O I ought to be thankful thus to die ;
When so many many find
Their death-bed away on a foreign shore
With the dear ones left behind,
But many a mile are my parents away,
And they cannot reach me now.
But although it is very hard to bear,
To Thy will, O my God, will I bow."
And the wind sighed low in the murmuring leaves,
As it moaned with an echo "bow."
"Tell my mother," he said, and the poor boy sighed
As he thought of his mother's care ;
"Tell my mother the thought that her I must leave
Is the hardest thing to bear,
But tell her I always heard her voice
E'en above the battle's roar,
And my dream of dreams was that I might hear
Her words of love once more ;
And ask her often to visit my grave,
For it seems so very lone
To be hid away in the cold, cold earth,
With your only friend a stone.
And let no dark cypress or gloomy pine
Cast a shadow around my tomb ;
But plant the violet there and the rose,
All the flowers that earliest bloom.
And bid my father not grieve too long
For his first, his eldest son,
For I go contented to realms of bliss
Since my labor here is done.
And my darling brothers and sisters dear!
What words to them can I leave,
To show them the depth of my boundless love,
And to let them know how I grieve,
As I feel that their faces no more shall I see,
Till the cycles have rolled to eternity.
But I'll speak no longer. Now set me free,
For I see the rising sun
Is flooding the world with his golden light,
And his course is just begun.
And I think I would rather wing my way
To the realms of a world above,
With the lark as my fellow traveller,
Singing his song of love.

Just pray for me first that each wicked thought
May leave me e'er I die,
And for all the loved ones so soon to know
That their Hubert's in the sky."

The prayer is over, the last word is said,
The finger is lifted, the soldier is dead.
Bury him carefully, hollow his tomb
Where the rippling rivulet laughs away gloom;
Wrap well around him the flag he has borne,
Marred 'though its beauty is, tattered and torn.
Emblem of victory, let it now shield
One who protected it once on the field.
Plant by him violets, daisies, and roses,
Everything cheerful where valor reposes.
Toll the bells mournfully, mournfully toll
Farewell to a freeman, adieu to his soul.
Toll the bell carefully, wake not his slumber—
Place the turf softly lest you encumber
One in his resting-place loved while below,
Wept when departed hence, 'though we all know
Heaven receives him and angels are bearing
Him to their dwelling place, joyously sharing
With him their laudits to God whom they praise;
Merciful Sovereign, Ancient of Days.
The task is accomplished, alone let us leave him;
The vine and the willow in summer will weave him
A covering of emerald, a bower in the shade,
Where he'll list to the music the songsters have made.
The owl may there murmur, the whippowill wail,
The thunder-clouds rumble, the lightnings assail,
But naught more can trouble him, silent he sleeps,
And Heaven each evening over him weeps,
And every morning the sunbeams arise,
And chase with their brightness the tears from her eyes.
Softly we've buried him. Home let us go,
Pained at the loss of him, 'though we all know
Heaven's beholding him, cleansed from all sin,
Winged as the angels are, entering in
Through the great covering studded with pearls
Where from the throne of God Heaven unfurls
Banners of purity, pennons of light,
Waving o'er holiness, goodness and right.

They fired a volley o'er his grave,
The last sad homage to the brave,
Then left him in his narrow cell.
Mournfully, mournfully tolled the bell.

A Thanksgiving Jaunt up the Hudson.*

LEAVING New Haven by the night-boat, which, as usual, waited over half an hour or so on account of the Jubilee, we were to take the 6.30 A. M. train up the river. It required no little moral courage to tear one's self from so comfortable a morning nap as we were enjoying upon our arrival at New York; but, heroically drawing on our boots, we were soon wending our way through the silent streets of the city towards the Hudson River R. R. Depôt.

The clear sky overhead, from which the lingering stars had not yet withdrawn, gave promise of a bright and beautiful Thanksgiving Day. Boys with immense packages of the morning papers under each arm, and an occasional policeman on a corner, were almost the only persons stirring at that early hour.

Day had been gradually dawning, and at last we saw the first red beams of the rising sun reflected on the window-panes of the houses across the river.

Although nature was decked neither with the verdure of Summer or the gorgeous tints of mid-Autumn, the scene we gazed upon was very lovely, and with our spirits exhilarated by its beauty and the pleasant anticipations before us, we thought it a glorious thing to ride along the banks of the Hudson. Never did we see the grand old river of such a magnificent blue as it looked upon that bright November morning when the sunbeams first kissed it. White sails flecked the waters here and there, and occasionally we passed a stately steamboat steadily ploughing her way through the waves. And now we have reached the fortress-like Palisades frowning on the opposite bank, with the bright evergreens clinging to their gray sides, and, here and there, a

* Though this sketch is made up from notes taken in November, 1864, we presume the description of localities will apply equally well at the present time.

house peeping out among the trees on their summits. But on and on we clattered, till the Palisades were left behind, and the broad, peaceful bosom of the far-famed Tappan Zee spread out in its beauty before us. Ere long the brakeman called out "Tarrytown," and here we were to stop. O Tarrytown, fitly named! Long indeed would we linger about thee, more fondly than the ancient Dutch farmers at the old village tavern, on account of which, according to the amiable Mr. Knickerbocker, their good wives thus christened thee. The glorious scenery and magnificent country-seats in its vicinity, its quaint old legends and many pleasant associations and reminiscences of the past, and, more than all, the memory of the great Irving, invest it with an interest and attractiveness, such as few places in this country possess. After attending Thanksgiving services at Christ Church, of which Mr. Irving, whose name is inscribed on a tablet upon its walls, was a vestryman, and then endeavoring, to the best of our ability, to do justice to a noble Thanksgiving dinner, we started out for a ramble through Sleepy Hollow, renowned in ancient story. Sleepy Hollow is still, as of yore, "one of the quietest places in the whole world." As we entered its silent shades, the drowsy, dreamy influence that has from time immemorial pervaded it, seemed to come over us, and we wandered along the road winding through it, as though half in the land of dreams. Some floating clouds partially obscured the sun, thus subduing its bright glare, and lending an additional charm to the place. After a little time we came to a paintless little frame school-house, which looked ancient enough to have once been the far-famed seat of learning over which the lank-limbed pedagogue of the nasal twang presided, with so stern a way. But as that was constructed of logs, this could not have been the original building. The site of the latter we placed a little farther on, at a spot that seemed to answer perfectly the description in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, a copy of which we took care to carry along with us, and to which we frequently referred, in the course of our ramble. There were the woody hill and the brook running close by; but the "formidable birch-tree" was not to be seen. Doubtless it has long since fallen a victim to the revengeful ire of some of the youthful aspirants who had so often been "urged along the flowery path of knowledge," by its lithe and slender switches. Some distance farther on stands the veritable old mill, from above whose water-wheel the old negro, "the great historic genius of the Hollow," grinned, for the first time, upon the illustrious Diedrich, as he pursued his explorations in these dreamy regions. Its clatter has long been silent, but behind it the roaring Ponantico, "which winds

in many a wizard maze through the sequestered haunts of Sleepy Hollow," leaps down the rugged rocks in a beautiful waterfall. But still on we wandered, and after a time leaving the pleasant valley, and following the road around the side of an immense hill, came out at length upon "Broadway," (the continuation of the great thoroughfare,) several miles above Tarrytown, and almost as far up as Sing-Sing, whose ancient Sachem, with his warriors,—according to the Indian tradition—was laid asleep in the rocks and fastnesses of the valley; whence the name and the dreamy influence which still hangs over it. We passed many noble villas and exquisite cottages along the road; but the finest residences are directly on the river, and hidden by intervening hills or trees.

But now we are approaching the spot "famous in goblin story," the bridge by the old Dutch Church, where the Headless Horseman was wont to vanish in a flash of fire and brimstone, and where the hapless Ichabod was hurled to the ground by the horrible missile.

Night has now closed in, and the darkness throws a thousand horrors round the place, filling the mind with strange and undefined terror. Look there! what is that by the road side? A tall figure looms up, and beside it, on the ground, lies a round, white object. Can it be the spectre, and that its head? We summon up courage and, trembling, press on a little nearer, but at last find it is only a gatepost, the stone-ball from whose top has fallen off.

And now, there is the little old church, with its white tomb-stones, like ghosts gathered around it, and here is the haunted bridge itself—Good Saint Nicholas preserve us! Well, we are safely past that now. But here is the hill down which they had that fearful gallop. Hist! don't you hear horses' hoofs? Yes, it is even so—Horrible dictu! Nearer and nearer they clattered. The next instant we expected to have the wild Hessian thundering down upon us, but found, to our immense relief, that it was only a lady and gentleman returning from an afternoon's ride. We are not out of the haunted region yet, however. There is the André monument, erected on the spot where Major André was captured in the Revolution, and here it was that the galloping ghost first appeared to the benighted pedagogue. It is a fearful thing to pass through a hobgoblin region after dark. But now we are in the streets of the village, and our fears vanish, as the cheerful lights from the windows stream out upon us.

We will not soon forget the social festivities of that Thanksgiving night, or the witchery of certain bright eyes, whose spell lingered

with some of us for many a day afterward ; but we feel that this is a subject upon which we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak.

The next morning, when we rose and looked from our chamber window upon the broad bosom of the Tappan Zee, we were disappointed at seeing the sky overcast, and a general gloom upon the face of Nature ; but a little bright patch in the clouds, far to the South, led us to hope that we should yet have a pleasant day. A stroll to Sunnyside was the programme for the morning. So, after breakfast, we started down along the Railroad, which lies directly upon the river-side. Pleasant, indeed, was our walk on that Indian-Summer morning, along the famous shores of old Tappan Zee, where the murmur of the ripples upon the stony beach made music ceaselessly in our ears. Though clouds were overhead, and the water by us was of a dull leaden hue, to the South, where the clear sunlight was shining, the river and its bordering hills were wrapped in golden mist. But the clear space in the sky was widening, and the sunshine was creeping up the river, as we walked forward to meet it. Fast the clouds rolled back, the golden beams touched the dull waters near us, and now they sparkled and shone, blue as the blue sky above them ; while the white sails upon their bosom grew dazzling in their brightness. Then the sun reached the other shore, and the cottages and spires of the village of Piermont, opposite, glistened in the morning beams. All the beautiful landscape was wreathed in smiles. It was a morn, as Willis says, for life in its most subtle luxury. Sunnyside is, perhaps, two miles down the river. A lovely spot it seemed, and appropriately called, looking so peaceful and bright, with the sunlight streaming over the ancient walls. How calm and still the scene around. The moveless expanse of the Tappan Zee slumbered below the old ivy-covered pile, and the only sign of animated life in the vicinity, was the blue smoke of a fisherman's fire, that curled lazily up towards the sky. The appearance of the house, with its many gables and corners, "modelled, it is thought, after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong," is familiar to all, from the many engravings of it throughout the land. On the West wall is the date, 1655, and on the South end, over the main entrance, a tablet, with an inscription bearing the same date, and the name of Washington Irving, 1835, if we remember rightly. Two glittering weather-cocks surmount the edifice, but we are unable to say whether they are the ones "that had crowed in the glorious days of the New Netherlands," and which old Diedrich Knickerbocker saw, when he first came to Wolfert's Roost. This, we believe, is the house which Jacob Van Tassel, "the hero of

"76," built after his ancient castle had been laid waste by the red-coats, and in which afterwards resided the fair Katrina, enchantress of the luckless schoolmaster's heart.

We could easily picture in imagination the great Irving, sitting upon the sunny piazza, overlooking his darling Hudson, where he so loved to sit in days gone by, and watch the sails on its bosom. How this whole region seems filled with him—the very air to breathe of him. There is not a spot of interest in the vicinity, that has not been consecrated by his genius, and which does not recall his name.

We did not notice the celebrated spring, which is said to have been smuggled over from Holland in a churn by the good wife of Goosen Garret Von Blarcom, one of the first settlers; because she thought she should find no water equal to it in the new country; but we paused to admire "the wild brook (wild as ever) babbling down the ravine" near the house. It was with feelings of fond regret, that we turned away from sweet old Sunnyside; and as we strolled up the rambling lane, beautifully overarched with shade-trees, which leads to the high-road, we thought of that mournful procession which, in the sad November a few years since, bore to their last resting place the mortal remains of him who was America's chiefest pride. In the afternoon we walked out to the old Dutch church. It is rather a primitive looking little edifice, but in excellent repair. An inscription, bearing the names of its founders, Frederick Philips and Catherine Van Courtland, his wife, and the date, 1699, adorns its front. Around the ancient church,—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It was among these graves that the pleased Ichabod, conscious of his vast importance, would stroll, with the blooming country damsels, "on Sundays between services, reciting, for their amusement, all the epitaphs on the tomb-stones;" and from these ancient stones, that long afterwards Diedrich Knickerbocker, with pious hand, used to turn down the weeds and brambles which had overgrown them, "to decipher inscriptions in Dutch and English of the names and virtues of succeeding generations of Van Tassels, Van Warts, and other historical worthies, with their portraitures faithfully carved, all bearing the family likeness to cherubs." Adjacent to the old church-yard lies the Tarrytown cemetery; and just upon its borders, looking out upon the former, is the Irving lot. Here the large family repose in long lines of green graves marked by simple head-stones, and, with his

father and mother on one side, and his elder brother on the other, sleeps the dust of Washington Irving.

A wreath of immortelles, now blackened by time and exposure, is the only ornament that adorns the grass-covered mound, and the white stone bears but the simple record of his parentage and his name, birth and death.

In this spot, of all others upon earth, and thus, with no stately monument to hand down to future generations a fame that has found a more lasting one in the hearts of his countrymen, would his great soul, we think, have desired that its earthly tenement might rest.

After leaving the cemetery, we ascended Prospect Hill, a lofty eminence about half a mile distant, to enjoy the magnificent view, and see the sun set. It forms a part of what is known as Irving Park, and is surmounted by a little observatory, from whose top the prospect is of surpassing grandeur and beauty. To the South, the blue Hudson stretches away, as far as the eye can reach, the tall Palisades towering on one side, and the lovely hills, everywhere dotted with beautiful villas, on the other. Before us slumbered, in glassy repose, the broad Mediterranean of the New Netherlands, with here and there a white-sailed vessel on its unruffled bosom, like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." On its other shore, directly opposite, is the pretty village of Nyack, with the great hills rising beyond. On this side sleeps Tarrytown, in its quiet beauty, and there is the little old church, with its silent graves around it, and near it, the haunted bridge. Far to the North, the great river, all teeming with sails, is lost in the dim distance, among the mist-wreathen hills. Down at our feet, towards the East, winds the mystic valley of Sleepy Hollow, and away stretch the rolling hills beyond. And now the fiery sun is sinking to his royal couch in splendor ineffable, leaving the clouds behind him in a blaze of glory.

The grand old hills are tinged of a beautiful purple, and the dreamy haze which always fills the atmosphere in Indian-Summer-time, bathes the landscape in a flood of golden light, that adds to the matchless scene its crowning perfection.

The mirror-like expanse of the Tappan Zee, reflects the rainbow glories of the Western heavens, until they fade from the sky, and then the dark blue of evening gradually succeeds. The gray curtains of twilight are slowly drawn about us, and more distant objects become lost to view in the gathering dusk.

Taking a last fond, lingering look towards old Sleepy Hollow, and then at the little Church, which we shall see no more, alas! we com-

mence the descent from our lofty look-out ; while, one by one, the lights gleam forth in the village and neighboring farm-houses, and across the river. The lamps of Heaven, too, are beginning to peep forth, and it is night on the Hudson. The next morning, we were once more in the city of the Manhattoes, whom we found somewhat more wide awake than on the occasion of our previous passage through their town ; and, in fact, in no small stir, since the night before, some most precious rogues had been attempting to burn the good people out.

P. B. P.

John Haring.

From the classic times of story,
From the days of elder Rome,
When Fame was but martial glory,
And meek Faith had found no home,
Many deeds of highest daring
Have come down with deathless name,
Many heroes nobly sharing
All their country's woes and shame.
From the Grecian isles of beauty
Poets chant in lofty strains
Of obedience to stern duty,
And the dead on Leuctra's plains.
E'en the deeds of knightly Templars
Have resounded far and wide,
Have been held as bright exemplars
Of how brave men bravely died.
But the acts of days more near us
Never shine in glory's light,
And like hopes that vainly cheer us
Quickly sink in endless night ;
And while many brows are wearing
Laurels gained for fame and gold,
Must the men like brave John Haring
Leave their simple tale untold.

Fair Harlem has been battered for many a weary day,
And hope from each stout burgher's heart has well nigh died away ;
For three long months, by night and day, the siege has dragged along,
And gaunt Despair at last has seized on wretched and on strong.
In battles oft, in combats fierce, with mines and countermines,
The gallant-hearted citizens repelled the Spanish lines,
And two assaults were quick repulsed from that devoted town
By soldier and by citizen, by matron and by clown ;
But now their doom approaches, and that end is drawing near
At which the strong man trembles, and the virgin swoons with fear.
But yet one hope is left them, on one trust they still depend,
That Father William to their aid some help will quickly send,
And anxious hearts are beating fast, and watching night and morn,
For happiness to misery, and joy to the forlorn.

And now the troops, advancing, hard attack the Diemerdyk,
And the battle fierce is raging with sword, and shield, and pike ;
For if they can but pierce the dyke, and let the waters in,
Harlem will be quickly saved, and the hostile rout begin ;
But the valiant Spanish legions most stubborn hold the place,
Invoking all their patron Saints, and holy Lady's grace.
Long the bloody battle wavers on dyke and on the wave,
And each small spot of land or sea is some brave soldier's grave :
Then the patriots are beaten, and as they slow retreat,
Becomes each inch of that thin line a tomb beneath their feet.
But now the brave John Haring seeks the front of all that fray,
And his right arm alone now holds a thousand men at bay ;
Armed with but sword and buckler, and his proud heart's brave disdain,
He stands against advancing hosts, the men of mighty Spain ;
He stands alone, and bravely dares the might 'gainst him arrayed,
He stands alone till all his friends have good their retreat made,
He stands alone till all is done, and Valor asks no more ;
Then plunges headlong in the sea and safely gains the shore.

- But not content with one brave deed, the hero longed again
To test the power of his arm against the might of Spain.
The time he wished for quickly came, and on the Zuyder Zee,
The Spanish Fleet met Holland's ships, the tyrant met the free.
The fight commenced one afternoon, one bright October day,
And thirty ships on either side advanced in proud array.
The strife was short and bloody, and right soon the Spaniards fled,
All save one ship, the Admiral's, whose spirit knew no dread ;
His ship was large, his heart was brave, the hostile boats were small,
And stoutly from the upper deck he dared the might of all.
From three that day till set of sun, from dark till early morn,
He battled fiercely for his flag, and held his foes in scorn.
Then in the gray of morning John Haring climbed up the side,
And tore the flaunting ensign down, the type of Spanish pride.

But all too soon this daring was, the foe was not yet cowed,
 And the hero was beset by the fierce and desp'rate crowd;
 No succor then was near him, on no friendly deck he trod,
 And with the rising of the sun his soul rose up to God.
 But, cheered by his brave example his comrades forward pressed,
 And in triumph found their vengeance, in victory their rest.

What if he were Roman hero, or what if he were Greek,
 Would not the tongue of ev'ry age his glories loudly speak?
 But a simple, honest burgher, he did his duty well,
 And fame for him reserved no niche, nor did his glories tell.
 Yet his warm heart beat for country, for God and fatherland,
 And these were worth far more to him than with the great to stand;
 And if the knowledge of self-worth is dear to any soul,
 He surely was full well repaid, and reached his farthest goal;
 For on the dyke he did alone what thousands dare not try,
 And on the dawn of his last day he taught the brave to die. S. T. V.

Amusements.

It must be evident to all, that the opinions of the wise and good upon this subject are undergoing a great and radical change; when divines can call upon the dancing master to assist in the education of their sons and daughters, and when the social gatherings of the church can be enlivened by dancing and games of chance. This change becomes still more apparent, if we notice how writers a few years ago regarded amusements, in comparison with the writers of to-day. The Vols. of the NEW ENGLANDER furnish a very good example. In Vol. 9, a writer upon this subject, after defining amusement to be the pursuit of pleasure, "*for pleasure's sake*," insists that "as they have been defined, amusements are virtually *forbidden* in the Scriptures," "the natural tendency of amusements, as of every other form of sin, is downwards," and "that wherever dancing is spoken of in the Bible, except as a religious exercise, some mark of reprobation is usually put upon it." With this writer all amusement is sin in spirit, motive and form. Take now Vol. 25 of the same Magazine, and we read in

the Review of Dr. Johns, "Christian life among us is not yet freed from the influence of narrow, unintelligent views. Take the matter of amusements. There are various games and pastimes, which have been frowned upon by those who would not be able to found their condemnation of them upon any clear and sound rule of Christian ethics. Many will remember when the game of nine-pins was a forbidden amusement. Now, our College Gymnasiums are furnished with a row of alleys. A like superstition in regard to billiards is fast vanishing from enlightened minds. But many of those who laugh at the solemn condemnation once visited upon these innocent forms of recreation, might find it difficult to explain the abhorrence which they feel for card-playing;" again, "whether dancing be objectionable or not, depends entirely upon the circumstances under which it takes place, and that to use such language respecting this amusement as pertains properly to sins of an aggravated character, like lying, is to countenance superstition." With this writer, amusement is not a sin because sought "for pleasure's sake," but the sin depends entirely upon the circumstances; this is one example only, out of the many which can readily be found, showing the complete change of opinion on this subject. Have the wise and good degenerated, that they differ thus with the fathers, on a question involving distinctions so vital to society and the church? We must either say that they have, or find some reason which justifies this difference.

Examination shows this difference to be mostly in regard to amusements in general, the fathers believing them altogether sinful, while we place the sin wholly in the circumstances. There is a single proposition, easily proved, which places the views of our fathers somewhat in the wrong, and justifies the opinion now fast prevailing. It is this; amusement, in itself considered, is as natural, proper, and necessary, as business, and therefore to be regulated by the same rules with business. Now it does not require a very long study into the voluntary activities of our life, to discover that they can, very naturally, be divided into two great classes, those which arise in the midst of our business, and those which come from our amusements. There is, indeed, another class of activities, which come from the pains and sorrows of life, but no one would call them voluntary. Business and amusement, then, are the two great spheres, which furnish the limits of our voluntary activity. Business and pleasure are the two words most commonly brought together to express their idea; but this use of the terms seems hardly proper, for pleasure is not strictly an activity, but rather the result of our activity. We can busy ourselves with a

piece of work, or amuse ourselves with a game, and profit or pleasure is the result. Pleasure thus stands in the same relation to amusement, that profit does to business. There is just the difficulty, our elderly objector may say; all amusement has for its object nothing but mere pleasure. But is mere pleasure a vice? If so, how much of sin will there be in that better world, according to the accounts of those who expect to go there. How much of sin there is in the heart of the child, whose desire for pleasure is the first that manifests itself. In our earlier years, the great sum of our activity is spent in amusement. Everything comes to us filled with it. "We play by an original impulse, long before we know anything about work," and as we grow up from childhood, this desire does not by any means cease; it seems rather to increase as the opportunities for gratifying it are multiplied. Here indeed is a critical point in our lives. Up to this time, we have gone through a process of amusing ourselves with everything that life has afforded. But we soon find out that there are some things which cannot be gained in this way. We must do something besides amuse ourselves, if we would secure them. We must busy ourselves. Now we do not naturally like the busying process. There is too much work and no fun in it. So that of the two we may say, that amusement is a little more natural than business. But both are natural—the activity of the mind or body cannot cease. When we are not busy, we must amuse ourselves, and no law of Heaven or earth makes one proper and not the other, independent of the circumstances that surround us. Here our objector may ask, 'Do not the circumstances that surround us in life make business more proper than amusement? If the chief end of man is to make money, we must answer yes. But if it is to develop his noblest powers, and to assist his neighbor in doing the same, we would answer no. What difference will it make hereafter, that we have called one activity amusement, and the other business? Both are sinful when, by engaging in them, we sacrifice our highest good. It is a fair question, whether there is not more evil in the world to day, arising from business, than from amusement. That devotion of our fathers to business, so great that they could call slavery a divine institution, and at the same time look upon dancing and games of chance as an abomination in the sight of God, we must, to say the least, call mistaken and unhealthy. If now our proposition be allowed as true, it must follow that amusements should be regulated by the same rules of propriety and morality with business. As a whole, both are equally proper and necessary. Both form a part of a religious life, and come within the limits of religious instruction. The

Junior Exhibition.

The Junior Exhibition occurred, Wednesday, April 3d. The following was the Order of Exercises:—

AFTERNOON.

1. Music: Overture, Massaniello.—Auber.
2. Latin Oration, "De Ciceronis amore erga filium," by Henry Parks Wright, Oakham, Mass.
3. Dissertation, "The Slave Ship and the Pilgrim Ship," by Charles Edwin Searls, Thompson.
4. Dissertation, "Rome in the time of Cicero," by Thomas Fenner Wentworth, Greenland, N. H.
5. Music: Selection, Fra Diavolo.—Auber.
6. Oration, "The Pleasures of Mystery," by Elisha Wright Miller, Williston, Vt.
7. Oration, "Silent Influence," by Isbon Thaddeus Beckwith, Old Lyme.
8. Music: Cavatina, Nabucco.—Verdi.
10. Dissertation, "The Anglo-Saxon Race," by Henry Collins Woodruff, Brooklyn, N. Y.
11. Oration, "The Quaker Settlers of Pennsylvania," by Thomas Wilson Pierce, West Chester, Pa.
12. Music: Selections, Preciosa.—Von Weber.
13. Oration, "Everett and Pericles—their Funeral Orations," by John Kinne Hyde DeForest, Lyme.
14. Dissertation, "Thoreau," by Cornelius DuBois, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
15. Music: Samiel Polka.—La Fleur.
16. Oration, "Daniel Webster," by Edward Alexander Lawrence, Oxford, N. H.
17. Philosophical Oration, "American Reform," by John Lewis, Suffield.
18. Music: Athalia March.—Meyerbeer.

EVENING.

1. Music: Overture, Poet and Peasant.—Suppe.
2. Greek Oration, "Ἡ τῶν Ἑλλήνων μυθολογία," by William Curtiss Wood, Satara, India.
3. Oration, "Puritan Intolerance," by Timothy Pitkin Chapman, Bridgeport.
4. Dissertation, "Terribly in Earnest," by Richard Austin Rice, New Haven.
5. Music: Selections, Crispino.—Ricci.
6. Oration, "The Statesmanship of Edmund Burke," by James Kingsley Thacher, New Haven.
7. Oration, "National Music," by John Howard Webster, Cleveland, Ohio.
8. Oration, "The Fruits of the War," by Robert Allen Hume, New Haven.
9. Music: Quartette Rigoletto.—Verdi.
10. Dissertation, "The New German Empire," by Charles Henry Farnam, Chicago, Ill.
11. Oration, "J. G. Percival," by Silas Augustus Davenport, Elizabeth, N. J.
12. Music: Railroad Galop.—Gungl.
13. Oration, "Samuel Adams," by James Coffin, Irvington, N. Y.
14. Oration, "The Right of the President to a Policy," by George Henry Lewis, New Britain.
15. Music: Serenade, Don Pasquale.—Donizetti.

16. Oration, "The Age and its Ideas," by Chauncey Bunce Brewster, Mount Carmel.

17. Philosophical Oration, "Reform in England," by Anson Phelps Tinker, Old Lyme.

18. Music: Potpourri, L'Etoile du Nord.—Meyerbeer.

Editor's Table.

ONCE more, but for the last time, we bid you all a hearty greeting. New faces are knocking at the door of this old sanctum, and we must soon depart. We shall only tarry to fill out the few remaining pages, and then, with becoming gravity, and indeed with no little regret, though flinging off a huge burden of responsibilities, we shall relinquish our places to our successors, and quietly withdraw from the public gaze. Already our spirits quicken at the prospect, for our lot shall no longer be that of servants, nor shall we be longer doomed to wear the official robes, the very sight of which is so strangely unwelcome, that delinquent friends vanish with marvellous quickness whenever we appear. But, freed from all restraints, and with naught reckoned up against any man, we hope to experience once more the peaceful joys of humble life. Yet we can sincerely and honestly welcome those who are to assume our fallen mantle. Their new charge, while it brings with it much solid, earnest work, will also yield its due share of pleasure. Flowers bestrew even an editor's pathway, though the knights of the quill are prone to assert that their journey lies across the desolate fields of life. For our own part, as we look back along its course, we find many things which it will be pleasant to remember.

We are aware that the issues of the past year, as in fact may be said of every year, have not come as near the standard of excellence for a College Magazine as could be wished. A glance at their pages reveals much that might have been better done. Now we cheerfully shoulder our own share of the responsibility therefor. But we respectfully suggest to you, that the editor is not to blame for all the delinquencies of the LIT. With the exception of a general supervision, his duties cease with the preparation of the "Table" and a single article at the most, while you, by your contributions, determine upon the character of the great part of each number. If, then, these pages sometimes seem dull and heavy, don't cast all the blame upon the editorial shoulders. This Magazine is bound to be an index of the mental status of the College. It will truthfully indicate life and activity, or sluggishness and inaction; and in making haste to condemn its contents, each one would do well to consider the degree of self-condemnation which his words imply.

In the hurry and confusion incident to the close of the term, we have been able to keep little record of passing events. Junior Exhibition, the main feature of interest, was quite a success, notwithstanding the unfavorable season at which it occurred, when studies demanded the undivided attention of every one. The pieces were well written, and reflected credit upon the speakers and the class. All were delighted with the music of the old band, which, under another name, had


been the universal favorite of former years. The Committee deserve thanks for bringing our old friends back to New Haven. Politics, too, have had their culmination since our last issue. But as they have been thoroughly exhausted at every Club room and in every circle, we forbear to revive them. We may, however, note the singular fact, that betting men either had so little faith in the success of their own parties, or so much faith in the doctrine of contraries, that most of them gave odds against their favorite candidates. Perhaps this is the more philosophic way, after all, for either you win your money, or your party wins the election, and the result cannot be wholly unpleasant in either case.

Close upon these excitements followed the dull monotony of examination. Every one suddenly became sour and sullen, and retreated into his den, whence not even the charms of opening spring can now draw him forth. We extend to you all, in these gloomy days, our best wishes for your success, and our hearty sympathy, and in consideration of the additional burdens resting upon our editorial shoulders, would fain ask your sympathy in return. Nothing but actual experience can give one any idea of the immense bother of getting out a LIT. in examination time. Even while we are writing, Dr. Stewart will persist in obtruding on our notice the engagement which we have with him in the morning, and for which we have yet made no preparation. So we hasten to make our final bow, and bid you all farewell.

Our Exchanges.

We have received the Williams Quarterly, the Dartmouth, the Collegian, the Hamilton College Monthly, the Beloit College Monthly, the University Chronicle, and other College publications. Also *Aromatic Swietenia*, which is neither paper nor book, but a package of Dentifrice from Dr. Rowe, 17 Wooster street, New York, which, so far as our experience goes, is worthy of a place on every student's toilet table. The members of the Board propose to keep the bottles as Memorabilia.

. Several excellent articles are lying upon our table, which were received at too late a date for insertion in the present Number.

 We take pleasure in recommending to our readers the Hat Store recently opened at 233 Chapel street, by Collins & Co.; all those whose acquaintance with New Haven dates back for a few years, will remember the fine reputation which Mr. Collins used to enjoy in this line, and his almost exclusive control of the College trade. After an absence of several years, he has again resumed former business. His old customers will not be slow to find him out, in his new store, and all others in want of stylish and durable goods at reasonable prices, will do well to give him a call.

VALEDICTORY.

Our work is done—our farewell words are few. We have labored under many difficulties. We have needed your sympathy—and we have had it. Our failures have been met by kindly words ; our partial successes with hearty congratulations.

We leave behind us, to our successors, the kindest wishes ; to our contributors, unstinted praise ; to our subscribers, who have paid, heartfelt thanks ; to those who have not paid, a reminding invitation ; (may the ghost of an empty pocket veil the fair faces of their dreams ;) to those who have not subscribed, a tear of pity ; and to our persevering, would be critics, a few coals of fire. Lay them gently on your busy heads, O critics, and if not at once extinguished, may they—the coals—kindle underneath a better appreciation for those who are coming after us ; and may they torment you as little as you have troubled us.

For ourselves,—would that to a better work we might affix these two last words—THE END.

WALLACE BRUCE,
J. JAY DUBOIS,
ALBERT E. DUNNING,
JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,
RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

VOL. XXXII.

NO. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

*"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudaeque YALKENSES
Cantabant SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."*

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**MAY, 1867.**  
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NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MCKENHUSE & TAYLOR

MDCCLXVII

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1867.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. McKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

College Composition.

THE subject of College Composition is by no means unimportant. It concerns the future life of almost every student connected with the Institution. Our writing is a most essential branch of our education, and any defects in the manner in which it is conducted, should be pointed out and corrected, while our minds are plastic and impressible.

A notorious fault in our college composition is its superficiality. The existence of a fault so serious, is far from being surprising. It is but the legitimate result of a deliberate course of conduct. A composition, in order to be good, must possess some one of the following characteristics:—Depth of thought, propriety of arrangement, beauty, pungency or originality of style. Now how many of the productions which are read in the Division room, can be said to exhibit these requisites? The majority of them certainly, if estimated by even this imperfect criterion, would be found wanting.

We have sufficient time allotted to us to make writing a most profitable exercise. The larger portion of this time, however, is wasted in idleness, or spent in frivolous amusements. The very idea of the composition is expelled from the mind until the last minute. A large number of the students never think of beginning to write, until the evening before the exercise is to be read in the presence of the Division. Few summon up courage to commence a little earlier, while very few indeed bestow upon the subject as much labor as is consis-

tent with the performance of their other duties. Compositions thus prepared, will of course be uninteresting. The most of them are filled with mere common place remarks and ideas already worn threadbare by constant repetition. A few thoughts, the very first to present themselves, are thrown together in a confused, incoherent mass, with the most utter disregard of systematic arrangement, and sublime indifference to style. Some worn-out theme, entirely foreign to the subject of the essay, is often boldly dragged in to expand it to the required dimensions. Not unfrequently it would require the utmost nicety of perception to detect any relation of the composition to the subject. Not one production in a dozen displays any enthusiasm or spirit. Not one in a dozen carries with it any force of conviction, which results from careful study and preparation. Nine out of ten of them are not of the slightest benefit to the writer.

Now why are so many willing thus to neglect their duty with respect to these compositions? There are not wanting in College those persons who seem to think that the ability to write a good essay, arises from some peculiar endowment of heaven; a certain genius granted only to a few of the great multitude gathered here from all parts of the land. Some persons, we admit, have a remarkable ability for writing with ease and elegance, and yet in consequence of laxness or over-confidence, are often outstripped by those of inferior talent or experience. Genius never fails to excite our admiration; but genius fettered by constitutional incumbrances, in general falls short of our expectations. Industry among us is often stigmatized with a variety of harsh epithets, but industry coupled with moderate capacities, is sure of some degree of success. Genius dazzles and attracts us at the outset; industry tells at the end of the race. Genius often surprises, industry never disappoints us. We see men here every year, who though displaying great natural talents for writing, seem never to make any advancement, and we also see those who from term to term make rapid improvement in composition, though being but very moderate writers at the beginning of their College career. The power to write gracefully and well, often comes through persistent and diligent effort.

Another fault in our system of composition is our limited contact with the Professor of Rhetoric. Not one production here in fifty is subjected to any criticism. This circumstance can not but engender carelessness in writing. A loose way of framing sentences is very easily acquired. If our compositions and disputes were carefully criticized, the many errors into which young writers are liable to fall,

would be avoided. Care and a spirit of emulation would also be encouraged. All of our Tutors and Professors are presumed to be good judges of literature, and yet these officers, with one exception, never give us the benefit of their criticism. Most flagrant violations of good taste and rhetoric are passed by without comment. One division of a class only is favored with the valuable suggestions of Professor Northrop. Under the existing order of things, it is manifestly impossible to burden him with additional duties, but if a change could be made, whereby he could devote more of his time to a whole class, it would be appreciated by all those who desire to make the most of the literary advantages which the College presents.

Notwithstanding some discouraging features in our system of composition, yet there are many inducements to a faithful performance of this work. There is nothing in which we can improve so fast as in writing. Each composition, faithfully prepared, renders the writing of another a much easier matter. Force, beauty and elegance of expression, can be acquired by any student, who is willing to make a good degree of exertion. In our regular studies, we have to look through weeks to detect any advancement in knowledge, but from every composition, on which labor is spent, improvement is immediately perceptible. It pays to work hard on our literary exercises. Those who enter the Prize Debates, and those who make a faithful effort on Prize Compositions, are always fully compensated. Whether a successful competitor or not, a person who does his best on such occasions, is sure of an ample reward. To obtain a prize in Composition, Debate, or Declamation, in a pecuniary point of view, is a misfortune. The benefit, however, resulting from these annual mental conflicts, is incalculable. There is a satisfaction, when a person can realize that he has done his duty to himself with respect to these exercises, and is conscious of having received in consequence additional mental vigor.

Another reason why this branch of our education should receive careful attention, is, that of all it is the most *practical*. The majority of the students here intend to enter upon a professional life. Ability to write well is absolutely necessary to success in Law or the Ministry. Now although this is the case, yet many among us who purpose to enter these professions, almost entirely neglect literary culture. This seems to us unpardonably inconsistent. Do such persons suppose that by some magnetic influence they are to spring to the stature of perfect literary men? Strength, elasticity and vigor of mind are often the results of patient training. The experience of

those who have made the trial, and the history of every class here, if written, would substantiate the truth of this statement. Our literary education is not the work of a day, like the palace in the Arabian story. It only begins on earth, and if completed at all, must be completed in the clear knowledge of eternity.

Those who hope to succeed in professional life, should now pay especial attention to literary pursuits. We have here every advantage for mental culture. Our libraries contain books suited to all tastes, and eminently fitted to inspire a love of good writing. Our very surroundings, and the thousand associations which cluster about this loved spot, are calculated to awaken a profound veneration for literature. We are aware that there are here a multitude of things which continually engross our attention. It is often difficult to secure sufficient time to prepare our compositions with care, but our classics and mathematics can better be neglected than our literary drill. The knowledge derived from the latter, is direct in its application, while that which flows from the former acts through a number of agents. The one in a measure is principal, the other subordinate.

We need most sadly at the present a higher style of composition. We want more depth of thought, more discriminating power, terseness and compactness of expression, and beauty and grace of style. We hear productions at this place often, which show ability of the highest order. Every year proves how much might be done with a little care and application. Let there then be an effort put forth to reach a higher level in this practical part of our education. This may be done by the two lower classes. With Seniors and Juniors the golden opportunities are irrevocably gone. Our college composition writing is almost a reminiscence of the past. Those who have done this work faithfully, will look back upon it with pleasure, while those who have suffered themselves to glide over it, will reap a harvest of useless regrets. As matters now stand, the students, like the unfortunate debtors mentioned in Horace, gather like patient victims, to hear the usual exercises in writing. Composition reading could easily be made more interesting. If each one were to do his duty, instead of having mere common place, the old recitation rooms would ring with beautiful thoughts and harmonious periods. Many changes proposed with reference to College, are beautiful in theory, but almost impossible in practice. The change, however, which is herein discussed, will appear reasonable to all, and no argument is needed to prove its expediency.

A. P. T.

Household Gods.

[FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.]

IN the year of our Lord 1857, I spent six months in the little, old river-side city of S——, pursuing my studies and availing myself of the valuable privileges afforded by a fine private collection of anatomical specimens, thrown open to the public through the courtesy of its owner, a wealthy gentleman of the place. It was my rare good fortune while a resident at S——, —a fortune brought about by a train of circumstances which I cannot here explain,—to obtain quarters under the hospitable roof-tree of good old Mr. Talcott, a gentleman whose family homestead,—the Linden Place, as it is generally called,—is an excellent type of a class of old-fashioned households, common in the last generation, and still to be met with, now and then, in the more ancient New England towns. The cozy nook which I have so often filled among the cheerful group that gathered nightly to worship the Lares by Mr. Talcott's ingle, I never, probably, shall fill again. I have therefore jotted down, from time to time, these random sketches of a household whose memory holds a sunny spot in my recollections, less as descriptions than as memoranda, that when in after years I shall turn these pages, I may recall the more distinctly the pleasant features of a pleasant chapter in my life. Already, even, the quiet months which I passed in the shadow of those walls and in the firelight of that genial hearth, come back to me like dreams, and I know that the volume wherein are written the thoughts and experiences of those byegone days, must be clasped for the present and laid aside. For I think upon my peaceful half-year of study and seclusion as a way-side retreat, where I rested for a brief space, to breathe myself in life's journey, and look back over the road which I had traveled from childhood, and forward along the dusty highway upon which I was soon to set out afresh. The memory of the splash of fountains and the cool of leaves is sweet in the dust and heat of this noon-day strife, but we can stop to give it but a passing thought, and then press on, for

“Life greatens in these later years,”

sings Whittier. Bye and bye, however, in the leisure season of age, these memories may be pleasant to trace.

To come down, then, to the present tense,—for my sojourn at S—— happened only three years since, and all things there must be very much the same as when I left them,—the mansion itself is one of those lordly, Grecian structures, into which the well-descended old gentlemen of half a century ago used to retire with their money and family dignity, to spend the evening of their days in whist and dinner parties, and in receiving visits of ceremony and state. It is imposing with rows of lofty wooden pillars, supporting the roofs of shady colonnades, and majestic with long flights of stately steps, flanked by stone lions, that stare gorgon-like and grim down the box-bordered gravel walk. It is built upon an eminence overlooking the street, where it stands like a fine lady on a muddy crossing, gathering up its robes from the contact of the vulgar. For its builder was guided in his choice of a site by that same patrician instinct which leads the eagle to set its eyry high, knowing well that there is no exclusiveness so aristocratic as the exclusiveness of a hill-top. And often, doubtless, the fair daughters of the house have viewed the city from their chamber-balconies, or the deep window seats of the old-fashioned drawing-rooms, with that sense of ownership that resides in height, felt by the proud dames of Marcian or Claudian line, when surveying from their marble porticoes on Palatine the humble dwellings of the Plebs beneath, or by the high-born ladies of feudal barons, as they looked down from the turrets of their castles, perched aloft on airy cliffs, over broad champaign, and winding river, and the villages of their vassals, clustered far below. The hill-side is laid out in terraces, with sunny banks, where the blue violets peep out in earliest spring, and smooth lawns between, irregularly planted with flowering shrubbery, evergreens and choice, old-fashioned fruit-trees, tenderly cherished in their green and prolific age. The walk that leads up from the front gate to the porch, ascends in its course numerous flights of stone steps, grievous stumbling blocks in the path of short legged, plethoric old gentleman-callers, who puff and fume with anger and lack of breath, as they struggle upward, by aid of the iron railings and a vigorous use of their gold-headed canes. The walk is hedged on either side by ranks of snow-berry bushes, smoke-trees and tall syringas, white in June with masses of sugar-sweet blossoms, and resonant with swarming bees,—pyramids of odor and drowsy sound. The front of the mansion is shadowed by a huge horse-chestnut, whose broad limbs for over fifty years have served as a play-ground to the children of the household; its shadow shifting with the sun, as a dial-plate, and its trunk seamed with initials and hearts and true

lovers' knots, as a family register. My host has a tenderness mixed with reverence for this vegetable patriarch, and often says, half laughingly and half in earnest, that he looks upon its Dryad as his tutelary god. In boyhood he has rocked at dew-fall in its windy top, and watched the sunset fade and the stars come out. In manhood he has sat at noonday under its grateful shade, and seen his children chase each other round its bole, and now,

"In life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows lie,"

every crotch, every knot, has its memories, and, in the old man's fancy, childish faces still peep from among the branches. There is a swing yet hanging from one of the boughs, which he will not suffer to be taken down, though it has been long unused, and the turf grows thick beneath it, where once the ground was worn hard and bare by the daily tread of little feet. Under a large willow, near the corner of the upper terrace, is a small green summer-house, now somewhat shaky and worm-eaten, but commanding a fine view of the city. Here the ladies sit with their work, in the lazy August afternoons, when the grasshopper's whir rings through the stillness, and now and then on the lawn, a ripe virgalieu or bergamot, drunk with sunshine and heavy with rich juice, tumbles on to the sod with a thud. At the eastern side of the house is a fine row of lindens, from which the place derives its name. The linden is a stately tree, and smacks of ancient gentility. It is out of date at the present day, in common with its respectable and once highly fashionable dowager cousins, the sycamore and the Lombardy poplar. Along the edge of the upper terrace is a gravel path and a heavy stone balustrade, crowned at intervals by massive urns running over with woodbine and bitter-sweet. Just such a railing, and just such a range of urns one sees in engravings of old English gardens, arranged in the taste of Charles the Second's day. A peacock sunning his gorgeous plumage on the balustrade, and near by a courtly dame in robes of stiff brocade, fondling a slender Italian greyhound, and attended by a graceful page in cap and feather, would make the picture complete. Cut in the green turf are flower-beds, bright in the spring with crocuses, daffodils and snow-drops, and fragrant in the summer-time with mignonette and roses,—roses, musk and damask and spice-breathed tea, of every shade, from the deepest blush to the purest alabaster, warming into a delicate amber, when the sun shines through its petals. The roses are the glory of the place, imprisoning in their satin chalices the wine

of a hundred old golden summers, outshining in their generous garden blooms the sickly, slug-eaten things of modern conservatories, as our rosy grandmothers ripened and freshened in girlhood by out-door sun and wind, outshine even in age their pale-faced, in-door daughters.

On the eastern side of the mansion, opening out from the drawing-room windows, is a high piazza or colonnade, with tall white columns fluted and vine-wreathed. This is a favorite lounging-place of mine. Often I have sat here till late at night, when the house was still and the lights had gone out in the city below, enjoying the evening cool, and watching the moon rise over the low hills beyond the Connecticut. At such times I have striven to call up in imagination the days when the old homestead was gay with youth and beauty, and when on many a summer night like this the windows were ablaze with light, and the halls and spacious parlors were crowded with guests, and the music of flute and violin, blended with laughter and sweet voices, breathed through the open casements, and as carriage after carriage deposited its burden at the gate below, merry groups came up the terrace steps with fair faces and graceful forms muffled in hoods and mantillas. And later in the evening, now and then a stray couple, heated by the dance and weary of the glare and noise within, would lift the crimson curtains and stroll out into the dewy freshness of the night, for half an hour's promenade in the shadow of the portico where I sit. Often as the wind stirs among the honeysuckles, it sounds so like whispers and the rustle of silk, that I involuntarily look behind me, half expecting to catch the glisten of bright eyes in the moonshine.

Ah, me! These be idle fancies, cheats of night and starlight witcheries, that will not abide the day. The city clocks are striking one. Man lives in the present, and dreams in the past. So let me to my pillow.

The Council of the Fallen Spirits.

For poetic descriptions of nature, and regions supernatural, the *Paradise Lost* is unrivaled. We sometimes tremble, lest while following the daring flight of Milton's imagination, we have revealed to us those secrets which an all-wise Providence has forbidden us to penetrate. With equal boldness does his heroic verse describe the

ineffable glories which surround the throne of God, and the fiery dungeon which "eternal justice has prepared for those rebellious," but with such grandeur of expression, that we are almost persuaded to believe him gifted by heaven with prophecy, to atone for his loss of sight.

Like him, Virgil and Homer boldly attempt to describe the abodes of their gods and goddesses, but, deprived of the teachings, revelations, and sublime descriptions contained in the word of God, they merely present heaven to the reader, as a second earth, in which exist sin and corruption, but no death.

As the descriptive passages of *Paradise Lost*, excel similar portions of the *Æneid* and *Iliad*, so the characters of the one, as poetic creations, are far more sublime than those of the others. The heroes of Virgil and Homer, are the conceptions of heathen minds, not yet enlightened by the influences of Christianity. They are merely human beings, raised to a higher level than the masses of mankind, but swayed by the same passions, and often committing the same sins which they punish in their subjects.

Milton's work, however, exhibits the daring, suffering, and ruined splendor of a rebellious archangel, thwarted in heaven, overpowering Adam and Eve in Paradise, and making the earth, for an appointed season, a field of battle between the Deity and himself.

He represents the council of the lost spirits, as the place where that plan was formed, whose execution transferred the scene of this long conflict, from the celestial regions to the earth, and brought our race under the terrible curse of sin.

The President of the council, and the originator of this diabolical scheme, arrests our attention first. The Miltonic Satan, is one of the grandest and most awful conceptions of the human intellect; but it often enlists our human sympathies, more than it awakens in us hatred and abhorrence.

Ever since, in the garden, our common mother was beguiled by his flattering lies, and, having eaten of the forbidden fruit, forfeited the bliss of Paradise, there has existed, in accordance with the divine assurance, a bitter animosity between the seed of the Woman and that of the Serpent. We charge upon him all our woes, past, present, and future, and are taught by the word of God to consider him an evil and malignant spirit, compassing heaven and earth that he may cause men to suffer the frightful torments prepared for him and his angels. Our natural feelings toward him, therefore, are of the most bitter kind.

But in the Satan of *Paradise Lost*, we see much to pity, nay, much to admire. As when the countless hosts of Pandemonium, aroused from their lethargic sleep upon the bosom of the fiery lake, come flocking round their chief, and await his commands :—

“ Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep burst forth ! at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.”

The same effect is produced when the incarnate fiend of the Bible, as the Satan of Milton's description,—

“ In shape and gesture proudly eminent,”

Stands like a tower, and is compared to the sun, “ new risen, looking through the horizontal misty air, shorn of his beams.” Thus, when he sits upon his royal throne, surrounded by seraphic lords and ministers, we involuntarily liken him to a courageous but vanquished general, who, collecting his scattered forces, and calling an assembly of his ablest officers, announces his intention of attempting to retrieve their fortunes ; rather than to a malignant rebel, who, overthrown and punished for aspiring to the throne of God, abuses the undeserved mercy of his conqueror, by hatching new schemes to vex him, and thwart his vast designs.

Nor do the words with which he opens the “ great consult,” tend to dissipate these impressions, and reveal to us the consuming fires of envy, hatred, and revenge, which we are elsewhere taught forever rage within the bosom of the “ Father of lies.” They betoken noble courage and perseverance, rather than the blind obstinacy of intense hatred ; the increased wisdom obtained by a bitter experience, rather than the culpable rashness of a fiend, whose darling schemes have been completely frustrated.

In Moloch, Belial, Mammon, and Beelzebub, Milton has, apparently, endeavored to personify four of the principal evils which curse the earth. Driven out of heaven, and deprived of its blissful associations, they eagerly seek after some new field for the exercise of their contaminating powers.

Moloch advises that, rather than accept for an eternal dwelling place that “ den of shame,” they make one desperate attempt to recover their lost inheritance, and if that failed, he was ready to suffer increased torments, or absolute destruction.

But in giving this advice, the omnipotence and omniscience of the Almighty, against whom they were devising “ glorious war,” the awful chariot, and ten thousand thunders of his Son, which had driven them

from the "crystal battlements" of heaven to the bottomless pit, were all forgotten. His rash counsel seems to be called forth by an intense love of strife and carnage, as well as by the severe torments to which they were subjected, and which his fierce nature cannot brook.

Moloch does not represent the man who takes up arms to protect his country and his just rights, but that fierce nature which revels in bloodshed and rapine, and which listens to the dictates neither of reason nor humanity. He personates, not a righteous war, undertaken to preserve the very life of a nation and perpetuate the blessings of freedom, but one which is waged to gratify ambitious and unlawful desires. Nor does he represent a prudent and successful warrior. In many perilous conjunctures, indeed, rash daring avails more than strategic skill and numbers. But an enterprise conducted solely by a person of unexampled boldness, yet lacking discrimination and forethought, is almost sure to prove a failure. In like manner, excessive caution, without courage, often fails to secure any permanent advantages, though golden opportunities present themselves. A proper combination of these qualities, with others of minor importance, produces a true soldier, a successful general; but if one is lacking, or all are disproportionately blended together, there results one who is fitted only for certain emergencies, and who cannot adapt himself to circumstances. The character of Moloch, as depicted by Milton in the part of the poem before us, seems to answer to this description, yet it wins from us more sympathy and real respect, than that of either of the other infernal peers, who respond to the appeal of their chief, inasmuch as courage, "made fiercer by despair," has in it an element which provokes the admiration even of those who condemn it.

Belial advises that, as they had appealed to the arbitrament of arms, they should abide by the decision, and not shrink from enduring what they have brought down upon themselves. His words are calm and unimpassioned, presenting a true view of the power and majesty of heaven's King, and the awful consequences which would follow a rekindling of his wrath, which seem to be totally disregarded in the violent exhortation of Moloch. Coming apparently from the heart, they contain some admirable sentiments, while they clothe with grandeur and beauty an irresistible logic.

Upon his nature, the sword of Michael seems to have had a wholesome effect, and not even the agonies of the pit can induce him to oppose it again. Believing the awful punishments of God to be only the faint displays of his wrath, he *fears* to provoke him further. And hoping, as the ages rolled away, that he would mitigate their torments,

or that chance would favor their designs, preferring, moreover, "ignoble sloth," to any active measures, he counsels, not peace, but a watchful quiet.

Judging him by his words, we should liken him to one who had done his best in resisting an adverse fortune, and at length had submitted to his fate with a pious resignation, and no troublesome compunctions of conscience. But we are expressly told, that "all was false and hollow," and though his words are specious, their beauty only tends to create in us amazement at his power to dissemble.

From descriptions given elsewhere, we see in him the personification of treachery and lust, and his character is repulsive in the extreme. For bitter hatred, openly and frankly avowed, we have more respect and less fear, than for that which lurks under a fair and friendly exterior, waiting only for an opportunity to strike, and utterly ruin with the blow. But for riotous excess and unnatural lust, we have only loathing and disgust. Had he the intellect of Milton's Satan, the natural feelings of the human race toward their great adversary, would correspond exactly with those which his character awakens, because in it we see nothing to admire, and everything to despise, while in that of Satan, we see much which causes admiration, and even respect.

Veiling sin with the semblance of virtue, he attacks men when wholly unprepared, and overwhelms them before they see their danger. Thus it happens that Belial, the fiend of lust and treachery, has led away more mortals as captives in his train, than Moloch, the fiend of war and bloodshed; and yet the words of the former are peaceful and in themselves worthy of praise, while those of the latter are fierce and ungovernable; the one hiding a cowardly but malignant, the other frankly acknowledging a bold and deep-seated hatred.

Mammon recognizes the impossibility of regaining heaven by force, but like the fox in the fable, affects a scornful contempt for their lost abode. He advises that, as their dwelling place was determined, beyond all hope of change, they should strive to make "good from evil grow," and ~~thus~~ defeat the designs of their great conqueror. He boldly claims that hell can be made to rival heaven, and that its fierce flames will, in process of time, become their proper element. Unlike Belial, he speaks what he feels, and we readily discover in his words the motives which prompt them.

Punishment for crime is generally a very potent agency in curing the criminal of his evil propensities. Occasionally, however, a nature is found with feelings of love, hatred, or desire, so deeply rooted, that

all ordinary means of effecting a change fail to produce the desired result, and we speak of that person as incorrigible or obstinate. This quality of obstinacy is admirably portrayed in the character of Mammon. The awful visitations of divine wrath upon the rebellious angels, had wrung tears from Satan himself: they had driven Moloch to despair, and had wrought in Belial a seeming humility and pious resignation, which ill contrasted with his vicious nature: but upon Mammon they seemed to fall with no effect, save to harden him against his Conqueror, until he becomes proof against the exercise of mercy, which often subdues the most stubborn dispositions, though dungeons and tortures fail. Obstinacy may be caused either by pride or selfishness; but when he declares that their former state of "splendid vassalage" would now be unacceptable, we see the workings of that pride which always characterizes the followers of this god of riches. From his advice we discover also, that the magnificence of heaven and heavenly things, was alone delightful to him, and if, with angelic skill, they could create in hell magnificence and splendor, for him 'twould equal heaven. Unmindful of the heartfelt worship and holy adoration, the constant and faithful service paid to the Almighty by the *sinless* angels, he regarded only the outward pomp and ceremony, and if the latter could be reproduced, even amid the agonies of the pit, the cravings of his nature would be met.

To our mind, he personates one of those creatures who has made money his god, and to it devoutly pays his worship: who is so engrossed in its pursuit as to lose sight of heaven and heavenly things, and thus virtually cast contempt upon his Maker: whom righteous reproofs, instead of leading to repentance and a better life, only embitter the more, until, transformed from a man in God's own image, to a senseless clog, he willfully barter away eternal riches for glittering dross, and is at last assigned his portion with the unbelievers, in the "lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

"The least erected spirit that fell from heaven," he seems to have a debasing influence upon the minds of men, and causes money to be a bitter curse instead of a fruitful blessing. As in the world around us the multitudes are led away after this glittering god, though in his service they peril their immortal interests, so in the infernal council, the whole assembly was carried away by his words, and the applause which greeted him, is likened to the wind, roaring among the hollow rocks.

Beelzebub, perceiving in which way the current of opinion runs, dexterously falls in with it, although it conflicts with his own cher-

ished plans. With subtle speech he shows the folly of attempting heaven by *direct* violence, while, with fiendish craft, he proposes to entice man from his allegiance to God, and involve him also in sorrowful punishments. His advice betokens a hatred more intense even than that of the others, since it rarely happens that a man will destroy the happiness and the lives of innocent persons, in order to wreak a more fearful vengeance upon his enemy.

The words of the other spirits are the offspring of some particular passion which has come to be a second nature, and which shapes and directs both the feelings and their expression. They do not have in view so much the regaining of heaven, as the gratification of these several passions. Beelzebub, however, seems to be free from any one controlling characteristic, and brings his crafty, yet terrible wisdom, to bear upon the real question before the council. Though he professes to admit the impossibility of waging war successfully against the King of Heaven, the lurking hope that from the confines of the earth they might find easier access to their lost abode, is cautiously expressed. Indeed, the desire for revenge, which he expresses, seems to be surpassed by his ambition to occupy once more his heavenly station; but, knowing that the hosts of Pandemonium dreaded another battlefield "worse than hell," he proposes to them an intermediate step, which, if not bringing about the end he has in view, will at least ease them from the pains of the gnawing worm and the unquenchable fire. He seems also to be an instrument in the hands of his chief, serving the purpose of maturing his ambitious plans, and influenced in a great measure by his wishes.

We see in him a carnal wisdom, which is regardless of God's commands, and with fancied security dares to question his just decree. The workings of this wisdom we have seen in Voltaire, Payne, and the multitude of infatuated mortals who have spent their lives in attempting to refute the Bible, and ridicule Christianity, but who even in this world have suffered the pains of the damned. We see his human counterpart in the unprincipled statesman, who makes the great interests of humanity bend to his immoderate ambition or favorite schemes; who willingly becomes another's tool, although in so doing he loses every vestige of true manhood.

Influencing, as they do, not individuals only, but whole nations, they have ever been a great source of evil to the world, and useful allies to the great adversary. Some, hypocritically chanting those grand old words, "*vox populi vox Dei*," have been placed in positions of trust, only to plot the more successfully their own aggrandizement,

and the degradation of the people. Like the "vir bonus" of whom Horace speaks, while prostrating themselves before the shrine of Liberty, they pray, in fearful undertones, that the goddess will veil their deceptions with night, and their frauds with a cloud. Others, boldly espousing the cause of injustice, so confound the false and the true with devilish logic, as to lead discreet men even, into the by and forbidden paths of political corruption. Thus is *their* wisdom the weakness and not the strength of the nation.

Against these evil spirits, mankind has contended for six thousand years, and we ourselves are constantly apprised of their existence and power, by inward struggles which try our very souls. But, victorious when we look above for aid, our hearts overflow with gratitude toward that Son of Adam whose death freed us from everlasting subjection to them.

B. P.

"Barkis is Willin."

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

THE tide was flowing out,—past the old wrecks
Of mastless boats, half buried in the sand,
And little sobbing wavelets left their flecks
Of foam upon the strand.

And all along the shore the ripples curled,
The tiny rills ran down the beach in glee,
Each farther than the last, the eddies swirled,
And hasted to the sea.

The tide was flowing out,—and so the life
Was ebbing in the breast of Barkis there;
Beside him watched that honest, faithful wife,
Whose love was now a prayer.

And yet so gently throbbed the fainting pulse,
It seemed as if the heart no answer gave,
As calm as when the leaves of scarlet dulse
Float on the sleeping wave.

The tide was nearly out, but still the red
Flush came at times.— "If he shall pass this tide,
I think he'll live until the next," she said;
"And why is that?" I cried.

"The folk along the coast can never die,
Except at ebb; nor e'en the babes be born,
Or truly born, unless the tide is high;
'Twill be next ebb at morn."

He past the tide; and thro' the long, dark night
We watched and waited. Slowly the old clock
Ticked round the hours before the spirit's flight,
At the Death Angel's knock.

But with the first dim streaks of early dawn
He woke, and feebly called her name. "There's some
One else." A smile o'erspread his features wan.
"It's Mas'r Davy's come."

He tried to grasp my hand, but ere the smile
Had faded, turn'd himself upon his side,
And gently said, "Barkis is willin," while
He went out with the tide.

The sun, just risen, shone across the sea,
Into the old man's face; a kindly ray
Reflected from the soul, forever free,
Upon its homeward way.

The tide was out, and o'er the lessen'd deep
The faintest shadow of a ripple flew
A shudder as of grief, then sunk to sleep,
Lost in the distant blue.

"Locksley Hall."

THE main idea of this poem may not be evident at a first superficial glance. But read it again, and its significance dawns upon you grandly. In order to get at its proper meaning, let us rapidly sketch the general train of thought; noticing, by the way, some of the minor

beauties of the piece, some of the felicitous expressions and sparkling gems of imagery that abound throughout. This review of the successive ideas of the poem cannot fail to suggest the lesson illustrated and inculcated in it, which, together with its exquisite finish, has made "Locksley Hall," and justly, too, one of the most famous of its author's productions.

"While as yet 'tis early morn," the hero sits down and ponders, looking off upon the old Hall, with its views of sandy tracts and roaring ocean. He remembers vanished scenes of other days; memory calls up before him the picture that used to nightly greet his eyes from "yonder ivied casement." And in that picture, what fairy-like enchantment!

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

He dwells fondly on his youth, spent in wandering on the beach, building castles in the air; and then suddenly breaks in the recollection of his betrothal to his fair cousin; and very charmingly is expressed time's unheeded flight, and the unselfishness of their early love.

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands,
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

But, while he describes this season of bliss, relentless memory confronts him with the mocking issue of all these vows of love; and deep into our hearts sinks the pathos of the cry, as his soul's bitterness thus gives itself utterance:—

"O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary woodland! O the barren, barren shore!"

An outburst of passion against the wrongs of society is followed by a touching struggle between a sense of injury and lingering affection for the faithless one. He tries to "love her for the love she bore;" but his grief rises triumphant, refusing comfort, with the conviction;

"No—she never loved me truly—love is love forevermore."

Gradually his spirit rises up from despair, yearns for the excitement of action, leaps within him, to go among men—in its glorious woods;

"Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

Again despondency crushes him, making him sigh for some far off retreat, for perfect abandonment of his higher nature, and a marriage with some savage woman. But how eloquently is the reaction expressed ;

"I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains?"

Then soaring skyward in his consoling confidence in the superiority of mind and civilization, and his glowing anticipations of the progress of the race, his enthusiasm breaks forth :

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

He has found hope and consolation, he ceases his brooding over the past, and his melancholy revery over Locksley Hall, saying :

"For the mighty wind arising, roaring seaward, and I go."

And so he goes toward the sea, toward the great agency of communication with fellow-men ; he goes to work among them and for them, and he leaves us with the main idea of the poem taking hold of our minds—the noble idea of finding *refuge* from disappointment, not in abandonment to despair, sensuality, or misanthropy, but in hopeful enterprise for the welfare and progress of our fellow-men. What a grand theory—trial not crushing, but chastening, fitting for higher and better things ! What manliness in this conception of rising up, after the fearful passage through the fiery furnace, and pursuing the rest of the journey, with heart purified, yet not broken—still throbbing in unison with the cause of right and humanity ! How many careers have proved worse than worthless, for want of this manly view of affliction ! Byron, passing his life in an agony of disgust with life—its hollowness and transiency, takes for his philosophy depondency and mockery. He sinks into despair, to rise only in defiance ; and his poetry reflects the miserable minanthropist.

The key-note to the career of our own Percival is commonly acknowledged to have been early disappointment in love. When we read that he was gifted not only with the "vision and faculty divine," but with scientific and linguistic abilities sufficient, if employed, to have made him a Liebnitz, a Bacon, or a Dana, we are sad to think what a crushed and misanthropic hermit he was, hiding in the ground the talents he might have employed to further the onward march of the mind, and humanity.

In the case of many authors, some early trial makes them darkly prophesy along with Poe's gloomy muse :—

"And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—never more !

Locksley Hall reveals three of Tennyson's distinguishing excellences. First, the healthy tone of his poetry. There is nothing in it unnatural, morbid, or degrading. It is all noble in its aims—elevating in its tendencies. He makes life not a workhouse, as does Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymer, not a brothel, as does Swinburne, not a banquet, with the revelry over, and the sickening sense of satiety begun, as does Byron, nor yet a prison, as do so many Christian poets, in their desire for the life hereafter,—he makes it a school wherein to learn noble lessons, a battle-field, wherein to achieve noble victories. What a lesson of life, what a sublime motto to live by, is contained in this poem ! Again, see displayed here his keen insight into the heart,—the secret of his command over popular sympathy. We see it all through his writing,—in the profound philosophy of "In Memoriam," and in the simple pathos of the "May Queen."

In "Locksley Hall," how well he analyzes the longing to put in the fairest light the faithless one's conduct :

"Where is comfort ? In division of the records of the mind ?
Can I part her from herself, and love her as I knew her, kind ?

Then, how impressive is his weird warning against that

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow—the remembering happier things."

Very natural, too, is his heart-sick sighing for some far-off resting place, or,

"To wander far away
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day."

To be sure, the victory over the feeling is the grand lesson of the poem, but it is, after all, apt to be the first state of the mind, when grief weighs it down, and all business ; all the thoughts that shake mankind, jar harshly upon its delicate reclusiveness. But we also see here Tennyson's intense and universal sympathy with the development of science and civilization,—with all the triumphs and tendencies of the age. He is the live poet, in harmony with the times,—preëminently the poet of this nineteenth century. He shows it throughout his works. "In Memoriam" furnishes, among other passages, this quatrain, which would be a fitting motto for Locksley Hall.

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When science reaches forth her arm
To feel from world to world, and charm
Her secret from the latest moon?"

And the poem before us, how full of exultation at the forward attitude of the world, at last breaking out grandly—

"Through the shadow of the globe, we sweep into the younger day,
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Thus sings the poet in Locksley Hall; thus does he teach his grand lesson; thus does he show his sympathy with the heart, thus his clear-eyed friendship to progress. The poem makes us rise from its perusal feeling stronger—it cheers and inspirits—not depresses and saddens. It is one of those which desponding youth, trial-beset manhood, and weary old age, all feel better for reading. And it is this, that more than the music of its verse, more than the finish and brilliancy of its expression, will render it immortal.

Wordsworth's Laodamia.

He who has studied the "bard of Rydalmount," and imbibed the spirit of his genius, knows that he has borne a most important part in giving character to the poetry of the age.

It was he who imparted that "Promethean fire" to English literature, which saved her declining poetry, in that era, when the lustre which had been reflected upon it by the Elizabethan and Augustan ages, was growing dim. He not only led the ideal back to nature, but raised nature to the ideal, and added to the "mighty temple of song a turret of exquisite beauty, which rises nearer to the skies than any other of its pinnacles or towers." It is true he possessed not the splendor of Byron, the chastened energy of Campbell, or the sparkling brilliancy of Moore, but he was more original and true to nature than any of these famous stars, and has sent forth strains that recall the "divine genius of Milton." He combined a versatile genius with a true poetic nature.

There is the "Excursion," with its unrivalled grandeur, his lyrical poems, with their melody and ravishing beauty, the energetic

wildness of "Tintern Abbey," and the "strong winged flight of fancy" displayed in his noble *Laodamia*,—all distinct in their character, yet perfect,—and are full of ideal and moral beauty; now conveyed to us by the silvery music of sweet song, and now swelling, in organ peals, from his more elaborate and lofty productions. The poem of *Laodamia* is noticeable for its brevity, while, for a deep tenderness of sentiment, and an excelling, unvarying purity, it stands unrivalled. In its conception, Wordsworth seems to have forgotten Rydalmount and the lakes, with their charming surroundings, and bidding farewell to his own time and country, combining poetic distance in the heroic age of Greece, with language of rare beauty and grace, he has given to the world a true gem of art. The plot is simple, and purely classic in design. Its heroine is *Laodamia*, the consort of *Protesilaus*, the chieftain, who, with true Grecian enthusiasm, leaves sweet *Pyrrhassus*, and his unfinished palaces, to maintain the honor of his country before proud *Ilium's* walls, and whom *Homer* graphically describes as

"The first who boldly touched the Trojan shore
And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore."

The poem opens with a passionate appeal to the gods for a temporary restoration of her departed husband, and then—

"With faith the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands.
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows,
And she expects the issue in repose."

The description of her faith and hope is truly poetic, and admirably carried out. There is an indescribable completeness about it, which fills and satisfies the mind. We at once become interested, both in her and her misfortune, and anxiously await the result of her prayer. It comes—but in a manner as unexpected to us as it did to her: ;

"O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy

* * * * *

It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him, winged *Mercury*."

Here, then, *Protesilaus* is shadowed forth, in phantom form. He comes at the command of *Jove*.

"Such grace hath crowned thy prayer."

The interview so much desired now commences, but the same divin-

ity who grants it, confines it to "three hours space." Overjoyed at his presence, she eagerly essays to grasp the unsubstantial form, but is as unsuccessful as was Æneas at burning Troy, to embrace the shade of his beloved Creusa. Beseechingly she asks him to "confirm the vision with his voice," and feelingly directs his attention to his throne and palace.

"Speak, and the *floor* thou tread'st on will rejoice."

Protesilaus now makes himself truly manifest by noble and eloquent words. By them, we are carried back to that ancient day, when Agamemnon roused the Grecian spirit, and Hector battled for Ilium's fame. With what exquisite delicacy are the hints of his true character now delineated,—first his acknowledgment of her "fidelity," and the modest reference to his own virtue—then his unwonted courage in the interpretation of the Delphic Oracle, and the sad and fatal result of his enthusiasm,—

"A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain!"

All are conceived and expressed in the most perfect beauty. In the succeeding stanza, (the ninth,) her feelings of surprise and sadness give way to those of joy and praise, and a splendid tribute to his valor follows:—

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more."

Nothing is more remarkable in this poem, than the even and quiet rapidity of its progress, and it costs some effort to interrupt, but we must put the next few events into still fewer words than the few (marvellously so, considering the effect produced) in which they are told by the poet. Her passionate desire for one "nuptial kiss," is forbidden by the gods, and in reply, how touchingly the affection of love is portrayed, and how true:—

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love."

That is a beautiful power of the imagination which is often illustrated in this poem, by which, what at first seems a common thought is wafted insensibly up from the region of bare fact, to a true poetic feeling, as if a cloud, resting at evening on the hill side, was lifted to catch the light, and be filled with the glories of the setting sun. We find a beautiful illustration of this in the following stanza, (the 15th):

"The gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star
Is love."

The character of Laodamia is gradually developing, and in passing through the various scenes described in the poem, we see it complete. At one time she restrains her passionate feelings, at another lets them burst forth with a torrent of fire; and *now*, in thinking of the final departure of her husband, with true womanly love and devotion, exclaims:—

"But if thou goest, I follow—Peace! he said—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered."

Now comes in his reply, a touch of rare imaginative power. It has a tone of touching melody and love, while the sentiment itself is sanctified by an intense feeling of humanity:—

"He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure.
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure."

The trite saying, "*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata dulcia sunt*," has often been quoted concerning Wordsworth's productions, and the Lake school of poets generally; but in this poem, his thoughts and expressions are often "*dulcia*." What can be more beautiful, or sweeter, than the following:—

"Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

With what a charm has his imagination clothed, as with a vestal garb, the hallowed affections, and the glories of the future state. These lines are born melodies, and do not require the help of music to make them harmonious. When has poetry accomplished more, than in the following stanzas of rapid retrospect, into which, without any apparent labor of compression, so much is embraced. What ease, gracefulness, and variety, attend the procession of the verse, and after rising in imagination concerning his own important part in the contest, with what a gentle fall does it die away upon the ear, in that beautiful touch of feeling,—

"On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;
My new planned cities, and unfinished towers."

Is it not a fine example of the "clausula aut cadentia," so much esteemed by the ancient poets.

This precious interview is fast passing away, and it would seem impossible to separate two souls so completely bound up in each others welfare, and we do not wonder, when he counsels her to seek,—

"Our blest re-union in the shades below,"

And gently thus advises:—

"Learn by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly to that end."

'This is the essence of true poetry—the philosophic theory, and a noble sentiment, harmoniously blended together. How elegantly has Milton, by a stroke of his unrivalled pen, expressed the same idea:—

"Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges."

The three hours space has passed, and with it, the interview, for now Hermes re-appears, to carry out the unyielding decree of the gods; and no mortal effort is able to detain her chief. Eagerly would the loving Laodamia have detained even his shade:—

—"Tis vain;
The hours are passed—too brief had they been years."

She longs to pass without the portal, and to share with him a common fortune, since even Thessalian glory has no charms for her when he was gone who made it dear,

"And on the palace floor, a lifeless corpse she lay."

At this point in the poem, the author, to accommodate the sentiment to a dash of Virgil's imagination,—

"His Laodamia, it comes,"

Not only mars the beauty of the verse, but destroys, in some degree, the fine effect that has thus far been produced. He remarks that she

"Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."

Does not the verse here seem to labor with the weight of the thought? It is somewhat rough in the effort to concentrate within the limit of these lines, the exact and full idea,—and as to the sentiment *itself*, during the progress of the poem, we have constantly been feeling kindlier toward Laodamia, and in that death,—spurred on by passionate affection, our sympathetic nature would fancy for so devoted a wife, at least a “blest reunion.” Gladly would we have received for her a happier lot, which the gifted imagination of Wordsworth would have created, had he disregarded the ancient poet. What an exquisite finish does he give to this interesting poem, by weaving a natural cause into the finest poetic idea. Mark the picture :—

“ A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him, for whom she died;
And even when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight—
A constant interchange of growth and blight.”

It is a most graphic description, clear and distinct, having no external glitter. There is no hard crystalization of fancy encrusting it over.

With a true Promethean spirit he gives a living soul to inanimate things, and makes them the semblance of inward emotions—thus the soul of the poet is breathed into these “trees,” and their spirit seems to inform the soul of the poet. With this idea, from which our author first caught the inspiration of the theme, ends Laodamia, a poem which forms the diamond lock to that rare collection of Wordsworthian gems.

We arise from its perusal, with a feeling, that we have been communing with a mind at once vigorous and gentle, the very tone of which harmonizes and elevates our own.

We have thus noticed the subject, plot, and general characteristics of Laodamia. In its composition, the poet seems to have blended the fearless felicity of his youth, with the grandeur of his riper years; thus the incidents of a romantic story are related with scarcely an impurity of expression, while the beings of his imagination are ensouled with the true spirit of humanity. It possesses strength without violence—beauty without weakness—at times he gathers up treasures of thought and legendary lore, and “melts them down into single lines.” Many of his sentences are pictures. His words “live and breathe,” sending forth now a murmur of joy, and now the piercing wail of grief. Another marked feature of the poem is, its condensation.

"Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art!"

He never dwells long on one thought, but strikes the key note, and leaves the echo of the melody to swell in the mind of the reader; and while, perhaps, the careless reader will observe only the "painted bubbles" on the surface, the reflecting mind will behold beautiful conceptions, flashing upward from below.

An indescribable gentleness of spirit pervades almost every line, and beautifully tinges the thoughts, which an inferior poet would have expressed with a glaring obtrusiveness. There is, however, no excessive or unmanly niceness—no "creamy smoothness," or fatal facility of expression, carrying our poet beyond the limits of his subject or the feeling. If there is an occasional want of melody—there is never of strength, nor of imagination. The rhythm and versification are most happily chosen—while the style, fresh and idiomatic, marks a mind fully alive to the beauties of the poetic art. But above all—let us regard for a moment the profound moral that the poem teaches, "The necessity of a just equipoise between the laws of reason and affection." How could it have been more happily conveyed to us than by this example, culled out from the ante-Homeric age, and versified in language which, by its sweetness and beauty, expresses the symphony which prevails in nature and society. We cannot but admire Laodamia, and with it, the author—England's greatest Laureate, who, in some of the higher walks of poetry, stands without a rival, and "who has brought under the magic power of verse the loftiest themes." To none more appropriately than to himself, can the benediction be ascribed which his own lips have uttered:—

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares."

R. W. A.

Loyalty to Convictions.

IN describing the character of Mr. LINCOLN, his biographer, Dr. Holland, makes use of the following expression:—"He was loyal to his convictions." These words not only embrace the principles of that marvelous life, but suggest the reason of its great success. His earnestness, his honesty, his power, and his popularity may all be

traced to his rigorous exercise of personal loyalty. He was deliberate and thorough in forming his opinions, and, having formed them, he possessed the hardihood and independence to carry them at once into execution. He was true to his own convictions of duty. The fear of public opinion never caused him to act with precipitancy or procrastination. When the desolations of war were sweeping over us, when hasty men pronounced him incompetent, and careful men regarded him with misgiving hearts, looking far beneath the surface of events, comprehending the momentous interests involved in the contest, yet remembering that he was the representative of Government, and the executor of Law, he wielded the energies of the nation with an upright and far-sighted statesmanship, that to-day commands the admiration of the world. Had his purposes been shaped according to the shifting demands of public opinion, the result would have proved disastrous to himself and fatal to the country. Throughout his life, Mr. LINCOLN ever exhibited the same conscientious and searching thought in forming his convictions, and the same undeviating persistency in their execution. But separating the idea from its application to Mr. LINCOLN's life, we shall find that *loyalty to convictions* embraces an abstract truth that will bear expansion and analysis.

The term conviction, denoting a mental state, primarily implies a struggle or effort. It is that condition of satisfactory settlement that results from the successful employment of the mental and moral powers. It involves calm deliberation, an intelligent calculation of cause and effect, and a keen insight into the demands of right and duty. A responsibility is incumbent on every man, making it his imperative duty to form settled convictions, to acquire the knowledge and exercise the thought sufficient to render his opinions satisfactory and stable. The next requirement is *loyalty* to those convictions. And by loyalty, we mean, not a mere nominal adherence, but a sober determination to resist seduction, to surmount difficulty, and to brave danger. In the view here presented, therefore, loyalty to convictions becomes one of the truest and safest maxims of life. It implies an intelligent and careful investigation of all the problems and relations of our lives; it involves the formation of stable opinions upon questions of right and duty, and requires the energy and determination to maintain and execute those opinions in the practical experience of life. Thus conformed and regulated, life is almost sure to be crowned with success and honor.

In the first place, the operation of this principle produces earnestness of character. It requires us first, to think carefully, and then to

act vigorously. Our convictions must necessarily be such as are approved by conscience and commended by reason. Our whole nature is brought into cheerful acquiescence, and all our executive powers awakened and applied with enthusiasm. Conscious that we have surveyed the whole ground, believing that we have formed a wise and permanent decision, we press forward in the attainment of our object, with great zealousness of purpose and of effort.

Again, it builds up the character in all the attributes of honesty. A conviction involves the approval of an active conscience, and as an active conscience is never an accessory to guilt, our convictions must of necessity be upright. If we are loyal to them, therefore, in word and deed, a falsehood or deception will be impossible. A thorough, uncompromising loyalty will pervade our whole life, and become, as it were, an essential, irradicable attribute of our individualism. The respect and confidence of others will be freely extended to us, and to know and feel that those we meet in our daily routine, regard us with feelings of esteem and admiration, is one of the sweetest rewards of existence.

But the most important benefit arising from conformity to the principle in question, and that which includes all others, is the mental and moral development that results. Conformity to the dictates of conscience in all our social relations and business dealings; comprehensive and intelligent thought upon the great questions that press themselves for decision; earnestness and vigor in discharging the responsibilities imposed by duty; these are the qualities which result from the activity of every faculty and of every power necessitated in forming and executing our convictions, and the qualities, also, which develop a strong, upright, noble manhood. The man who is loyal to his convictions, in the fullest sense of the terms, loyal and conviction, must look beyond himself and his limited experience, and seek in the various departments of knowledge, for instruction and guidance. Hence it is that he is led to an acquaintance with literature and science; and these bring in their train liberal culture, generous impulses, and noble aspirations. Loyalty to convictions, therefore, cultivates in us those moral virtues which induce the esteem and confidence of others, and leads, directly or indirectly, to the unfolding and liberalizing of the mental powers; in short, leads to all that is great and good in character and in life.

Loyalty to convictions, though the true principle for all life, is particularly true for college life. True success in college does not consist in obtaining high appointments, prizes, or wooden spoons. He is

successful, who leaves college with his mind enlarged and invigorated by the studies of the course, with some practical acquaintance with literature and life, and who carries with him the respect and confidence of his classmates. College life is too much a strife for college honors. Too frequently these engross the mind and obscure the real advantages and objects of the course. We are here, or we should be here, for development,—not development of the intellect simply, but of the social and moral qualities as well, which alone can render character beautiful and lovely. In our endeavors for the distinctions of college life, we are apt to lose its richest rewards. It generally happens that the Philosophicals of a class do not develop into the best scholars, nor the DeForests into the best writers and speakers, nor the spoon men into the most esteemed members of society. Those who struggle for these honors, and, as is frequently the case, regard them as the main objects of college life, work upon a wrong basis. When college days are ended, and they engage with the sharp, strong, practical men of the world, the mist that has veiled their minds in delusion, is swept away, and their mistake becomes apparent. While they are engaged in reforming their principles and incentives, if indeed they have the courage to attempt the reformation, and the ability to affect it, the ordinary men of college days with their steady purposes and manly character pass them by and leave them behind forever. The history of successful men in life and of brilliant men in college shows that these are facts.

How then shall college life be rendered successful? We answer briefly, by loyalty to convictions. A man's common sense will readily teach him what are the genuine, and what the spurious objects of his effort; and when these questions are settled, he should have the independence and the manliness to follow what appears to him his duty. It matters not that he may, in consequence, see others reap the highest honors of college. His compensation will be a mind disciplined by study, stored with useful information, and well fitted by the sober, earnest exercise of its faculties for the duties of practical life. Moreover, he will possess an integrity and nobleness, united with a general symmetry of character, that will secure him affection and confidence wherever he goes.

Again, loyalty to convictions is a principle calculated to insure increased purity and moral strength in college. It is a notorious fact that we look with complaisance, and even with approbation, upon innumerable forms of deception and falsehood that our consciences squarely condemn. This is certainly an unhealthy state of opinion,

and one filled with dangerous tendencies. However lightly we may regard these practices, and although we may consider that they are only for the college course, it is patent they cannot be constantly indulged without inducing such a familiarity with deception as shall make an unprincipled course a comparatively easy matter after college life is over. It is much more difficult to regain integrity than to preserve it. The most amiable disposition and the most brilliant talents cannot secure one against the corroding effects of distrust. To have one's integrity and principle suspected, saps the foundation of character and leads to ruin. The danger of such a result is avoided, and the character made reliable and manly, by heeding the still small voice within that continually warns us against the evil of wrong doing. If we would only be loyal to our convictions, the experience of a college course would engraft truth and honesty upon the character so as to render them inseparable parts of our being.

The same principle forms the groundwork of all desirable and permanent popularity. Popularity is much sought in college and is usually sought in vain. All forms of subserviency and art are usually detected and despised. A man trying particularly to be popular, comes to be particularly unpopular. Popularity is not an end but a result. In the only desirable sense it is a deep and permanent seat in the esteem and affections of those around us, and is to be obtained by the cultivation and practice of those manly and generous qualities which we know will win the heart. If we act with integrity and principle, if we exhibit a manly independence tempered by a cordial regard for the feelings of others, if we manifest a spirit and mind of our own without arrogance or self-sufficiency, in a word, if we are truly loyal to our convictions, we shall depart from college, leaving in the minds of all a regard that will still be fresh when other likings have passed away. The impression of real goodness of character and soundness of principle sinks deep into the heart and outlasts a thousand fancies that were at first more engrossing.

College life exerts a powerful influence upon our character and destiny, and it is important that it should be a good influence. Let the student, then, be loyal to his convictions in the fullest, highest sense of the terms, and, though he may not hope for the marvelous life of a Lincoln, he can, at least, be true to the noblest part of his being, be earnest, upright, and manly.

J. L.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Townsend Compositions.

The following subjects for the Townsend Compositions have been given to the Class of '67:—

- I.—Modern English Poetry compared with the Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.
 - II.—The power of Ideas contrasted with the power of Individual Men.
 - III.—The Effects of the Puritan Rebellion on the English Constitution.
 - IV.—The Future of Russia.
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Y. L. B. Supper.

The Annual Supper of the Yale Lit. Board was given at the New Haven House, on the evening of May first. The occasion was festive, the guests jubilant, and the bill of fare extensive.

Boat Racing.

The crews chosen to participate in the usual Spring Races, are as follows:—

VARUNA.

SHELL.

WM. H. FERRY, '68, (Stroke.)
 C. A. DEKAY, '68.
 T. F. HINDS, '70.
 S. F. BUCKLIN, '69.
 J. K. H. DEFOREST, '68.
 E. G. STEDMAN, '67, (Bow.)

GIG.

W. A. MCKINNEY, '68, (Stroke)
 R. TERRY, '70.
 E. G. SELDEN, '70.
 O. C. MORSE, '68.
 J. E. CURRAN, '70.
 WM. PARSONS, '68, (Bow.)

GLYUNA.

SHELL.

C. W. BINGHAM, '68, (Stroke.)
 H. WALKER.
 B. A. FOWLER, '68.
 H. W. PAYNE, '67.
 C. L. MORGAN, '67.
 G. A. ADAM, '67, (Bow.)

SHELL.

The Races are expected to come off on the 22d of May, at full tide.

Base Ball.

The match game of Ball, between the Sophomore Nines of Yale and Nassau, was played at Princeton, N. J., on Saturday, the 4th instant, being witnessed by a large number of people. The Yale Nine took the boat for New York on Friday evening, accompanied by a large number of their friends, and reached Princeton on Saturday, at noon. They were received in a very gentlemanly manner by '69 of Nassau, who had made every preparation for the visit.

Play began at about 2 o'clock, on a wretched field, where the left fielder was unable to see the home base.

It ended at 5.30, in favor of the Nassau Club, by six runs.

The batting on the part of the Yale Nine was superior to that of the Nassau Nine, while their fielding, due no doubt to want of practice, was inferior.

It is but justice to the Yale Nine, to say that Mr. HOOKER, their pitcher, and perhaps strongest player, was compelled to remain at home, on account of sickness. To this fact, more than to any thing else, we attribute our defeat.

At the conclusion of the game, both Nines and their friends partook of a sumptuous supper, generously provided by the students of Princeton. Toasts were drunk, and speeches made in honor of "Yale," and "Nassau Hall;" the proceedings being enlivened by College Songs.

The Yale Nine returned on the morning of the 5th, much pleased with their visit, and unanimous in their thanks to the Sophomore Class of "Nassau."

The return game will be played at New Haven, about the middle of June. If our Sophomore Nine should then be victorious, the deciding game will be played shortly after, on neutral grounds.

The following is the score:—

NASSAU '69.					YALE '69.				
WARD, ----2 b.,	8	Runs,	2	Outs.	CONDUCT, -----C.,	4	Runs,	2	Outs.
HOPE, -----C. f.,	7	"	3	"	SHELDON,-----P.,	5	"	3	"
IRVIN,-----L. f.,	6	"	3	"	VAN WYCK, --1 B.,	7	"	2	"
EBY,-----C.,	7	"	3	"	STEVENSON,---L f.,	6	"	4	"
SCHENCK,--3 B.,	7	"	2	"	McLANE, -----2 B.,	6	"	4	"
M'KIBBEN, P.,	6	"	3	"	DEGROVE, ----R. f.,	9	"	2	"
RAWN, ----S. S.,	5	"	5	"	TERRY,-----L. f,	4	"	5	"
FOX, -----1 B.,	6	"	3	"	BURRELL,-----3 B.,	6	"	2	"
HUMES,----R.F.,	6	"	3	"	CUNNINGHAM, -S. S.,	5	"	3	"
—					—				
58					52				
27					27				
Nassau '69,	12,	1,	7,	1,	11,	8,	13,	2,	3,—58
Yale '69,	7,	3,	1,	11,	4,	10,	2,	5,	9—,51

Umpire—R. S. MURPHY, Bordentown, N. J.
Scorers { E. T. WAITE, Yale.
 { F. H. MILLS, Nassau.

Yale B. B. Club.

A meeting of those interested in the formation of a University Base Ball Club, was held in the President's Lecture Room, on last Wednesday noon. The following officers were elected:—

President—G. SHELDON, '67; *Secretary*—F. P. TERRY, '69; *Treasurer*, G. A. NEWELL, '68.

The Committee, of which Mr. BROTHER was Chairman, appointed last term, on organization, made their report, offering a system of Bye-Laws, by which any one in the College may become a member of the Club, with full privileges, by paying a fee of one dollar. A full set of bases, &c., was ordered to be procured, and a Committee of three, of which Mr. HOOKER, of '69, was Chairman, was appointed to negotiate for grounds in Hamilton Park.

No finer material for a Champion Club exists any where than there is at Yale, and we have met defeat in some instances heretofore only on account of imperfect organization, and a lack of energetic practice. Let us hope that the end of this season will see our Club occupying a position worthy of its name.

University Crew.

This Crew, upon whose exertions depend the hopes of Yale for the coming Regatta at Lake Quinsigamond, will soon enter upon a course of vigorous training. It consists of—

W. A. COPP, (Stroke,)	W. H. LEE,
S. PARRY,	J. COFFIN,
I. C. HALL,	L. PALMER, (Bow.)

Freshman Crew.

The Class of '70, at Harvard, have accepted the challenge sent them by '70, at Yale, and will row over the same course at Worcester as the University Crews. Mr. MCKAY, of Greenpoint, is building the Yale Shell, for the occasion. The Crew consists of the following gentlemen:—

W. MCCLINTOCK, (Stroke,)	C. N. CHADWICK,
R. TERRY,	J. E. CURRAN,
T. F. HINDS,	A. CLEVELAND, (Bow.)

Brothers Prize Debate.

The Freshman Prize Debate came off on Wednesday evening, the 8th instant. The speakers themselves did nobly, and reflected honor upon their Class. In Brothers, ten contestants entered,—in Linonia, fourteen.

Committee of Award.—A. W. WRIGHT, Ph. D., A. L. TRAIN, Esq., J. T. PLATT, Esq.

Question for Discussion.—"Is the Republican form of Government, as exhibited in the United States, preferable to the Monarchical form, as exhibited in England?"

Speakers.—1. E. S. HUME, New Haven; 2. M. F. TYLER, New Haven; 3. G. W. DREW, Winterport, Me.; 4. G. S. PEET, Bridgeport, Ct.; 5. C. H. DIX, Seville, O.; 6. W. HESING, Chicago, Ill.; 7. T. T. PLAYER, Nashville, Tenn.; 8. W. C. GULLIVER, Chicago, Ill.; 9. F. J. SYME, New Orleans, La.; 10. R. W. DEFOREST, New York.

Prizes awarded as follows:—1st, W. C. GULLIVER; 2d, M. F. TYLER; 3d, E. S. HUME, G. S. PEET.

Linonia Prize Debate.

Committee of Award.—GEO. C. HOLT, B. A., D. B. PERRY, M. A., LEANDER T. CHAMBERLAIN, M. A.

Question.—Resolved, The Centralization of Power in this Government, as advocated by Hamilton, is preferable to the Diffusion of Power, as advocated by Jefferson.

Afternoon.—1. A. P. CRANE, Adrian, Mich.; 2. E. B. THOMAS, Cortlandville, N. Y.; 3. D. M. BONE, Petersburg, Ill.; 4. H. B. MASON, Chicago, Ill.; 5. W. S. LOGAN, Washington, Ct.

Evening.—6. J. E. CURRAN, Utica, N. Y.; 7. E. J. EDWARDS, New Haven, Ct.; 8. C. McC. REEVE, Dansville, N. Y.; 9. H. A. RILEY, Jr., Montrose, Pa.; 10. W. VAN S. WOODWARD, Plattsburg, N. Y.; 11. N. B. COX, Sandusky, O.; 12. L. W. HICKS, Worcester, Mass.; 13. J. W. ANDREWS, Columbus, O.; 14. W. S. HULL, Nashville, Tenn.

Prizes awarded as follows:—1st, H. B. MASON, J. W. ANDREWS; 2d, C. McC. REEVE; 3d, N. B. COX, W. S. LOGAN.

HARTZ, the renowned illusionist, gave a series of his celebrated entertainments in Music Hall, the early part of this week. Truly he is the king of magicians, and his tricks are the most wonderful and mysterious ever performed in this city.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have received the May Number of Oliver Optics' Magazine,—a very entertaining thing, by the way, to the class of readers for whom it is designed.

We call especial attention to the *Advertisements* in this Number.

Correction.

The name of Mr. SAMUEL PARRY, of Clinton, N. J., was accidentally omitted from the programme of Junior Exhibition, in the last Number of the *Lit.*

His Oration on "Thomas Chalmers" deserved a better fortune.

Editor's Table.

ONCE more the classes are assembled in these familiar College buildings. The great wheels of College, so to speak, have again commenced to revolve. Vacation, as usual, has been very pleasant. A large number, even at this early date, have begun to look forward, through ten weeks, to a longer respite from duty.

The Seniors, having now but one recitation a day, seem to be the most favored of all the students. The Sophomores, after having for fourteen weeks, amid much tribulation, floundered in the unfathomable depths of Puckle's Mathematics, begin the new term with the plainer science of Surveying. The Freshmen, not having now so many recitations a week as hitherto, and having become fully accustomed to the ways of College, seem as jubilant as their condition will admit. The Juniors begin to think that the epithet, "jolly," is sadly inapplicable to them. To recite twice Wednesdays and Saturdays, after the ease of last term, is not particularly easy or comforting. It is a matter of serious doubt, whether the Faculty intend to bring about the untimely death of the Class of '68, or are giving them long and difficult lessons, to facilitate the laudable process of "skinning." Some bid fair to arrive at a good degree of proficiency in this science.

Optics gives rise to the use of many emphatic adjectives and "elegant little expletives." Undoubtedly a petition will be sent in to have the lessons in Logic lengthened, as we take at present but thirty pages at a time, including the advance and Review. The visions of glory wrapt up in Prof. Loomis's Astronomy are being unfolded to us from day to day. It would require considerable mathematical skill to determine which is the more withering to the spirits of a person reciting, the spioy "how so," so often repeated in Sophomore year, or the laconic ejaculations of our observer of the celestial bodies. Those of us who study French, are highly delighted with the pronunciation, which, as near as we can ascertain at present, is a cross between a grunt and articulate speech. It is commonly reported, that after we have finished Optics, we are to have, in addition to our Philosophy, an especial treatise on Heat. Let them pile it on. It will be impossible to make it much *hotter* for us than it is already.

Prominent among the amusements of the term is the spinning of tops. Having had occasion to go to a fourth story room, in the north entry of North Middle, we found about a dozen or less enterprising Juniors engaged in the manly sport. A ring had been marked out in the entry, in which several tops were placed, and the industrious youths were "pegging" at them with a surprising degree of avidity. This kind of amusement appears this year to have spread its contagion throughout all classes. Marbles also are receiving considerable attention. Under the inspiration derived from these games, undoubtedly, much mental as well as physical progress will be made.

Boating, we trust, 's as lively as ever. The University men have not yet begun their laborious training. We feel assured that they will do all in their power to win in the race next Summer. If Harvard has six more powerful men, she must have a crew of giants.

The new reading room is being nicely fitted up, and will, undoubtedly, be a source of great pleasure and profit to the students. We have long felt the need of such an Institution. It is something which all will appreciate.

And now, good friends of the LIT., let me say a few words in behalf of the Board of '68. We shall attempt to make the Magazine both interesting and instructive. It is our intention to have every number published at a certain time of the month. Now in order that the LIT. may come out promptly on time, it is necessary that all contributions should be sent in two weeks before the date of its publication. This can be done by the exercise of very little care. There need be no delay. As far as is within our power, we will fulfil our promise to be punctual.

A cordial invitation is also extended to the members of all classes to assist us in sustaining the Magazine. The LIT. has been too much of a class affair. It ought to be more generally supported. A Senior should not think it beneath his dignity to favor us with an article; a Sophomore should not hold back his production until he revels amid the far-famed pleasures of Junior year; nor should a member of the lowest class hide his light under a bushel until he has doffed his Freshman robes. Therefore, ye Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, send in your contributions, (bearing in mind about the two weeks,) and in the language of our whilom instructor in the Broad Sword exercise, it will be "pleasing and satisfactory" to all parties. Now don't think that we are making an appeal on account of the extremity of necessity. Such is far from being the case; but it must be apparent to you all that the LIT. will be much more interesting, if all classes coöperate in supporting it.

The weekly issue of the Courant renders an Editor's Table almost superfluous. To circulate items of interest, after they have already been announced to the College world, seems quite unnecessary. It reminds us of a gentleman of the Class of '68, who, one day, with great animation, announced to his Club the death of General Scott, long after that hero had

"Shuffled off this mortal coil."

To write a witty Table does not come within our province. You will, undoubtedly, consider this as an astonishing piece of information. If you wish something spicy, possess your souls in patience until our two Editors, who have such a rich vein of humor, shall sit down at that imaginary piece of furniture known as the Table of the Yale Lit. Board.

The students are once more beginning to sit on the College fence. This they have always considered their undisputed prerogative. There is no other place in the whole College grounds, which possesses so much attraction as the familiar corner of this old fence. Persons who have long since graduated, remember it with a feeling akin to reverence. The idea that the visitors at the New Haven House are disturbed by the congregation of the students in front of South College, appears to us to be an absurdity. We can see no reason why we should now be prohibited from sitting on the fence. Instead of being injurious to the students, these nightly gatherings at this spot are physically, intellectually, morally and socially advantageous. They are the *optimum condementum*, the very spice of our College life,—conducive alike to harmony and happiness. May the Faculty, then, look with leniency upon this innocent College custom, which has been handed down from generation to generation, as one of the most precious of Yale's legacies. But we are extending our talk too far. Grim visions of mirrors and lenses haunt us like spectres, telling with most emphatic distinctness, that it is now time to turn our attention to other things.

VOL. XXXII.

NO. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

*"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."*

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**JUNE, 1867**  
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NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXVII.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

JUNE, 1867.

No. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

.RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

Macaulay.

POPE speaks of a man appointed by Apollo to criticise a poem, who returned the work with severe stricture on its defects, and replied that he had not troubled himself about its merits. The god gave him a sack of unwinnowed wheat and bade him pick out the chaff for his pains. Apollo will be a convenient scapegoat, if enthusiasm for the author of "Milton" and "Warren Hastings" shall lead to extravagant panegyric in this article.

Macaulay was an author of that period, whose return is said to be always marked by a "sunburst of our literature." He was born the first year of the century. While yet in early youth, Hannah More, his preceptress, writes of him that he surfeits his friends with recitals of poetry, and astonishes older people with literary talk. He entered Cambridge at eighteen, and at once took a prominent stand. In college he continued his poetry in a manner alarming to the prospect of his future greatness. His efforts gained the highest prizes, but from the destiny of a Homer or Shakspeare, he was saved by a circumstance of fearful import to those who neglect Linonia and Brothers. The debating societies of Cambridge are famous, and it was on their floors that, clipping the wings of his Pegasus, he took the direct footpath to fame, for the Whigs opened to him the doors of Parliament as soon as his first publications added the reputation of a brilliant essayist to that of a powerful debater. To speak of his advance from success to fame in Parliament, and glory in literature,

is only to repeat a story which has ever been a marvel until his pages have been read and his speeches studied.

Macaulay was the most popular writer of the century. This needs no proof to any one who has attempted to secure from the library a copy of his *Essays* or *History*. In England, Dickens has shared with him this popularity. But what American would venture to proclaim his preference for the writer of *The American Notes*, over the first British author who has been noble enough to desire, or brave enough to attempt, an honest history of the period and events which gave birth to constitutional liberty !

That Macaulay deserves his popularity, no critic has ever attempted to deny. That he is a great writer, nearly all are agreed. Being able to fortify the position taken concerning his popularity, on the firm ground of statistical fact, it is easy to advance a little further and declare him the most brilliant writer of the century. Edward Everett, indeed, has not hesitated to affirm that he was "the most brilliant writer of our own or any other age;" Guizot, that he was "the most brilliant writer in the English language." We remember Cæsar as a great soldier and a good recorder of his own exploits. His capacity as an orator fell short of nothing but surpassing Pompey. But he never tried poetry, and his *Commentaries* will not be remembered by school-boys as so fascinating as "Macaulay's *Essays*." Macaulay was preeminently great as a statesman, an historian, an essayist, and a poet. Versatility of genius is too low an attribute for his varied success. It seems more consistent with his character to say that he possessed such practical common sense that in any undertaking warranted by his tastes, he was incapable of losing reputation. This is indeed to offend the votaries of genius who would claim this great writer among their penates ; but can they convince any one that the practicality of Lincoln was a quality inferior to the genius of Napoleon ?

His political life was mostly passed before he commenced the *History of England*. To his failure of re-election to Parliament, the world owes this great work ; but, perhaps, it is no less indebted for his services in the state, than to his literary labors. In Parliament he carried the name of the "Burke of the age," and all his gigantic power was thrown on the side of Independence, Liberty, and Reform. Slavery received the deepest cut ever awarded in debate, in his speeches against this evil in British colonies, and it is refreshing to remember his deeds in this age of Eyre trials and Kingsley treacheries. Our country was constantly in his mind, and from his vast

information respecting our institutions, he constantly drew his most forcible illustrations, coupled with sentiments never failing to produce respect for the American nation. To Macaulay we owe as much as to John Bright, for creating favorable impressions of us among a people disposed to undervalue anything under English; and if the times of the two men had been reversed, no doubt his principles would have gained him the place in our affections that Bright holds.

In speaking, he was ungraceful. When he was expected to utter a word in debate, the house was filled. He entered amid the buzzing of suppressed comment on his bearing, his looks, his dress, (which was usually shabby,) and concerning his vast powers. When he arose, he planted his feet firmly on the floor, threw one hand back of his body, as if to put behind him all extraneous thoughts, and struck at once at the key-note of the subject. His voice is represented as unpleasant and monotonous, and his manner of speaking, like the working of a pump handle. But when this pump was once under way, it drew from a vast well of information such floods of illustration, analogies, and clinching argument, as effectually quenched any opponent's fire. History seemed to furnish him instances on any topic. It may be judged that these vast stores of his memory were in great demand in legislation. If any law involving the principles of political economy, needing a knowledge of precedents, or a keen insight into future probabilities, was to be framed, Tom Macaulay's mind was the storehouse which supplied the needs of every committee.

The History of England is declared by a prominent writer to be the most perfect work ever issued from the English press. It had hardly left the type when the publishers perceived its amazing popularity, and paid the author a princely revenue for monopoly of selling. The work merited the favor it found. The only fault ever found in it, is its fascinating style. "The old almanac style of history" is detested as much by this author, as sought by others. Critics have thought something wrong must be concealed beneath charms so enticing. The critics have so long been accustomed to see books thrive in spite of immense faults which their pens have lashed, that they have come to accept these faults as a sign of success. Their absence in Macaulay is deemed a bad omen; he is too interesting to be good. His short sentences will be short lived, thinks Prof. Reed. Poe thinks he is too readable to be sound, and denounces his aiming "to leave no minute gap which the reader might have to fill up with thought." Certain mathematical treatises might be recommended to the author of the "Raven," which would be unobjectionable on

this score ; but contrary to his opinion, it will be deemed the peculiar glory of our historian to have brought back the story of ages to its proper channel ; to have shown that a true story, as well as fiction, can be agreeably told. This end he seems constantly to have had in view. By detail and pleasant episode, the author has accomplished his purpose. He digresses into the Massacre of Glencoe in beautiful narrative. He remarks on the gooseberry wine of the 17th century, as well as the principles of Cromwell. He tells us how the hospitality of those times welcomed the country clergy to the carrots and soup, but obliged them to abstain from the pastry and wines. He interests us in the frailties of serving maids as well as in the Bill of Rights. All ground for criticism fails when it is considered how this result was attained by design, and accomplished only by a laborious search into subjects usually deemed unimportant by historians, with a perseverance that shrank from no labor of investigation, with a mind stored with all books, and a memory which could produce any scene in Shakspeare, or the whole of Paradise Lost, on demand. Even if disposed to underrate his success, we must be won by his regard. If there is one species of effrontery, more detestable than another, it is that of an author who presumes on our time and attention with works which demand less pains from the writer than the reader. The only parallel to this is the presumption of the preacher who will detain an audience an hour in June with a sermon which has been prepared during two and a half strolls across the ministerial study. Charity tolerates dullness in the pulpit ; stupidity is supportable ; but arrogance, the pride of man refuses to endure.

The reader passes from Hume to Macaulay, as the traveler passes from the darkness of a long and tortuous ride through the forest into the open daylight of a clearing. Hume's work was darkened by more than party prejudice. He hated religion, hated liberty, and hated England. England's worst enemies were his friends, and his words are darkened by the same spirit that made London his abhorrence and Paris his Elysium. The right arm of truth has, through Macaulay, established constitutional liberty as the rightful heir to English esteem, by casting out the odious usurpers,—the Stuarts.

In a branch of literature usually deemed less important, Macaulay has had no rival in any age. His essays were contributed to the periodicals and purported to be reviews of recent works. They were prefaced by the name of a book, but the criticism is usually disposed of in the first few pages. Then comes the essay proper. One marked advantage attaches to this species of writing. The subject selected

is necessarily one which is near the heart of the author, and the whole work is, especially with Macaulay, hearty with enthusiasm. Each of his essays seems to be an outbreak of fervent ideas, overflowing from a mind where they have been long fermenting. Indignation against egregious popular errors, a clear insight into motives customarily misrepresented or overlooked, heartfelt admiration for truth and beauty in some individual or institution,—seem to have instigated the essays. Undoubtedly the best of these are “Warren Hastings,” “Clive,” and “Milton.” “Bacon,” and “Frederick the Great,” are admirable. The author’s special attainment was vivid description. We humbly venture the assertion that the picture of the Black Hole of Calcutta, in “Clive,” is the most graphic and exciting bit of prose in English. “Milton” is infused with enthusiasm. Probably no young author ever received such laurels for his maiden attempt. Any one who is disposed to doubt the deep principles of morality and religious reverence of the writer, has only to read the latter part of this essay, where the very type seems to weep in a fervor of veneration for the noble old bard. A manly mind, intolerant of effeminate emotion, usually warns his pen far from sentimental display. Formality is preferred to sacrifice of dignity. But in this essay disgust at the world’s hypocrisy gets the better of his constraint, when contemplating the pure spirit that bore the world’s obloquy as the martyrship of a Christian. In a short essay on Bunyan, the author displays a reverence for religion, but mingled with a reverence for Bunyan, over whose writings the author is nearly crazy with enthusiasm.

Enough has been said about Macaulay’s poetry, by eminent critics, to justify almost any opinion in those not disposed to rely on their own judgment. It has been called stiff and unpoetical. It has been denounced as mechanical and unfeeling. But it has never been called frivolous. It has never been named spiritless. Professor Craik might attribute to it a “hard metallic lustre,” but his fertility of metaphorical grandeur would hardly justify here a comparison with “rags fluttering about a scarecrow.” But if “Virginia” can be called unfeeling, we must be content to purchase our emotional gunpowder from licensed dealers, like Wordsworth and Coleridge. If “The Battle of Lake Regillus” is to be deemed uninteresting and tame, it will be necessary to turn from Scott and seek entertainment only from Spenser. If “Horatius” is not adapted to inspire the same spirit as the Marsellaise Hymn; if it would not infuse a martial spirit into any man with nerve enough to look without trepidation on

the old field pieces preserved at Bunker Hill, it is better to look to the old Saxon prose of Wickliffe and Bunyan for the requisite excitement.

These debated poems are entitled "The Lays of Ancient Rome," and the subjects chosen are in keeping with the usual practical sense of the author. Not only do the "Lays" revive those old legends which embody ancient Roman history, but they vividly paint the Roman character as it was when Cincinnatus and Licinius were even the men every day met in the forum. The Rome of those days was indeed a subject of adoration for the soul that delights in chivalrous character. Bloody deeds and awful crimes may have been the work, but even this was made grand by the grandeur of Rome.

"Hurrah for Rome's stout pilum,
In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah for Rome's stout broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields,
Hews deep its gory way."

In private life, Macaulay was long thought to have a cold heart; but recent disclosures have revealed his generosity and even pre-eminent philanthropy. He never married. This failure can be ascribed to the social state of England. The fair sinners of the great Whig houses where he was guest, were all Fabias. They all aimed at noble alliances. His peerage was not conferred until late in life. To have united his fortunes with those of an aspirant for nobility, and to lead away the hand of a bloomless and dowerless maiden of noble descent, was equally repugnant. Yet in the circles of the fair and young he found his constant society. He was an idol with the ladies on account of his conversational powers. One describes his talk as "all print." Amid the walnuts and wine, the graces of his conversation were demanded by the silent tongues of the guests. His monopoly of the attention seems to have been grudged by none except Sidney Smith, whose satire found vent in a remark about the "brilliant flashes of silence" which sometimes enchained Macaulay. But brilliant for *this* eminent talker's reputation here, would have been a flash of silence that should have prevented those words that probably originated the English slur, that Americans could not be kicked into a war.

To pass from eulogy to moderate criticism has usually been thought necessary to add point to a panegyric. A little detraction at

the end seems to produce an agreeable effect, like the cooling showers of rose-water thrown over a Roman audience in the Amphitheatre before parting.

It is not difficult to find some great faults in the works that have been considered. One, often remarked, is the positiveness of the author on any subject under his pen. He never doubts; never hesitates. He advances from mild assertion to startling paradox, without an emotion. The paradox, indeed, is one of his favorites. A most notable instance is in the Essay on Machiavelli. He proves Machiavelli's books most infamous in sentiment, and then establishes their excellence and truthfulness by an argument agreeably convincing. The paradox is in fact a gem of rhetoric in his hands. The reader is taken upon his own ground, blindfolded, gagged, manacled, and carried into a captivity that is entertaining. Another failing is his incessant elaborateness. But with all the faults that have been imputed to him, Macaulay has made the world his debtors. He has rejected subserviency to custom as well as to aristocracy, in his history. He has, with an impartial but courteous pen, given us the most important link in English history. Hume, Macaulay, and Allison, now open to us a book of records from Waterloo to Cæsar's landing; from Victoria to Agricola. His essays afford instruction and delight on topics of the most pointed interest of all ages of the past. His poems awaken veneration for a people whose posterity brought shame on their father's name. His sound judgment has taught the most effective use of the English tongue yet attained.

Thus another attempt to exalt praise by criticism, has failed. The heat of the Amphitheatre shall not be cooled by rose-water to-day.

W. A. M.

The Permanency of the Government.

THIS nation has proved itself one of the strongest on the face of the globe. In spite of prophecies of speedy downfall the moment party passions were excited, in spite of numerous attacks as to weakness and instability, from within and from without, it has stood firm amidst great civil discord, the severest trial to the strength of a free state, and has emerged from all dangers more powerful than ever. By the vigor imparted through our institutions, a rebellion was over-

thrown, comprehending one-third the whole people, peace re-established, and republican principles set on firmer foundations. During all the period of Independence, though oppressed with foreign and domestic war, though sneered at and distrusted, the government has exhibited unparalleled prosperity, and a durability beyond the most sanguine expectation. The advocates of monarchy derided the idea of a permanent republic, extending over this vast area, populated with so many nationalities, embracing different religious creeds, when history affirms no similar governments, bound within narrow limits, possessing a homogeneous population, to have been stable or consistent; but on the contrary, fickle, tyrannical and corrupt. It is an instructive, and should be a gratifying task, to inquire into the causes that have made this republic an exception to every precedent. Institutions like these had failed in former times—why should they succeed here! What inherent qualities are there in our Constitution that should cause it to falsify every prediction! To two great American principles, never before fully tried, undoubtedly, can be traced our safety and power; namely, universal liberty and universal education. These two fundamental doctrines of our civil creed are found to be pregnant sources of strength, and successful progress. They are mighty incentives to noble patriotic action. Their hard practical test during the last six years of imminent peril, evince their efficiency. Our enemies are discomfited, and the human race advanced. If you wish unlimited resources, and a steady reliance on their own ability in the people, let these principles form the groundwork of government.

The immediate influence of general education is three-fold. It produces high religious feeling, and, consequently, purifies morality. This religious zeal is the best safeguard to a free state. What else so opens the heart to a sense of justice, lifts us above the common practices of every day life, as the sublime doctrines of Christianity! Right will be upheld, while these feelings govern a community. Education, again, inspires love of humanity. An enlightened public will not calmly behold flagrant wrongs, if authority is vested in them. They will not shut their eyes while a just government is broken up. You cannot accustom them to view with indifference such atrocities as the French, when liberated, encouraged. Though passion runs high, and seems sometimes almost to swallow up everything good and sacred, yet, when you blow off this mere political prejudice, the mass of our people side with humanity. Look at the assassination of Lincoln. It would be impossible to find a man subjected to more

calumny, or more violently hated than he was by the opponents to his administration; but when his death was caused by wicked and desperate means, how profound and universal the sorrow! Democrat and Republican—men of every party, rank and condition, united their expressions of sympathy, and joined in condemnation and regret at the deed. Political disagreements were buried in one common detestation of such acts. As long as a community are alive to human sympathy, and do not suffer local interests and excitements to carry them beyond its dictates, so long is there an element of firmness in the government. In other republics, it was not until the people became blind to such sentiments, that liberty was endangered. Education not only humanizes those within its reach, but also in its other effects upon individual character, affords protection to the country. A cultivated citizen is far-seeing, and is alive to deception. He understands political issues, can distinguish the right from the wrong, and though often tempted, will not be duped by demagogues. He sides with justice, and will fight for it. Our common schools, in this particular, especially as exhibited during the war, have given us immeasurably greater strength, in teaching the people to form right decisions, and protect a just Constitution.

That universal liberty can prevail with durability, and that in fact, it is a mighty bulwark during danger, the recent events in this country establish. Its effect was most remarkable, when that sudden call was sounded, after the attack on Sumpter, to rise up and save the republic. His former independence, made each man feel that it was his own country he must rescue—a country that had recognized him as her citizen—that it immediately concerned his own dignity and happiness whether it was destroyed. Nor was that outburst of patriotism a mere fleeting impulse, but was followed by a settled resolve to conquer, whatever the sacrifice. "If you wish for power you must look to liberty," says Fox. "We are compelled to acknowledge that this gives a power of which no other form of government is capable" Fox was then speaking of the ancient democracies—their extraordinary vigor and spirit; but confessed, at the same time, to their crimes and oppressions. We have that tremendous power without their excesses, because our system of education and freedom extends alike to every class, elevating and civilizing all. Liberty, then, as it is cherished and conferred by our institutions, unites activity with durability. Other nations are no fair criterion to go by in reasoning of this, for in those countries called free, the body of the people were kept in ignorance and servitude. We, for the first

time, have shown universal liberty restrained by just laws. Their charge of mutability is inapplicable here. We have elements of strength they never made use of. Regarded to-day by the world as a mighty nation, we may consider our institutions safe, as long as liberty is uncurbed, and the present standard of knowledge kept up by communication through the press, by supporting public schools, and extending liberal ideas. No matter how wide a territory is encompassed, or how much population increases, let us number a hundred millions, and let new states spread until the whole West is divided into separate commonwealths, if knowledge and liberty form the basis of social policy, we can safely calculate its permanency.

Few things now interrupt the perfect harmony of the government, or give cause of anxiety for the future. Of course the great storm of civil war could not sweep over us, without leaving some shattered wrecks and confusion behind. Certainly the fate of the Southern Confederacy has put an end to rebellion for years to come, as well as exhibited the crushing weight with which freedom moves. With the collapse of imperialism in Mexico, has vanished the last spark of empire on this continent. There need be no fear that monarchy, extending from the South, will encircle us. That seed is found to have no root in this soil. The State rights doctrine in its extended sense, has been exploded, and the government is now sufficiently centralized, without loss of individual liberty, to enable it to work efficiently and independently. If the emancipated blacks, as they are made citizens, are instructed, they will not hazard the peace, for they know too well the value of the privileges it brings. It is true that corruption may in time creep into the nation, as it has already to some extent manifested itself,—that cunning and ambitious men may endeavor to work its overthrow; but when these dangers become formidable, may we not trust an intelligent people to extinguish them? One thing peculiarly developed by the war, affecting the government, is the absolute confidence that is now felt in our permanence. Previously, the country was really in its infancy, with institutions untried, and not expected by many of capacity to withstand dissension. But factions have been overcome, and faith has succeeded to fear. Looking at the obstacles lately surmounted, the nation's prosperity and advancement, their own importance, personal interest, these things have laid the foundation of a true and lasting patriotism in the people. Disunion is found to be disastrous to every thing that goes to make us a great nation, while in union there is happiness and national renown.

Let us, then, that this great country may be permanently united, continually cherish more deeply, liberty combined with education. These will awaken an elevated sense of honor and justice in the people, that is competent to carry the government through all liable changes. But, while these reasonings are true in general, we have each of us an individual duty to perform, to guard by every means within our power against corruption and useless expenditure, to elect worthy and talented men to office, to prevent fraudulent voting in our large cities, and to be willing, in the humblest or highest capacity, to serve the country.

L. B. C.

History of our Boating.

Now that boating has come to be considered a regular part of our College life, and a matter of interest to so many, a brief review of our boating, from its commencement at Yale, may be of interest. From different accounts and statistics which have appeared from time to time in the YALE LIT., we gather the following items.

On the 24th of May, 1843, Wm. J. Weeks, of the Class of '44, purchased a second-hand four-oared Whitehall boat, nineteen feet long and four feet beam. Officers were chosen, and a club formed called the Pioneer.

This was the first organized step in boating; doubtless more or less of the leisure time of students had previously been passed on the water, but principally in sail boats.

In June, of the same year, E. A. Bulkley, of '44, purchased a similar boat, costing, together with the outfit, \$38,25. This was named the Nautilus. Soon after another similar boat, the Iris, was added to the list. In the same year J. B. Croswell, of '45, purchased a canoe club boat for \$45,00, made from a single log; this boat was forty-two feet long and twenty-four inch beam, and at the time was considered a prodigy. She pulled eight oars, and from the number of her creepers was called the Centipede. In a very short time,

however, this boat was sold to an oysterman, for \$5.00, who cut her in two lengthwise, and pieced her, thus increasing her breadth of beam.

In May, 1844, the first race boat, as such, was launched by Brooks & Thatcher; she was evidently staunch, being mentioned as often racing from Sachem's Head to the wharf at New Haven. She was named the *Excelsior*, was thirty feet long, six oars.

The *Augusta*, thirty-eight feet long, eight oars, was next purchased in 1845, by the Class of '49. She was followed by the *Osceola*, purchased by '48, was thirty-six feet long, eight oars. By the *Shawmut*, in 1847, thirty-eight feet long, eight oars. In 1851, by the *Phantom*, twenty feet long, originally four, afterwards five oars, purchased by Class of '53. This boat afterwards became the first Commodore's gig.

In May, 1851, by the *Atalanta* barge, thirty feet, six oars, purchased by '52; and in the same month by the *Halcyon*, thirty-nine feet, eight oars, purchased by '54.

In June, 1852, appeared the *Undine* barge, thirty feet, eight oars. In fall of '52, a thirty feet, four-oared, *Ariel* by name, by the Engineers at Yale. In May, 1853, came the *Thulia*, a forty feet, six oared barge, purchased by '54, and in June or July, 1853, the *Nepenthe*, thirty-five feet long, four oars, purchased by Class of '55.

Until this time there was no other organization than by class, but now a consolidation of all the boat clubs was urged, the idea originating with Richard Waite, of '53, and thus was formed the Yale Navy, which at its formation contained the following boats, each representing a club. The *Ariel*, Engineers; *Halcyon* and *Thulia*, of '54; the *Atalanta* and *Nepenthe*, of '55; and the *Undine*, of '56.

In 1854 the following boats were added to the Navy: the *Alida*, thirty feet, six oars; the *Nautilus*, forty feet, six oars; the *Transit*, forty feet, six oars; and the *Rowena*, thirty-five feet, four oars. In 1855 the *Nereid*, forty feet long, six oars. And in the three following years there were nine additions, as follows: The *Menona*, six oars; the *Olympia*, eight oars; the *Varuna* shell and barge, both six oars; the *Cymothole* and *Lorelei*, each six oars; the *Olympia* shell, four oars; the Yale shell, afterwards called the *Atalanta*, six oars; and the *Volante* shell, four oars. During '59, '60 and '61, eight shells and three barges were added to the number, and up to the present time about fifty different race boats have been in the possession of the Navy and different clubs.

The majority of these boats seem to have been built for pleasure and safety, being strong enough for most any weather, and large enough to contain more than double the number necessary to row them; and though used in races, many an afternoon and moonlight evening was pleasantly passed in these boats by their respective crews and a complement of young ladies. Some idea can be formed of these boats by examining the Lorelia, at present known as the Varuna barge, purchased in 1858, and at the time considered crank.

The Volante was one of the first shells in the Navy. This is the boat in which G. E. Dunham was drowned at Springfield in 1858. She is still in the boat house, though not in possession of the Navy, and affords a fine comparison between the boats of a few years ago, and those of to-day.

Until 1859 boats had been moored, chiefly at Riker's, very near our present boat house. Oars and other necessities connected with the boats, were stored in adjoining buildings; but the introduction of lighter boats necessitated the providing of more shelter; accordingly a location was decided upon for a boat house at the foot of Grand street, on Mill river. Undoubtedly this boat house was a great improvement on the previous plan, but it did not meet the increasing demand for room, besides the location was found to be very poor, as any one may see by visiting the building, which is still standing, being used as a store room in a large lumber yard. A good idea of the inconveniences of this boat house can be obtained by the following extract from an article appearing at the time the building of our present boat house was undertaken. "No more crawling through a hole in the fence when the gate is shut. No more carrying heavy barges about half a mile over the mud, and then finding them sticking into the opposite bank. No more piling in thereupon to the serious abrasion of shins, and shoving them off again. No more losing of rowlocks, missing of oars, stealing of loose articles, or general displacement of boats by the tide. Yes, there will be no more little boys on the bridge to throw stones and encourage profanity, or oozy cables hanging across the channel just high enough to hit a man in the eye when he turns round. No more scratching gravel on the port side, and trailing on the starboard, in order to pass some miserable Philadelphia schooner loaded with coal. No more dirt in the boats, no more cracking of sinews to shoot the bridge on coming back, or wild oystermen to fasten the sea skimming sharpies in front of the boat house, and to expostulate quietly but firmly when said sharpies by accident got cut adrift."

In the Fall of '62, initiatory steps were taken to erect the present boat house, and on Sept. 30th, 1863, it was formally taken possession of. It was originally intended to be somewhat larger, and to have a suite of finished rooms in the second story, but a sudden rise in building material prevented.

Since the formation of the Yale Navy, the following gentlemen have held the position of Commodore: Richard Waite, of '53; A. H. Stevens, '54; N. W. Bumstead, '55; A. N. Harriot, '56; Sam'l Scoville, '57; W. P. Bacon, '58; L. D. Page, '59; H. L. Johnson, '60; Chas. T. Stanton, '61; E. S. Lyman, '62; G. S. Curran, '63; S. T. Pierson, '64; Wilbur Bacon, '65; E. B. Bennett, '66; and our present Commodore, A. D. Bissell, of '67.

Until the Fall of 1861 the clubs were class organizations, a club generally owning but one boat; at this time it was voted to abolish the class system, and elect Freshmen into the three following clubs: the Varuna, Glyuna and Nixie. Consequently, as the Classes of '61 and '62 graduated, the other clubs disappeared, their boats being purchased by the three clubs above mentioned. Shortly after, the Nixie followed them, and the Undine made its appearance, which three remain at present.

Nearly ten years after the purchase of the Pioneer, the "Annual Yale Commencement Regatta" was originated, occurring for the first time in July, 1853, when several boats entered, contesting for the prizes. They were kept up for several years, and, at times, as many as eight boats were entered. They all occurred at New Haven, except the third, which was at Springfield, July 4th, 1855, for prizes offered by the citizens. In addition to these annual regattas, Yale boats participated in the following races, viz: a regatta at Hartford, July 4th, 1856, one boat from Yale taking the second prize; a regatta at New London, July 6th, 1858, when Yale entered two boats, taking the first two of nine prizes, there being as many prizes as there were boats entered; a regatta, July 4th, 1859, at the same place, at which no prizes were gained by Yale; one at Providence, July 4th, 1860, when five boats entered, two from Yale bearing off the first two prizes.

The following Regattas have taken place between Yale and Harvard: The first, Aug. 3d, 1852, on Lake Winnipisiogee, Centre Harbor, New Hampshire, two boats entering from Yale; the Undine, named from the shore on the day of the race, and the Halcyon, by a Class crew of '53; Yale was unsuccessful in this race. At Spring-

field, Mass., on the Connecticut River, July 21st, 1855, in which Yale was again the loser. At Worcester, July 26th, 1859, entering one boat against two from Harvard and one from Brown. Yale coming in the first day ahead of Brown and between the two Harvard boats. On the second day the winning crew of the preceding day alone entered against the Yale boat, and was defeated, Yale beating the winning time of the previous day, four seconds.

This was Yale's first victory over Harvard. An extract from an account by one of the crew will show how it was received. "To say that we were excited, would be ridiculous. To say that we were mad, would be to forget that we never pulled a stroke so steady, or so cool and powerful. But, after all our reverses, after continual ridicule and derision, both at home and abroad, to find ourselves in less than twenty minutes the victors of that world-known Harvard crew; to see the famous red turbans tossed overboard, and hear the roaring cheers ring up along the whole length of the Lake, was too sudden a change. We cannot deny that while sedate graduates crowded to meet us, and actually walked into the Lake without knowing where they went, and grey-haired Yale boys spoiled their best beavers as they dashed them together, the crew who were sitting their frail shell more steadily than ever before, and pulling with an easier swing, were really wilder in their joy than any spectator could be, and felt a keener glow of spirit."

Again, at Worcester, in 1860, entering in addition to her University, a Sophomore and Freshman crew. All were beaten. The Yale Sophomores were however keeping the lead until one of her men gave out. The Harvard crew, evidently remembering the lesson of the previous year, refused to enter the race of the second day.

At the same place again, in 1864, in which the Yale crew was victorious. There was also a Sophomore race, but one of the Yale crew giving out at the buoy, the race was lost.

Again in 1865, in which Yale won easily on first and second day, and lastly in 1866, when Yale was again defeated.

Of the three clubs at present existing in the Navy, viz.: the Glyuna, Varuna and Undine, but little need be said. The two last should not be confounded with former clubs of the same name, which were distinct class organizations. Races have occurred between them for championship and cup, with the following result:

Glyuna has won since its organization, a barge race in June, of '62, time 23 minutes 30 sec., and a scrub race at the same time. A barge race in Nov., '62, time 23m. 30s. Shell race in June, '63, time 19m.

48s. Shell race in Nov., '63, time 18m. 56½s. Barge race Nov., '63, time 20m. 47s. Gig race Oct. 25, '65, time 19m. 52s. Shell race June, '66, time 18m. 4s., and Shell race Nov., '66, time 17m. 33s.

Varuna won her first race in May, '62, time 20m. 5s. Shell race July, '62, time 18m. 41s. Shell race Nov., '62, time 20m. 25s., (in this race the other two boats fouled, being ahead of Varuna). Shell race in Nov., '64, Glyuna sinking, time 20m. 50s. Gig race against Undine, July, '65, time 18m. 52s. Shell race Oct. 11, '65, time 18m. 25½s. Gig race at same time, time 19m. 55s. Shell race for silver cup, Oct. 25, beating the University, time 19m. 14s. Gig race Nov., 1866, time 19m. 13s., and lastly, Shell and Gig race May 22, 1867, making 18m. 7s. and 20m. 17s. respectively.

The Undine has won since its organization, two Gig races, one in June, '65, when both the other boats sank on account of rough water, time 21m. 15s. The second in June, '66, time 19m. 7s., and a Barge race Oct., '66, time 21m. 15s.

W. A. C.

Reasons for not being an Infidel.

I AM far from being one of those, who charge the professors of Infidelity with insincerity. It is even easy for one, on reflection, to see how they may have doubts, and honest doubts, in regard to Christianity. It is not my object, however, to attempt the refutation of their theories, but merely to point out one or two obvious reasons why a reflecting man should not be an Infidel. It is a common saying that one can prove anything. This, however, is not true. Outside of the science of Mathematics, nothing can be proved absolutely ; i. e. to which objection cannot be made. By denying major premise after major premise, proof can be made impossible. Admitting then that it cannot be proved absolutely that there is a God, we also claim that it cannot be proved absolutely that there is no God. The case is similar to that, in which it cannot be proved that an animal does not have a soul. For instance, man has in him a living

principle, also the feelings, (if I may call them so,) of love, hate, and fear. A dog, likewise, has in him a living principle, and exhibits, perhaps in an inferior degree, these same qualities. Is the soul, then this living principle? The dog has that. Is it the living principle, with those sensations? The dog has these also. The difficulty is our ignorance in regard to what the soul is. On this account then there is a possibility that a dog has a soul, and a possibility that it has not. So, likewise, we do not know absolutely who God is or where he is. But still, since it cannot be proved absolutely that there is or that there is not a living God, there remains a *possibility* that there is such a God, as well as a *possibility* that there is none such. If then a person believes in a living God, even if there is none, he is as well off at the time of death as the infidel. But if there is a living God, to whom men are responsible, he is infinitely better off. This possibility then of the existence of a living God, is the first reason why a reflecting man should not be an infidel. The *possibility* of eternal loss is too much to risk for a theory.

I shall not enter into the proof that, if there is a living God, the God of the Christians is that one, but refer the inquirer to Paley and the other Christian writers, who have proved this point to a higher degree of probability than any one else has proved anything different.

Again, the inevitable tendency of disbelief in a living God is to run into the belief of fatality. Death then becomes the end of existence, a blank. It makes no difference, whether we consider that every thing is ruled by an infinite cause, or by some law, so long as we deny the existence of a living God, to whom men are responsible; the only alternative is to acknowledge the supremacy of Fate. What theory of existence after death can you invent, if there is no living God, and, inseparably connected with him, Christian belief?

When men arrive at the belief, that every thing is guided by Fate, and that death is the end of existence, the unreflecting become *careless*, while the reflecting, with their infinite longings, give themselves up to *despair*. "Sin is a state of carelessness or despair."* The doctrine of Fate then, or Infidelity, leaves men no motive for morality or any other of the Christian precepts. A race of Infidels. unaccountable to any one, would be a race of drunkards, adulterers, of men of every vice and passion. Society, in such an issue, would become ruined, and the State lost. This is proved from the nature of the human heart, when left without any motive to right action, and

*Pres. Woolsey.

from the actual history of those nations, in which the doctrine of Fatality has to a more or less degree been held. The best proof that the human heart, unaided, is prone to evil, is found in one's own consciousness of it. The best men we know, who have the highest motives of morality as their guide, continually tell us that the losing sight of these incentives causes barrenness and sin in the heart. Even to perform some task, not connected with morality, requires a motive. We study either from the love we bear to our friends or to ourselves. And this becomes burdensome just so soon as we lose our interest in it; i. e. just so soon as we have no motive for action. If we have no friend to gratify, or no ambition for knowledge, we instinctively stop studying. And he makes the highest attainments, who has these motives in the highest degree. It is the same with the human heart in cases of a moral nature. Let one try to live a perfect life without any motive. The thing is an impossibility. He would not *try* without a motive. The heart then without a motive for morality, relapses into sin, just as the mind without a motive for study, relapses into ignorance.

In history this truth is attested. Aside from the patriarchs, to whom God is said to have manifested himself, and the Jewish nation, who believed in a living God, there were no nations, up to the time that Christ came into the world, that were not morally corrupt, factitious, and weak, from their want of belief in a living God, and thus from a want of the motives to morality. From the time of Christ, the knowledge of a living God began to spread, but with varying progress, as regards its belief, until the downfall of the Eastern Empire. Nor do we during this interval behold any very great advance in morality or the stability of government. Fate ruled almost everything. There was no motive for individual morality. So that first Rome, and then Greece, fell from internal corruption, while the rest of the nations were in a constant state of chaotic confusion. This is what Fate did for the world up to the time of the Reformation. Nor is this all. Dugald Stewart attributes to the philosophy of Hobbes, and the preaching of the clergy in Cromwell's time with such stress upon predestination, making it almost equal to Fate, the cause of the corruption in England at the time of the Restoration. While the teachings of Voltaire, making Nature God, and of Rosseau, arguing the perfectibility of man, in the seventeenth century, have brought about the present licentious style of French literature and life, undermining the pillars of that Empire, which are daily becoming more rotten. And the later works of Goethe have

done much to advance that German Materialism, which by the influx of Germans into our country is becoming so formidable a power among us. And we ourselves, as fast as we are becoming materialistic, or infidels, or in a word, the believers in fatality, are drifting towards the sands of individual corruption, upon which every ship of State that has been stranded has become a complete wreck. The purity of the individual is the safety of the State, the corruption of the citizen its sure ruin. This is the second, and last reason, why a reflecting man should not be an infidel. First, for his own sake: the possibility of eternal loss being too much to risk for a theory. Secondly, for the sake of his fellow men: that the individual and society may not become corrupt, and government be overthrown by a belief in Fate, the direst enemy to progress and to man. S. A. D.

Sunset Lilies.

MINE eyes have seen when once at sunset hour,
White lily flocks that edged a lonely lake
All rose and sank upon the lifting swell
That swayed their long stems lazily, and lapped
Their floating pads and stirred among the leaves.
And when the sun from western gates of day
Poured colored flames, they, kissed to ruddy shame,
So blushed through snowy petals, that they glowed
Like roses morning-blown in dewy bowers,
When garden-walks lie dark with early shade.
That so their perfumed chalices were brimmed
With liquid glory till they overflowed
And spilled rich lights and purple shadows out,
That splashed the pool with gold, and stained its waves
In tints of violet and ruby blooms.
But when the flashing gem that lit the day
Dropped in its far blue casket of the hills,
The rainbow paintings faded from the mere,
The wine-dark shades grew black, the gilding dimmed,
While paling slow through tender amber hues,

The crimsoned lilies blanched to coldest white,
And wanly shivered in the evening breeze.
When twilight closed—when earliest dew-drops fell
All frosty-chill deep down their golden hearts,
They shrank at that still touch, as maidens shrink,
When love's first footstep frights with sweet alarms
The untrod wildness of their virgin breasts;
Then shut their ivory cups, and dipping low
Their folded beauties in the gloomy wave,
They nodded drowsily and heaved in sleep.
But sweeter far than Summer dreams at dawn,
Their mingled breaths from out the darkness stole,
Across the silent lake, the winding shores,
The shadowy hills that rose in lawny slopes,
The marsh among whose reeds the wild fowl screamed,
And dusky woodlands where the night came down.

H. A. R.

Female Writers.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit—still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

AT no period perhaps has the practice of writing become so general, and that of reading so universal, as at the present day, when another century topples down the meridian of time toward the gulf of eternity. The Elizabethan age, it is true, stands out by itself as the golden period of English literature, and we must look to some future day for such another galaxy of talent, blessing and enlightening the world with its divine influence. But the world has made great advances since the time of those old pen-heroes. A new continent has claimed and obtained a place of honor and importance on this terrestrial crust; and a new people, driven at first to the energetic for existence, is now with redoubled activity subduing everything before it, as its wants or ambitions require, by that same energy.

And while old England had to be schooled to a literary activity through the rising drama and the stage, America makes letters a part of her fundamental necessities, sowing deep the seeds while still the rocks of the future are solvent, and stowing in the ore that a later and more perfect generation may not need material for a more perfect mechanism.

Nor is there any clearer indication of the advanced civilization of the age than that afforded by the prominent position in the literary world now occupied by women. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Fletcher, Shirley and Milton found no female writer among them, at least of sufficient notoriety and worth to carry her name, with theirs, down to our day. The matrons of Rome are admired, if admired at all, for their matronly virtue. Spartan females are pictured to us as finding pleasure in the bloody scenes of their nation's battle fields; while among all the writers of classic Greece, Sapho alone, with woman's voice, sings to us from time's more distant chambers, claiming our admiration and respect. But our age suffers no inactivity even among the gentler sex; and while it is ever ready to lessen the labor of her hands with its inventions, at the same time it exacts an equivalent from the workings of her mind.

But the man is now living who can be called a cotemporary of all the female writers whose works are now common in our libraries. Many authoresses were writing, it is true, near the close of the eighteenth century, but fame has long ago forgotten them, and their works are read no longer. Therefore in this infancy of female authorship we must not expect any such perfection of both style and argument as the Miltonian and Shakspearean writings afford. We are not ready to assert that no woman's intellect could ever conceive a Paradise lost, or frame a Hamlet, although Milton himself speaks of woman as "a fair defect of nature." But we do claim that woman has her sphere in letters as in every other occupation in which she meets with success; that her writings ought to have an especial aim as they have an especial purpose; and that they may be as much in a state of infancy two hundred years after the days of Shakspeare as geology may be two hundred years after the days of Newton.

Woman's words take the same part in the world's harmony in comparison with man's as the softer notes of an organ in comparison with the bass. While the latter thunder forth their rolling majesty, aweing the hearer, and shaking perhaps the edifice with their power, the soft flute like tones of the more delicate stops steal over the senses, thrill the soul, and draw away our attention to themselves, even

while we are most admiring their more powerful accompaniment. So while men are discussing the affairs of State, bringing on wars and wrecking empires, woman should be heard in conflicts of a lowlier life, heralding peace and forgiveness, removing chains and opening prisons, drying with a sunny smile the tears of the unfortunate, and directing messages of love to those who need her nursing, for

“Man must arm, and woman call on God.”

And when we examine the writings of the present day where do we find the criteria of success? Not in the speeches of Mrs. Stanton, Miss Dickinson, and others of the would be-masculine type. Not in the over-wrought, unnatural, horrifying stories of the Mrs. Southworth-school, however perfect they may be in mere matter of composition. Nor in any great degree in the jockey, devil-may-care letters of a Gail Hamilton. In all these something is needed which there is not; something present which should not be found. It is in the sighs and bruises of poor old Uncle Tom and bleeding Eliza, in the patience and trials of Jane Eyre, in the conversations of Fanny Fern, in the fireside verses of Mrs. Hemans, in a story like “Rachel Gray,” in all such works as these, that woman’s nature finds full scope for utterance, and a woman’s heart pours out its sympathies. It is in works like these that woman stands forth clad in modesty, covering with the flowers of pity the rugged footprints left by passion’s wanderings, and appealing to her hearers, not with the sound of the cannon, nor the flourish of trumpets, but with a more still and silent, yet more effective voice. Woman’s place is not on the battle field but in the hospital, when the work of blood is over.

No one we think will deny either that “the novel is the great characteristic of modern literature,” or that “it is the only branch in which women have attained undisputed excellence.” A novel is merely a history of persons and events; of persons—as their passions and the currents of their lives develop them; of events—as brought about by these persons. And it is woman’s keen perception, that innate intuition, by which, as Johnson says: “One woman reads another’s character, without the tedious trouble of deciphering,” that so qualifies her for this kind of composition. Did you, reader, ever examine Ouida’s work, called *Strathmore*? We refer to it here to show how thoroughly a woman can reflect her own character, when once it has been formed by passion or circumstances, in the words of a story, and we will be pardoned, perhaps, if, in giving a slight synopsis of the story, we seem to wander from our subject.

The two principle characters in the work, and indeed the only two about whom the authoress seems to write, are *Strathmore* and *Lady Vavasour*. Ouida is an artist, and in presenting Strathmore to us, she has done so with an artist's skill. "Down in deep secluded valleys on the borders of Wales, * * * Through the dark elm boughs that swung against the marvelous carvings with which Norman builders had enriched the abbey; through the deep heraldic blazonries upon the panes, where the arms of the Strathmores, with their fierce motto, '*slay and spare not!*' were stained; the summer sun shone into one of the chambers at White Ladies." This was his manor and his home. Here, shrouded in his woods, shaded by his cold and well kept motto, in the walls of the stately abbey, in rooms where the captive Mary once had wept, and to whose tapestry it owed its decoration; where court beauties had once wasted days of ease, and Plantagenets, now sleeping uncared for in the family vaults, had held their councils; here in the palace which all predecessors seemed to have vacated at the coming of so stern a master, dwelt Strathmore. Description does him no justice. His history alone unfolds his character. He sits at table, hears the jests and *bon mots* of his friends, picks to pieces his letters, business or friendly, with a common indifference, and only joins in the conversation when called upon to sneer at some famed beauty, or to reply with scorn to some jest aimed at his own susceptibility. He is no idle talker. He looks on woman with a contempt as sincere as it is bitter, considering them 'as peaches, with the side next the sun tempting; if acid is found in either, leave them for the downy blush of another.' This is Ouida's man hero; cold but passionate, like the ore that is hardest to melt, but most seething lava when once the fire has mastered it. And when a beam of light shines out against the deeper blackness of his soul, as his friendship for Bertie Errol, she lets it at once die out, and he and his cold nature are undisturbed in their companionship. But she does not picture him to us as wholly bad. He is a man that dares not lie. He is honor personified, that in its fall honor itself may meet corruption.

And, too, when Lady Vavasour is introduced to us, the artist plies her pencil for effect. A sultry night of June sees on the placid face of the Moldau a Czeschen bark, floating amid the perfume of orchards and the shadows pencilled by the moonbeams from the overhanging boughs, in which reclines, on "piles of shawls and cushions," the far-famed beauty, the "*blond aux yeux noir*," whose mouth "so surely smiled destruction." All the worse elements of her nature are con-

sealed, and it is only after each successive victory, which binds Strathmore with a closer chain, that the authoress, woman-hating, reveals to us some new stain on the character of his captor. The snake begins to feel her power; she swears to win; each twining of her snowy arm around his neck becomes a serpent's coil around his soul; each perfumed kiss that thrills him with a love she does not feel, becomes a blaze to hide from him his honor; until the night arrives, "when at the tempting of a woman he bowed and fell." Then comes a reciprocation of his love, while jealousy glides in, and love and passion are the sum of his existence. And anon we see that Bertie, who was almost his only friend, that most uncontaminated character which the book affords, even Bertie Errol, held by jealousy as the object of a madman's rage, and "when the sun sunk out of sight," the group in that silent woodland saw him a bleeding corpse, and "were paralyzed by a vague and sudden awe, for they knew that the hand which had dealt the blow, was the hand of his chosen friend."

Thus runs on the tale until warm love is turned to burning hate; no honor of state is sufficient for him, no ease delightful, until he shall stand overlooking his days of passion from the down-trodden form of his destroyer. And by and by a strange paleness comes over the glowing cheek of the Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux; the lip that paled the bright tints of the rainbow is blanched; the friends who basked in her smile, seek other mistresses; one by one the robes of the court give way to the drapery of the courtesan; Strathmore mounts the bema of the Halls of State, while Marion enthrones herself within a brothel. The minor incidents of the tale only complete the characters in hand. With Strathmore, the object of his life becomes the concealment of a father's murder from the child whom he had orphaned, while this same child in time becomes the wife of him on whom her favorite's death depended.

"*Slay and fear not.*" How well he kept this motto, let that night of tempest and the drowning Marchioness, and Valdor in his chains and anguish, prove! Ouida wishes to show us woman corrupting and man corrupted. She has done it. Nor is there any gentle spirit hovering over her as she writes, instilling into the tale any lesson of forgiveness, and prompting to a better life. We have chosen Ouida as our representative of misguided female talent. We believe in the usefulness and worth of novels, if they are only properly directed, and we think that such works are yet to come from woman's pen as will give the novel even greater province than an *Uncle Tom* has

already bestowed upon it. Somerville and De Staël have honored their sex by their political and scientific knowledge. But these are not names we love to reverence. "Woman's office is to teach the heart, not the mind," some one has written, and the noble example of Florence Nightingale and the dying words of Madame Roland, teach men's hearts more true wisdom than all the researches of female philosophers have brought or ever will bring to light. W. A. L.

The Destruction of the American Forests.

I DESIRE to call the attention of the readers of this magazine to a subject which is of immediate and vital importance to every citizen of this land, but which, owing perhaps to the prevalence of more absorbing topics, has been very generally overlooked or neglected. And I believe it to be most fitting that all questions of reform should be early presented to the consideration of those who are laying the groundwork of a system of thought which is about to have an influence on the destinies of the Nation. If this article, devoid of merit as it is, shall succeed in turning one reflective mind to the important relations the preservation of the American Forest have to our future prosperity, it will not have been written in vain.

A careful investigation would show us that our present prosperity and consequent power have been largely derived from the primitive forests which covered our territory. While the coal and iron mines have been slowly revealing their hidden stores, and the more precious metals have hardly yet begun to "unmask their beauty to the sun," the avaricious hand of a young and greedy nation has closed with a rude grasp on a source of wealth which spread its tempting treasures before the gaze, more valuable than mines of gold, or iron, or coal. To determine even approximately how far wood enters into our present wealth, would require a long array of statistics. But the statement of a few facts will reveal enough to astonish those who have never before given the subject serious thought. It is estimated, and

on good authority, that wood pays one half the internal revenue tax of the United States. On the basis that improvements give one-half the value to real estate, the estimated value of lumber improvements on farms in the United States in 1860, was \$3,322,522,000. In the same year the combined value of the products of the cotton mills and grist mills of the country, amounted to \$338,302,295, and that of the saw mills to \$96,000,000. The products of the grist mills gave employment to 19,000 bakers, and those of the cotton mills to 96,000 men and women, who followed the working of the fabric as a trade, while the products of the saw mills gave employment to 242,958 carpenters alone; and the total number of trades engaged in the working of wood is sixty six. In estimating our wealth, we are startled at the value given by wood to real estate, but we have only begun with that which was most convenient to our hand. Who shall compute the value of the furniture which fills our houses, the vehicles which transport us and our stores, the vessels which dot our seas and lakes, rivers and canals, and the tools and instruments used in the construction of all these things! We might, perhaps, form a more accurate conception of the extent to which wood enters into values, by summing up the returns of all the railroads, and comparing with the other costs of construction and repairs, the aggregate cost of the lumber used in ties, in culverts, and bridges, in rolling stock, in depots, and other buildings, to say nothing of that unceasing and almost incalculable supply consumed by the fiery breath of ten thousand engines. With the low prices which have heretofore prevailed, the expense of ties alone, owing to decay, has almost equalled that of rails, in a long series of years.

We have not yet considered the value of wood as fuel. That nation which raises its own breadstuffs, and can most cheaply lay a supply of fuel at the doors of its dwellings and workshops, holds the most advantageous position in the commercial prosperity of the world. English statesmen are becoming alarmed at the prospect of the exhaustion of their coal mines, and predict that the day is not far distant when the hum of the mighty workshops of England, the source of her greatness, will cease, and be awakened in other lands where fuel is plenty to create the motive power. We have had as yet in our land no cause for such gloomy forebodings. Every farmer has had a supply at his door, which seemed inexhaustible. But some of the larger cities and older states are beginning to groan under the heavy prices of wood and coal, and sooner or later the whole people will look with vain regret on the recklessness of the past. For as if

the uses of wood in construction and manufactures did not call for sacrifices enough besides the destruction caused by war, by conflagration and decay, even now the settlers are busy with the axe from morning till night, and tanners are stripping the trees of their bark, while the wood is left to rot upon the ground, or is consumed in immense piles. The besom of destruction sweeps across the land like a tornado, and soon the American Forests will exist only in the romance of the past. And all this in the face of a rapidly increasing population. Would that the dread of the red man to the sound of the axe, might find a response in the breast of the white man.

If wood, like iron, were not subject to decay, and our present possessions in wood did not need to be constantly replaced by new, and if a growing population could find some other material to answer their necessities at an increased cost; in short, if the welfare of the community could be at all maintained without a further and larger supply of wood, we have reason still to dread the laying bare our land, and stripping it, especially in the interior States, of its natural protection against the evils of a severe and changeable climate. As the presence of large bodies of water along our extensive coasts is constantly regulating the temperature of the atmosphere, so to a great extent in our inland States, the forests have answered the same purpose. They have held in check the strong winds and currents of air, they have been the reservoirs of the vast bodies of snow, discharging their trusts at the breaking up of Winter gradually and wisely; keeping the rivers in a navigable state almost the entire year, preventing devastating floods and terrible droughts, and in the wonderful chemistry of Nature purifying the atmosphere by the absorption of poisonous vapors. But our enterprising lumbermen seeking present emolument, and regardless of consequences, are carrying on a vigorous war against the forests of the West, and have already begun a destructive raid against the woods of Canada. The winds of the North are let in upon us, and will soon sweep across the border states, with what awful consequences, none can foresee.

What can be done to avert the threatening danger? History is full of warnings. Large parts of Europe and the East have been made barren and desolate by the folly and avarice of man. The Hon. G. P. Marsh says: "The destructive changes occasioned by the agency of man upon the flanks of the Alps, the Appenines, the Pyrenees, and other mountain ranges in central and southern Europe, and the progress of physical deterioration have become so great, that

in some localities, a single generation has witnessed the beginning and the end of the melancholy revolution." In such a country as this, the government may aid, but alone, cannot carry out the necessary measures of reform. Great truths must be digested in the minds of the people. The nation must be aroused thoroughly, and at once, to a sense of its interest and its peril, before the vials of wrath are poured out upon it, and our fair land is overwhelmed with desolation.

Ethel.

SHE brought the first white rose of May,
And smiling gave it unto me ;
She did it in a simple way,
Yet my heart throbbed with ecstasy.

'Twas not her words, so low and sweet,
'Twas not the smile that lit her face ;
Nor did it stir my passion's heat,
That unpretending maiden grace ;

But bright and pure as that white rose,
I knew her youthful spirit glowed ;
And as each flower does sweets disclose,
This well her gentle kindness showed.

It proved that maidens' kindly hearts
Still can bloom among us below ;
And though the world its gall imparts,
They can the road to Heaven show.

And though I must not strive to win
Her gentle heart to cheer my way,
Yet while my spirit glows within,
I'll cherish that white rose of May.

Casabianca.

The boy sat on the Kollege fence, whence all but he had fled,
The lamp that lit up Chapel street shone round him o'er his head,
Yet dauntless and rash he sat, as bound to risk the marks
A creature of heroic blood, a proud and fearless one.

Some one came on; he would not go without a warning word;
A person stood quite near to him; b't 'his voice was never heard;
He passed along. All Kollege knows that now the boy's task is done,
And's 'ware the reason why the boy was sent to home.

There came a call of students up: the boy, oh where was he?
Ask of the many eyes that all around the Kollege fence can see,
And rules, and marks, and letters home, that well have done their part
In keeping up the discipline and keeping down the Kollege fence. .

The New German Empire.

DURING the last year, a new and powerful Protestant Empire has been created in Europe, and the long-continued struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism has been decided.

To better appreciate the importance of this issue, consider, for a moment, the history of the Romish Church, until the commencement of the conflict. The convulsions attending the breaking up of the Roman Empire, overthrew her bulwarks, and left the Church in close contact with the western Barbarians. Her horizon was overcast, and her days seemed numbered. But the energy of the Popes having converted and subdued these races, found in them supporters, instead of oppressors. From these elements, bound together by the genius of Charlemagne, was formed the Empire of the west for the protection of the Church. Out of this power sprang the old German Empire which with varying fortunes has controlled for ten centuries the center of Europe. These facts show that the Church shared in the earliest government of the Teutonic races, and enables us the better to understand her subsequent influence in their civil affairs.

The two elements of spiritual and temporal power were harmoni-

ous, so long as the Church confined herself to her own duties. But Papal arrogance and ambition brought about a conflict between these two forces, which, had they acted in concert, might have ruled the world. No power, however, appeared capable of successful opposition to the established Church, until the brightest period of German history. Uncertain as are the causes of the Reformation, of this fact we are sure—that it involved a determination to assert the supremacy of reason over human authority in the mind of man, and as the Church was based upon a principle exactly the reverse, a contest with the Catholic power was inevitable,

The advanced civilization of the Germans made them able and willing supporters of the new doctrines, and the leniency of the Emperor allowed them to gain foothold. But the Church at length appealed to the Empire for support. Hitherto she has contended for doctrines and dogmas by intrigue and moral suasion; but now she summons to her aid her temporal adherents, and determines to extirpate this faith and its followers.

The new Religion had found supporters among the hardy liberty-loving races of the north, and against them were the allied forces of Catholic Europe directed. At this juncture Austria for the first time offered herself as the champion of Catholicism, and this position she has ever since maintained.

The "Thirty Years War" was the first of the fierce struggles that the young sect had to undergo. But at its termination the doctrines of the Reformation were uncrushed. Political protection was secured them, because the combatants on both sides were exhausted. The Protestant religion having thus fought its way into life was compelled to pass through a more fiery struggle for temporal importance. The youthful kingdom of Prussia now for the first time attracts our attention. Her early espousal of the new Faith, and her increasing prosperity, had aroused her jealous neighbor, who with watchful eye was waiting for an opportunity to curb her advancing power. The seizure of Silecia by Frederick the Great furnished a pretext, and Austria, Russia, and France combined to accomplish his overthrow. The utter prostration of the principal combatants closed the "Seven Years War," and Prussia retained her stolen Province. From this time, Austria had a powerful rival in the control of Germany, without whose aid and consent she could do little within the limits of the Empire.

Upon the declaration of peace, the Great Frederick devoted himself to his disordered kingdom. Rigid economy became the order of the day. The pageantry of the Court was dispensed with, education

was spread abroad, and industry by every means encouraged. No wars again disturbed its repose, until the country was overrun by Napoleon, by whom burdensome taxes were imposed, heavy contributions exacted, and the army reduced to thirty thousand men. But this seeming subjection of Prussia awakened her national life. A new military system was introduced, which by short terms of enlistment, made the whole nation pass through the ranks, and the efficiency of this was demonstrated, when on the eve of the battle of Leipsic this little handful increased to an army of two hundred thousand disciplined soldiers, whose valor at Waterloo amply avenged their country's wrongs.

At the commencement of the present century, the empty title of "German Emperor" was laid aside by the Austrian Rulers, and Germany became a Confederation of Independent States. The unity of these separate forces in one powerful State, has ever since been the hope and aim of German politicians. The influence of Prussia, however, has hindered the success of any such scheme, so long as Austria was preponderant. To increase her own influence among the minor States, Prussia formed the commercial union of the Zollverein, by which the prosperity of North Germany was wonderfully augmented. Her excessive caution, however, and her unwillingness to be at the head of the democratic party, prevented her from taking advantage of the popularity resulting from this league. To the surprise of all, Prussia at length accepted a subordinate position in the Confederation, that Austria succeeded in forming, and of which an Austrian Prince was president. But during this seeming inactivity, the one great aim of the Hohenzollerns was steadily kept in view; namely, the formation of another league, from which Austria should be excluded, and by which her power would be diminished. Even when, during the revolutions of '48, an attempt was made to reconstruct the Empire, the old hostility to Austria showed itself, and defeated the plan.

This jealousy now seemed waiting for an opportunity for action. The long hoped pretext at length came. Upon the agitation of the questions concerning the Elbe Duchies in 1860, Prussia sprang to the lead, and, by celerity of action, compelled Austria to become her half willing ally. Upon the termination of the war, it only remained for her to carry on the joint occupation in such a way as to force Austria from one concession to another into hostility; feigning just enough regret to prevent foreign interference, and the Kaiser from arming for war. The successful termination of the Italian intrigues determined

Bismark to throw off his mask, and war became necessary. On the 14th of last June, the decree of the Diet against Prussia was executed, and on the 4th of July the Austrians were routed, and the victorious Prussians were in full march for Vienna.

In an instant the front of affairs in Europe had been changed. For while Austria held the chief place, the doctrines of the "Middle Ages" were forced upon the 19th century. But the battle of Königgratz placed at the head of Germany a nation already marching in the van of civilization; settled in favor of Prussia, the question of European supremacy; decided the fate of the Pope; united Italy; and drove a Catholic king from the throne of Protestant Saxony. Above the ruins of those three great Empires, the Roman, the Western, and the old Germanic, has been reared the fabric of the new Protestant Empire of Germany.

Having accounted for its origin, it now remains to forecast its future. The corner-stone of the structure being Prussia, we can consider her as the representative of the whole. Her internal condition gives her no little advantage. Long years of peace and prosperity have extended education and industry; rigid economy and judicious management have replenished the treasury and removed a burdensome public debt; the acquisition of the ports on the German Ocean has given increased opportunity for maritime wealth and importance. The spirit of the chief ruler, diffused through the people, has bound together the government and the governed. Religious tolerance everywhere prevails: the confidence of the masses gives strength at home: and successful diplomacy has secured to her influence abroad. Such a state of its affairs gives great promise. But we derive still greater hope from the natural sturdiness and uprightness of the Teutonic character. It seems as if the same glorious successes that have attended Saxon blood upon foreign shores, were now about to crown it in its own home. A new field for the development of true constitutional liberty is opened: and the triumph of Protestantism in the place of its birth secured. Every thing that a nation could desire, this possesses. The new Empire, led by Prussia, has internal wealth and order, foreign importance, a powerful and victorious army, and the sure support of the people. With such guarantees we can but predict a bright and glorious future. Its central position enables it to hold the peace of Europe in its grasp: its natural wealth and resources will secure an unbounded commerce: and the intelligence of its subjects confirms its success.

The Old Empire was brought forth at the coronation of Charle-

magne amidst the impressive ceremonies of Christmas. The chanting of Priests, the smoke of incense, the pealing of bells, and the shouts of the rabble welcomed it into life, but tainted it with the superstitions of the dark ages. The New Empire sprang into being upon one of the great battle fields of the world. Its birth-throes were attended by the thunder of artillery, the roll of musketry and the din of conflict. Ten miles of blazing hamlets announced its birth. The advancing Prussians, sounding their old battle-cry of "God with us," consecrated it to the service of enlightened Faith. The victorious shouts of the Prussian Guards, as they carried the Wood of Sadowa and pierced the Austrian center, proclaimed to the whole world the settlement of the rivalries of two centuries; the fall of Rome: the triumph of Protestantism: and the unity of Germany.

C. H. F.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Theological.

THE anniversary exercises of the Yale Theological Seminary occurred on the morning of Thursday, May 16. There was a full attendance, and more than usual attention was paid to the speaking of Messrs. Kitchell and Perry. The theological course of this seminary is surpassed by none, and it offers superior inducements to those intending to enter the ministry. We sincerely hope and expect to see this important department of the College as popular and thronged with students, as it was under the famous administration of Dr. Taylor. The occasion called together a large number of the "Seminary" graduates, who with their friends spent a very pleasant evening in the chapel of Center Church, where an excellent supper had been provided by some ladies of this city. We understand that the prospects of the theological department are very flattering. We append the order of exercises:

1. Anthem by the Choir.
2. Prayer.
3. Regeneration; George Sherwood Dickerman, B. A., New Haven.
4. The Divine and Human Natures in the Person of Christ; Sanford Smith Martin, B. A., New Haven.
5. The Rise of the Episcopate as a distinct office in the Church; George Spring Merriam, B. A., Springfield, Mass.
6. The relation of the Pulpit to the Press; Allen McLean, B. A., New Haven.
7. Hymn.
8. Exegesis of Philippians ii., 5-11; John Wickliffe Beach, B. A., Millington.
9. Funeral Oration of Pericles—its lessons for the Christian Preacher; David Brainerd Perry, M. A., Worcester, Mass.
10. The Arian Controversy; Cornelius Ladd Kitchel, M. A., Middlebury, Vt.
11. The Christian Ministry, a Great Work; Cyrus West Francis, M. A., Newington.
12. Closing Hymn.
13. Benediction.

Base Ball.

A match game of ball took place in Bridgeport on Saturday, May 28, between the Bridgeport B. B. C. and the Class Nine of '70. The Bridgeporters seem to have been in good practice, and won the game by the close score of 26 to 21. After the game, both Clubs partook of a supper at the Atlantic House. The '70 Club returned to New Haven highly pleased with their visit, and expressed many thanks for the very kind treatment they had received at the hands of their Bridgeport friends.

Boating.

The University Crew, owing to the unfortunate sickness of Mr. I. C. Hall, has been re-arranged, and now consists of the following gentlemen:

W. A. COPP, (Stroke),	W. H. LEE,
S. PARRY,	W. H. FERRY,
J. COFFIN,	GEO. ADEE, (Bow).

"The Nation."

We desire to call the attention of the college world to the above-mentioned paper. Students are often at a loss to know what journal is best fitted for them, giving them needed information, and supplying at the same time such a reference as every one wants, especially at college. This is just what the *Nation* affords. A daily gives a great deal of information, but is very inconvenient, even in a well kept file, to be afterwards referred to. In the *Nation*, we find a complete summary of the week's news, home and foreign; discussions of all the questions of the day, whether political or otherwise; besides reviews of all important works, and a fine correspondence. The paper, too, comes in a form easily examined, and a volume, when bound, is a valuable addition to any library, while in writing debates and compositions its aid would be invaluable. With this view of the case, an arrangement has been made by which students can, through the agency at the *College Book Store*, (and here only,) obtain copies for \$4.50 a year, (regular price \$5.00,) and have the paper sent to their homes during the summer vacation. It is hoped that students will consider the matter, and not let such an opportunity pass.

Carmina Yalensia.

A Song Book is something that Yale has long lacked; at least a complete one, and the *Carmina Yalensia* has been hailed with pleasure by the many who have desired the book, not only for their own use, but for a gift to friends. If all experiences are alike, every person in College has been obliged to refuse the request of many friends, "both fair and famous," for some volume containing all the Songs of Alma Mater, and his patriotism has been put to the blush at the necessary denial.

The *Carmina Yalensia* is a genuine Yale book, bound in Yale's color, sealed with Yale's seal, edited by one Yale graduate, and published by another, and dedicated to Yale's newest Alumni,—the Class of '66. It is "gotten up" in elegant style, and the price is low. From the "*contents*" no Song ever usual here is omitted, and none which we would wish inserted. We cheerfully pay Mr. Garretson the compliment to say, that his edition will be far too small for the immediate demand, and we assure our subscribers abroad, that the book is fully up to their desires.

A Nuisance.

About a year ago, a movement was talked of to exclude old-clothes men, beggars, etc., from the College grounds. Whether or not any thing was done in regard to the matter, we do not know; certainly nothing was effected. But we are at present pestered with a greater plague than even these former nuisances, viz: the crowd of dirty, ragged, begging, insolent, profane and disgusting boys, who mar the beauty of our Green by their presence, and disgust us with their doings. Students are in a measure to blame for their being around, since they sometimes encourage their performances, and, with false charity, give them an occasional penny. We are sure that every one would rejoice at their removal, and if any remedy for the evil exists, we hope the authorities will bring it forward.

The College Fence.

The college world has perhaps expressed its opinion often enough in regard to the law forbidding students to sit on the College fence, thus breaking up a custom almost as old and revered as the College itself. But we do think that the matter deserves the consideration of the Faculty. If they make laws which are calculated only to fill students with a righteous indignation, while no true reason for the law exists, as is here the case, they must expect students to consider College law an imposition.

The Art School.

The Art Building will be open for the present to the public, free of charge, every week day, from 10 to 1, and from 3 to 5.

The Spring Races.

The annual Harbor Regatta occurred May 22d, according to appointment. Both the Shell and the Gig Races were won by Varuna. Time,—Shell Race, 18m., 7s.; Gig Race, 20m., 17s.

A series of races will probably take place on Tuesday afternoon, June 25th, the day before Presentation. All the crews in the Navy will possibly enter; if so, it will be one of the most interesting features connected with the exercises of Presentation Week.

Lowell's Entertainments.

Mr. B. F. Lowell, of Boston, to whom the citizens are indebted for bringing some of the best entertainments of the year to New Haven, returned to this city May 24th, accompanied by a brilliant company of actors, among whom Messrs. Wallack and Davenport were prominent. The comedy, "How she loves him," of the first evening, was an unusual performance for New Haven. Othello, the second evening, was rendered in a manner unequalled by any company for some time previous. Among the entertainments which Mr. Lowell has been the means of affording to New Haven, are "*Fanchon*," by Maggie Mitchel; "*Sam*," by Chaufrau, and "*Long Strike*," which was pronounced the best comedy that had appeared in Music Hall. The character and excellence of these exhibitions enable us to predict that any performance under Lowell's direction will be a worthy one.

Married.

CASKEY, GILBERT.—In this city, June 6th, by Rev. T. H. Burch, assisted by Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Tolliver F. Caskey, of New York, to Emma Richmond, daughter of the late Levi Gilbert, Esq., of this city.

The congratulations of the Lrr. to a former Editor.

Grand Concert.

The Boston Quintette Club, assisted by Miss Addie S. Ryan, gave one of their best Concerts in this city on Friday evening last. The solos on the flute and violin, by Messrs. Heindle and Shultze, surpassed any thing of the kind that we have heard in Music Hall for several years, and were enthusiastically encored. The thanks of the musical public are due to Prof. Wheeler, for bringing to this city these celebrated performers.

Acknowledgment.

The thanks of the Board are due to Mr. Daggett, of 158 Chapel street, for a supply of his celebrated Cologne. See his advertisement!

Vol. I, No. I.

The first Number of the "Michigan University Magazine" is received. Its size is large and appearance very creditable.

The first Number of "The Collegian" will be issued by the students of Granville, Ohio, soon. We wish them both success.

Received.

We have received, from Messrs. Lee and Shepard, of Boston, Rev. John Todd's pamphlet, called "*Serpents in the Dove's Nest*," containing his somewhat celebrated essays, "Fashionable Murder," and "The Cloud with a Dark Lining." The subject on which he writes is attracting a good deal of attention, and is discussed by one who speaks authoritatively.

Exchanges.

We have received "The Nation," "Atlantic Monthly," "Oliver Optic," "Harvard Advocate," "Williams' Quarterly," "Phrenological Journal," "Dartmouth," (a monthly magazine,) "Beloit Monthly," "University Chronicle," (of Michigan University,) "Vidette," (William's College,) and "Michigan University Magazine."

Editor's Table.

The Table! last but not least annoyance. Since Moses' day it has been a task to write a table. What, in fact, is a table? We have heard of "tables of contents," and have seen some with contents during the past week—well contented tables indeed. Stanley's Tables were highly recommended to us during Sophomore year: all that is necessary to transform your mark to four is to open the book, shut your eyes, and guess. Astronomical Tables, also, are convenient: your watch can be set, at any hour of the night,—if without matches to see the College clock,—by merely observing a transit and referring to the culminations. The Latins had a law called *Tabula Novæ* by which debts were annuled; would that the New Haven Board of Registry,—our present government,—would renew it. But what is an Editor's Table? We once believed that the table spoken of in the LIT. was a genuine wooden article, of antique construction, massive and costly, sacred and unapproachable; a table whose possession was impossible, to sit at which was an object of ambition, to see it a privilege. In our imagination, pens that would write brilliant leaders automatically, bristled from its thousand drawers; its top was covered with jottings of poetry, scintillations of genius whose haste could not await paper; its corners scribbled with epigrammatic truths, flashing hot from minds inspired, and glimpses of Mystery unveiled, noted down by the editor who gazed on the goddess but a moment.

But vain and inglorious is the end of such imaginings. Familiarity with this quadruped breeds contempt not only, but disgust and revilement. Instead of the bristling pens, is seen only a heap of the chum's cigar ends; instead of the poetic jottings, only an inch stratum of dust imprinted with a hieroglyphic from the sweep's hand; instead of Mystery unveiled, only veal administered. Having thus turned the tables in favor of a new subject, let us turn over a leaf and regard the Table from a moral point of view. So considered, it is the last thing in the LIT.; the last skake of a shaky pen; the parting word of a worried Bohemian who is at once the terrifier of procrastinating contributors, proof-sheet reader, newsboy, answerer to questions, and universal object of persecution. If indignation be the tenor of such a Table, lend forbearance to exhausted patience; if reproof, listen to the fruit of so much experience.

As to the functions of the Table, we believe its office is to afford ventilation to gaseous ideas of the editor, to deride the reader who has ventured into it, to cry out against abuses, to regulate College evils, and in the words of one whose eloquent voice it has been our privilege to hear, "to preserve the equilibrium."

Reform also finds its advocate and patron in the Table. In respect to this, it is our abiding belief, that though at times in the future as in the past, the trespasses of College may be exposed to the eyes of the Faculty, yet, that lack of confidence in Students, which makes despicable by despising, will be removed, and thus College honor be exalted, by an exhibition among undergraduates of a willingness to work out their own reform.

We publish in this number a "history of boating," from the pen of one of our prominent boating men, and believe it will be found interesting as well as convenient for reference. We hope in a future number to suggest some changes in our system of aquatics, and to advocate some measure by which the boats, etc., can be kept in

better order. It seems to be everywhere conceded that enough property could be saved from loss and destruction, to make it economy to employ a man to take charge of the Boat House. Much more interest seems to be taken in boating this season than usual. This needs no proof to one who has seen the Consumptive Crew daily pulling on fearful time around the nearest schooner. The Races too of this Spring were said to be interesting. The Shell race had among the crews the flower of the navy. Old Varuna won the flag, coming home with a long, graceful, sweeping stroke, watched by the enthusiastic crowd that thronged the shore, leaning over the crumbling wall of the old Pavilion, or rolling into the harbor from treacherous piles of oyster shells, with admiration among the profane, and hearty exultation among the devotees of Neptune, whose only thought as they strained their eyes toward the approaching boats was to descry the ounce of superiority in endurance, muscle, or pluck, which would add to our might on Lake Quinsigamond next month. The Gig race failed to add any registry of marvellous time to the records, although the eager crew of the Varuna, *quorum pars fuimus*, fondly expected such a result. Alas for the delusiveness of Wayward Hope; the old gig had walked around the course more than once before the race in eighteen and a half minutes. But in the most correctly appointed of domestic circles casualties are said frequently to occur, and the divinity who presides over the harbor races from his perch astride the old buoy, denied them not on this occasion. The emotions of the soldier in battle are often the subject of interest. But what are the feelings of the man-at-arms whose only pain is from a bullet hole through the body or a bayonet thrust into bowels full-fed with luxurious rations, to the agony of muscle that impels the fitful oar through the breaking billows, and the noble sacrifice of the most ordinary delicacies found amid the profusion of the boarding house! What are the feelings in the breast of the grenadier who has bought victory with his life, to the honest emotion that chokes the thirsty throat of a crew winning in 20.17? If the reflections on a battle field are worthy a place in Prescott's History, the sensations of a man pulling in a race are fit for an epic by Homer, and much too good for Virgil. The way you feel when awaiting the "*are you ready!*"—awaiting in an agony of concentrated readiness—the fearful pause between that and the final word, the shudder of terror lest some oar should break at the start, the heart that jumps out of the throat into the sea, and down in again to the boots at the "*go,*" and now the sensation that you are getting into working order, then the faint notion followed by the flash on the mind of the horrible fact, that you are actually fouled with the other boat! The gig tips; the water is coming in; an oar breaks; every one is struggling to get away anyhow, anywhere, and go on; and then, Oh horrors! the race is lost, forty seconds are already consumed, and the third boat has a clear way: at length the boat is free; once more down to work; but, crash again,—another foul! then on again; Long wharf dims on your vision; an inverted image of another boat alongside is dreamt of; hit it down on the oars a few strokes and get ahead! crash again, a third foul! O mora! O despair! on once more, now we lead them, but look! if you can see a ray, they are crossing our stern; they have gained the inside track; the buoy is reached; one more foul,—number four,—and away for the swing home; an age of anguish, and Long wharf again; "*now down to work, and spurt it in!*" from the coxswain is Hebrew to your intellect; cheers for Va-Gly-Und-Una, break on your ear; one boat is behind, the other just ahead; is there time to overtake it? a last dying effort and the goal is at hand; victory into ten feet! but O glory! O shame! the rival strikes a projecting wall, and shooting past the corner

a dead crew learn with doubting ears that they are winners; where is that Sherry bottle?

The mariner of old hung in the temple his arms and dripping garments, dedicated to the god of the sea. As he day by day returned to sit beneath the peg from which they were suspended, smoking his cigar and reading the Local Items, his mind, wethinks, was wont to wander away from the morning edition, and revert to that day of days. So the thoughts will sometimes forsake the grand theme of the Universe, and forgetful of syzygies and Kepler's laws, recall that 20.17 spent in the Varuna gig.

The Table having thus fulfilled its first office, in affording a vent to editorial gas, it will not take it long to fulfill minor duties. To cry out against abuses was established as its second task. The abuse which we impugn now is one which we expect to agitate again in future, and will make the same subject answer for the Reform move. It is the old story of the open Societies, and the reform which we wish to advocate is not one very repugnant to conservatives, being nothing more than a return to the old Statement of Facts. Returning graduates are constantly telling with tearful eyes how these Societies have degenerated,—how in their days each returning Wednesday eve witnessed a crowd of anxious disputants struggling towards the society doors, their manuscript in hand, their minds eager and anxious. Those were the days when Yale sent forth her Everts, her Holmes, and Terrys. Every meeting was a display of Yale's growing eloquence; but the most glorious day of all was that on which the two Societies met in a public hall to strive for victory in the Freshman class. No pledging or electioneering,—fungus of degenerate days,—then; no man earning a reputation from an office conferred by secret coalitions. Merit founded on ability, a hundred times tested in the furnace of a heated debate, and genius displayed in more than parrot recitations and practical trickery, established a claim to the office of Campaign Orator or President. The crowd came together. An excess of manly spirit, as yet untrammelled by College chicanery, found its vent in a square rush. Not a rush where the two lower classes squabble for hats and bangers, while condescending Juniors and Seniors lend their presence as to a dog fight; but a genuine contest of muscle between all classes and orders in College. A contest that called for nerve to stand in the front rank and be lifted ten feet in air at the onset, or pluck to roll on the pavement beneath a living ton of the opposing party. No pigmy policeman who witnessed those rushes ventured to disturb a ball-match on the Green. No Jug opened its yawning doors before the imagination of the lamp breaker. No rowdy was to be seen on the horizon when the cry of *Yale!* echoed through the street. The Freshmen gathered about the doors with the Juniors at their backs; the Sophs. and Seniors blocked the entrance, and the struggle that ensued was anodyne for all physical restlessness within doors. The meeting opened. The presidents led off in speeches which had been preparing for months; the orators followed with stunning arguments more carefully written than a Townsend; extempore speeches full of irrepressible enthusiasm, concluded the appeal to "the incoming class," to join either society. The names were taken, and Linonia yelled with delight when it was decided that her efforts had been the most persuasive. What Linonian who had seen all college thus striving over his name could forget to attend a single meeting during his course? What political intrigue dared show its head in a college where ambition thus ennobled itself?

A new Senior Class is now entering on its duties, and we appeal to them to take

exception to the conduct of the graduating members in this respect. No influence but that of Seniors can give energy to the meetings, as the past year has abundantly proven. '67 has not lent much encouragement or benefit to these societies, as candor will compel them to confess; but the class distinction that makes the society dependent on upper classes, will be the very one first removed by a renewal of the old days; the Statement of Facts will change a Freshman from the sport of the lottery to the earnest debater, and this will unshackle him from that subserviency which is the bane of secret society influence, and enable him in future years to take a position unindebted to sacrifice of principle or manliness. The college now furnishes few opportunities to earn such a position founded on oratorical ability, and many churches in this country are lamenting the lack; many a young lawyer looks back with indignation to that dogmatism in Yale which seems to frown on all efforts at the rhetorical art. So we hope the day is coming when eloquence shall start Cicero and Demosthenes (?) forth from the sounding-boards in Linonia, that shield their statues and render their whispers audible in the usual meetings.

We are happy to congratulate Yale on her new Reading Room. It is substantial, genuine, and worthy the long labor which has produced it; but the "Attic severity of taste" which our Alma Mater indulges, is here seen cropping out in unmasked beauty. The very severity, however, seems to be thwarted by its own display of itself. The Puritan was called a hypocrite if he made an extraordinary show of austerity; the Reading Room reveals in naked splendor a purity of taste that would do justice to Solon's law against wearing apparel in public. The mind revels in the profuse lack of comfortable appliances, that exalts mind, and mortifies the flesh. A "feast of reason" is spread on a pine board, beautifully simple in style, and exactly in harmony with the plain Stoics we are aiming to become, and learning to be, in this school of asceticism. No luxurious settle here tempts a man to effeminacy. The reader, unbiased by any weak affection for so earthly a consideration as health of lungs, or comfort of limbs and back, stands inclined 45° to the horizon, a tripod of intellectual incense supported by two arms braced on the pine, moving backward and forward, adapting himself to the column, like a hundred pounder Parrot gun rolling out and in on trunnions. But it is not the severity of taste that we object to; only the ostentatious display of it. We will not advocate high stools for the readers, as they are not in keeping; but waiving this point, will suggest a slight alleviation for excess of simplicity, as well as excess of hot weather. This remedy is the addition of a supply of ice-water to the room, for the use of "collegians."

The work of fulfilling the third duty of the Table is spared by the timely arrival of the illustrious traveler himself, who will doubtless equilibrate to satisfaction. By the way, his lecture on "The Thousand Billion Dollar Perpetual Equilibrium Balance Wheel," is said to be his master piece.

The signs of the times admonish us that we must soon say farewell to '67. This Class, which has done honor to College in every branch of excellence, with its long array of writers, that sends in a solid phalanx of thirty for the Townsends,—with its high standard of scholarship,—with its preëminence in social attainments,—with its veteran experience in College politics,—is about to depart and leave us only the legacy of its example. Many ties render the Farewell from this Table to '67, a hearty one.

A kind adieu, also, to the reader who has borne with our prolixity thus far.

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From Prof. J. N. Demmon

VOL. XXXII.

NO. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JULY, 1867.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXVII.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

JULY, 1867.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

Happiness.

WE are about separating, to participate in the pleasures of vacation. The main object which we shall all pursue in these fleeting weeks, is happiness. It may not be inappropriate, therefore, at the closing of the year, to investigate the conditions upon which it depends.

Happiness is the name of a conception, of such a nature that it cannot be elucidated by definition. We recognize it as that state of entire satisfaction with one's self and the world, that serene and cheerful flow of life's current, that fullness of existence in all that is good and noble, which is sometimes realized, but can never be described. From that remote period where history fades away into unsearchable mystery, the Poet has sung of its rewards, and the Philosopher endeavored to direct men in the path which leads to its attainment. In every age and in every grade of life, man, taught by the bitter lessons of experience, has turned, sooner or later, from the pursuit of all other objects, convinced, at last, that happiness alone can make life worth the living. And, certainly, to be forever happy, to enjoy that nameless state of intelligent contentment through life and through eternity, is the richest reward that can fall to the lot of man. If a free, intelligent, and morally responsible being, can enjoy uninterrupted happiness, he is realizing all that is most blessed in human

existence. His cup is full. Nothing can be added thereto. It matters not whether his position in the social scale be high or low, he possesses that which fame cannot augment, and for whose loss it cannot compensate. It is above all price and beyond all comparison. Of all the objects that engross our attention, not one is its equivalent. Life without it is like a journey through a burning, sandy desert. The scene around us is an endless waste. The path we travel is lone and desolate. We may be accompanied by a caravan of richest treasure, but every step is misery. On every side there is only heat and thirst. There is mockery in the placid lake that forever recedes, and terror in every cloud that hovers on the horizon. The presence of happiness, alone, transforms the desert into a luxuriant landscape. The journey leads beneath cooling shades, along the shores of placid lakes, and by the banks of crystal streams. Joy is on every hand. There may be rugged hills to climb, but the toil of ascent is forgotten amid the ten thousand beauties that burst upon the vision. Wealth, fame, power, and the various objects of man's ambition, which, without happiness, become at last cold and sombre monuments, marking the declining years of life, are by its presence wrought into magnificent decorations, crowning the superstructure of life. Happiness is the universal desire of the human heart, and the one thing which can render life perfect. The fact that so many desire it, while so few possess it, shows at once that there is a radical defect in human life. To indicate how this defect may be avoided, and the desired object attained, will be the design of the following pages.

Happiness is not one of those abstractions which can exist independently of other conceptions. It implies everything that we are accustomed to esteem as essential and valuable to human life. It is not like integrity or justice, which one may possess in their highest purity, and yet exhibit painful deficiencies in other respects. Happiness includes all else that is desirable. Cultivation, refinement, honor, love, these are but the details of its structure, or the conditions of its existence. Before proceeding to its analysis, and the consideration of its constituent elements, it may be well to notice that it has a counterfeit. A person may be deceived with reference to his own condition. We are apt to fall into certain ways and means of enjoyment and pleasure, and think they only are effectual, when, in reality, we are robbing ourselves of a higher and sweeter happiness than they afford. We may, therefore, be deceived altogether, calling that pleasure which is not pleasure; or, we may only enjoy an inferior kind of pleasure, while we regard it as the highest. The mistake of either

one of these conditions will eventually reveal itself, causing regret and misery. There is no true happiness in such a state, and true happiness is what we all seek. Any course which secures it, may be continued through life, with increasing satisfaction. It is permanent. It is no dream, from which we shall at some time waken, to find only emptiness and deceit, where we supposed was the true and the genuine.

Of true happiness, the first and most palpable condition is health. The character and results of life depend, in a good measure, upon the body. Disease or accident may modify both our outward and our inward life. No person can be happy in the midst of bodily suffering. Pain in the smallest member can make us wretched for weeks. Elasticity and vigor, with a constant flow of animal spirits, are essential to our enjoyment and to our success. To secure these, in their highest perfection, should be the first object of life. Without them, life is more or less of a burden, and more or less of a failure. The misery which results from bodily affectations, is enormous. All around us, thousands are languishing on beds of sickness, or pining away in hopeless debility. But a small portion of this suffering arises from inherited diseases or unavoidable accidents. Most of it proceeds from the conscious violation of those sanitary laws which are, or might be, understood by all. No one who begins life with a sound body, needs to wander through the labyrinth of medical science, to preserve his health. A little observation and reading, added to one's common sense, will enable him to determine the principle laws upon which it depends. Moderation and regularity in all things, and a suitable amount of exercise in the pure, open air, are the indispensable conditions of good health. No one, educated or uneducated, would deny this statement, and yet, these conditions are constantly violated. Each violation, unimportant as it may seem, gradually breaks down the strongest constitution, and undermines health and happiness forever. In youth, especially, we are apt to underrate the importance of these laws. Then, the desires are strong and the spirits buoyant, so that our liability to excess is greatest, when our judgment and self-control are weakest. Moreover, the effect of any single excess or indulgence, owing to the elasticity and vigor of the body, is scarcely perceived. The debilitating process goes on silently and insensibly. Years may elapse before any serious consequences are experienced. But, premature old age, or confirmed debility, are the inevitable issue. We may think little of these things now, but when at forty or fifty, we find ourselves upon the declining side of life, with feeble step and trembling hand, we shall realize, at too late an hour, in disease and suffer-

ing and disappointment, the incalculable value of a life characterized by a strict observance of sanitary principles. We encounter peculiar temptations in College, that continually allure us from the right path. Passions and appetites, too little restrained, induce excesses and irregularities, each one of which is silently working out the terrible result of premature debility. As we prize happiness, we should studiously avoid everything prejudicial to health. Whatever there is in College life and etiquette that urges us to commit these transgressions, should be resolutely shunned as false and destructive. It may cost a severe struggle to give up practices that seem to be required by the code of College honor, but it is better to struggle now, when victory is possible, than to engage, by and by, in a hopeless contest, with a shattered constitution.

Another important element of happiness is mental culture. It enlarges our capacity for pleasure, and brings a richer and more abounding joy. The man, in this country, who is destitute of education, does little more than maintain existence. His pleasure is found, principally, in the gratification of physical appetites and passions. It is but one remove from animal content. This is not the happiness a sentient being should feel. It is unworthy our manhood. But, as we ascend the scale of humanity, we find, that with increased cultivation, there is increased capacity for enjoyment. Intelligence adds to our resources in this as in other respects. No one who has experienced the difference, will deny that spiritual, are superior to physical pleasures; and the great advantage of the educated man consists in the fact that, while he has every resource for physical enjoyment that the ignorant man has, he possesses, in his education, so much additional capacity. Intellectual development, therefore, while it does not invalidate any legitimate pleasure we before enjoyed, brings a thousand new elements, that contribute to our happiness. It lifts the soul into a higher life, and invests all objects with a new interest. It creates higher aspirations and truer aims. It reveals the secret mysteries of the earth and the heavens, and discovers ten thousand beauties and wonders, that lie concealed about us. Thus the soul advances from joy to joy, and from strength to strength. Each day the powers rise higher and become stronger. Each day witnesses an accession of new truth, and a step towards better attainments. This is the foundation of true happiness. The consciousness of improvement yields a deep and rich joy, that can never cease to exist and grow.

A fruitful source of unhappiness is, the lack of moral rectitude. A troubled conscience drives away peace and contentment from the

heart, and leaves one in perpetual misery. Any departure from the path of virtue, and any violation of the principles of honor, is sure to pierce the soul with regret, unless the conscience be completely seared. But a seared conscience does not last forever. Sooner or later the callous parts grow tender, and we realize the flagrancy of dishonor and injustice. We know that this change has often occurred in human experience. The most abandoned and reckless criminals, after a life-time employed in the most base and shocking deeds, have been known to suddenly feel a conviction of their guilt flash over them, so deep and poignant, as to crush them to the earth in shame and misery. And this period must come to everyone who violates the eternal laws of right, either in this life, or in the life beyond the River. What is true of great criminals, is true, in a less degree, of everyone who is false to principle. Little wrongs, as well as great ones, produce unhappiness. The smallest infringement of truth and honor will, eventually, cause regret. Even the course of deception practiced in College, will occasion more than one unhappy hour, when the mind comes, as it surely will, to view these things from a higher stand-point. It is true, that large numbers think themselves really happy in a life of debauchery and shame, and regard those who adhere strictly to a course of honor, as the victims of a sad mistake. But human experience, universally, and human testimony from all reliable sources, pronounce against such a belief. That happiness which flows from illegitimate pleasures, from the indulgence of appetites and passions, and from coarse merriment and obscenity, is transient. The truest and highest happiness, on the other hand, is permanent; and any course of life which secures it, may be followed uninterruptedly forever. Whoever, therefore, would experience a lasting happiness, and the rich, enthusiastic joy which the approval of an active conscience can give, must regulate his life in accordance with the principles of honor and justice. In matters of little, as well as of great importance, he must be true to principle. Thus will he fulfill one of the chief conditions of a perfect life, and avoid the fatal rock whereon many a soul has been wrecked and lost forever.

Much of our happiness arises from the social affections; those faculties which center in the heart, and are neither moral nor intellectual. We all know that our principal pleasure consists either in what we do for others, or in what they do for us. In the mutual interchange of good deeds and kind offices, the heart is enlarged, and the whole nature ennobled. Kindness, affability, love, friendship, generosity, charity,—these are the qualities which, more than any others, make

one's mission on earth a blessing to others and to himself. The gratitude and love of our fellow-men, is the source of the highest and purest joy. We well know what qualities and what course of life in us, will elicit these feelings from others; and we have only to follow the guidance of our own instinct and judgment, to be successful. True, all are not endowed with the qualities which please and win. But all can cultivate these qualities, and cultivate them successfully. One may possess a temper naturally quick and irascible. He may be prone to unkind words and angry deeds, that not only cause grief to others, but cause still greater grief to himself, when the heat of passion has subsided. But the worst temper is not beyond the possibility of control. By careful and thoughtful management, by perseverance through repeated failures and disappointments, it may be softened and subdued. And so it is with all the qualities of the heart. We may eradicate what is harsh and offensive, and develop what is good and lovely. We may acquire a winning address; we may learn to scatter smiles and pleasant words; we may develop love, charity, benevolence, and all the liberal and noble qualities which minister so much to the welfare of the race; in short, we may, by careful education, unfold the character in all that is richest and best in human nature, and gather, as our reward, the pure and elevated happiness which flows from the love of others and the consciousness of good deeds.

We have thus far considered those conditions of happiness which are under our control. Starting with a sound mind in a sound body, it depends, in a great measure, upon the will, whether we will possess health, and secure mental, moral, and social development. But it does not depend wholly on the will. We may possess ever so strong a desire, and labor ever so earnestly to attain these objects, and fail. Accident, in a thousand different forms, may change the destiny of life. Death may strike down those who are near and dear to us, filling the heart with a sadness that time only can remove. Every disaster by land and sea, every one of the manifold accidents that occur every day in every town and city, brings death to those who were full of hope, and pain and sorrow to those who were before happy. These things we cannot foresee or avoid. They have befallen thousands, and may befall us. We may inherit diseases, or receive injuries, that will last for life. Under such circumstances, health and its attendant blessings are impossible. But still, there is far less unhappiness resulting from these causes, which we could not possibly have prevented by any foresight, than in sickness occasioned by our own careless

neglect of sanitary laws. In the latter case, we are not only tortured by pain, but continually harrassed by the recollection that it is all our own fault. In consequence of these accidents, perfect happiness is impossible. But by adherence to the principles I have endeavored to unfold, the world might experience far more enjoyment than it does at present. By preserving health, and by developing an upright, noble manhood, we lay the only sure and permanent foundation of true happiness.

I shall not linger to discuss whether our capacities for happiness are equal or unequal. Certain it is that we are all free. Life is before us, and we may make it what we will. A thorough and equable development of all the faculties, is not beyond the reach of any man. The examples of thousands teach us, that to the indomitable will, to untiring energy and unyielding patience, there is no insurmountable obstacle but absolute impossibility. No circumstance of adversity or misfortune can defeat the determined spirit. It is in this struggle after development, that true happiness consists, and the amount of happiness depends rather upon the character, than upon the success, of the struggle. He, and he only, who engages earnestly in the enlargement of his faculties, and endeavors to advance the welfare of others, will enjoy true happiness. The comprehensive law of happiness is, that each day and hour be so employed as to result in good, either to ourselves or others. Even this is not enough. We should not only aim to *be* good and *do* good, but to be as perfect in these respects as possible. This principle should guide us in the choice of every pleasure, in the determination of every duty, and in the employment of every moment. If we think earnestly and intelligently, if we decide carefully and conscientiously, there will never be cause for regret. The chief source of misery will thus be removed, and life made what it should be, useful and happy. Undoubtedly, it may appear to some, that to follow these principles would preclude a free, joyous, cheerful life. But this is not so. There may be apparent pleasures, which such a rule of conduct would require us to forego, but they are only apparent. Any indulgence which does not improve the character, invigorate the body, or cheer the spirits, is vain and delusive. If we practice such indulgencies, although we may seem happy in the present, the day will surely come, when the recollection of misspent hours and squandered opportunities, will pierce the soul with remorse. The recorded history of too many lives attests the truth of this assertion. Life is an earnest thing. We are false to ourselves and faithless to God, if we rush blindly on its pathway. The

earlier we realize its importance, and the sooner we take a sober, rational view of its aims and duties, the greater will be our success and happiness.

I had intended to dwell at length upon the various forms under which pleasure is pursued here in College, but I have already exceeded my limits, and must close. As we are now separating, to participate in the pleasures of vacation, I trust we shall not forget, that every hour so employed as not to result in advantage to ourselves or others, is an hour lost forever. It is usually true, besides, that time which results in no good, results in evil. It were better that the days and hours thus occupied, should be a blank. Let us see to it, that there be none such in *our* lives. I ask no one to discard vivacity and merriment, but I do ask, that, while you are buoyant in spirit, you be also earnest in life, striving for what is good and noble. The question in vacation, as in term time, with respect to pleasures as with respect to duties, is, will this which I am about to undertake make any one better or happier? In parting, then, I wish all a happy vacation, a vacation which shall be full of joy in its passing, and which, at its end, shall find us all improved in body and mind. J. L.

A Day in June.

THE days, the merry days of June,
When Nature is singing her sweetest tune,
The fairest month in all the year,
 wooing to love in tones so clear
That even the dullest heart must feel
A sense of beauty over him steal,
A thrill of delight unknown before
A feeling that strengthens more and more,
And his pulses quicken as now he knows
The joy of living a life that flows
In harmony with the vaster sea,
Whose limit is eternity.
A golden morning is waking the land,
With cloudless skies and airs so bland,

The little birds open the early song,
And a stronger chorus the notes prolong;
The river reflects the sun on its sheen,
The grasses are waving in meadows green,
And all the leaves and all the flowers
Are smiling in the sunny hours.
The sun himself on such a day
Invites the world to come and play.

Two cows were standing in the shade
Beneath an oak, beside a brook,
While on their backs the shadows played
Of leaves the passing breezes shook.

A robin sitting on the tree
Sang to his mate upon her nest;
Her heart was full of ecstasy
To feel the eggs beneath her breast.

Two flowers were growing by the pool,
Unconscious in their beauty rare;
They looked within its depths so cool,
And saw their love reflected there.

Across the meadows sloping up to meet
The woods, whose swaying branches overbrood
Its paths, just where the buttercups in sweet
Timidity had stopped, as though 'twere rude
To enter, with their merry wanton feet,
And so make gay its solemn quietude;
Within the forests shadow on a mound
Of grass and flowers, sat my story's two;
The one a girl, her hat with lilies bound
That touched her face, as when we see the hue
Of roseate clouds 'neath the o'erhanging white;
A rare and winning face, with hazel eyes
And dimpled cheek, that was the home of bright
Glad smiles;—Her little hand was hid in his
That kept it there with gentlest hold:—

A view
Of quiet farm-lands, flushed with golden color, lay
Before them, while the clouds their shadows threw
Upon the meadows, falling far away
In soft descent, and narrowing more and more,
Until it ended in a thread of light
Reflected from a stream, that trembling o'er
The rocks, ran down through hills, and, lost to sight

Mingled its waters with the lake.—Between
The hills, across the lake, a little spot
That seem'd a distant clump of white and green
They saw, which was her home—the merest dot
Upon the landscape, that a careless eye
Would hardly note.—

They looked without a word
Until he broke the hush: “I scarce know why,
But in my ears a voice all day I've heard.
It sounded in the wood and on the plain;
I'll tell it, though it be in homely strain.”

The smiling freshness of the spring,
The easy slope of yonder hills,
The merry laughter of the rills
Between the rocks where mosses cling;

The swaying of the restless waves,
Sounding in constant undertone
From shoreless deeps, that sad and lone
Is ocean's dirge o'er unknown graves;

The hum of crickets on the lawn,
The bull-frog's croak at close of day
From quiet ponds where children play,
The song of birds at early dawn;

The rain drops falling from the sky
And watering every blade of grass,
Till crystal bells ring as we pass
And flash out sunlight as they die;

The hidden murmurs of the stream
Are but the chords of harmony,
The variations on a theme
That echoes endlessly.

Another voice perchance he heard, whose tones
The breezes in their flight had failed to catch;
And yet he had no need to tell it then,
For in the answering look of mingled love
And pride, he saw the calm assurance of
His hope. “I've heard a poet's song,” she said,
“That is the echo of your thought, and well
Accords the music with the dreamy hour.”

O woods and hills, whose shadow rests
Upon the vales below;

Those leafy towers lift their crests
Against the clouds of snow.

In their embrace the meadows sleep ;

The lake is calm to-day ;

Its shores, fring'd round with flowers, keep
Stillness in every bay.

The sunbeams slant from every tree,

Gilding each leaf and bough,

And nature's voices sing to thee

Her silent music now.

They sit there, list'ning to that music, till

The farmers, driving up the cows, recall

The thought of home, and then adown the hill,

Through fields that blush'd with blossom'd clover tall,

And daisies bending down in love before

Her passing footsteps, hand in hand they went,

And almost reached the thickly wooded shore,

When, stopping just to catch the lingering scent

Of flowers, they saw the rainclouds in the west,

And heard the first low rumblings of the blast.

A house stood near, whose porch they sought in haste,

And waited there until the storm was past.

Then, while the evening sunlight shone across

The lake and sparkled in the drops that hung

From every leaf, and fell upon the moss

In diamond show'ra, they loos'd the boat that swung

Within its cover. Seated in the stern

She took the tiller ropes, and he the oars.

The slender craft stole out from tufts of fern

Past rocky point, along the winding shores,

Hiding their grayness in the clinging vines

That dipped their tendrils as they rose and fell,

With ripples, lapsing on the beach. The lines

Grew fainter, as they rocked in the soft swell

The storm had left upon the open lake.

And all the hills were dimmed in golden haze,

While, softer than the falling of the flake

On snow-drifts, or the sunbeam, where it plays

Upon the floor,—the swell sank down, and slept

In silver calm, but open'd up a world

Of beauty more serene,—no gales had swept

Its restful seas, nor angry waves had curl'd.

He rested there, and from the flashing blades

A shimmering gleam of crystal-bells there dripped—

A string of water-pearls, that in her shades

A Naiad fair might crown—then, lightly slipped

Away in merry glee.

They turned their eyes
To watch the glories of the closing day,
Where clouds their snow had changed to gorgeous dyes,
And little flecks, that in the sunset color lay,
Shone like to molten gold—while towards the north
The roseate streamers far away were flung,
Soft fading in the deepen'd azure.

Forth,
In shyness, came the stars at last, among
The dying fires.

Then, as the twilight spread
Its drapery o'er the way, he sang:—

“My love, the stars are softly glowing
In radiant calm above,
The evening winds are gently blowing,
And waft us on in love.

My love, thine eyes are on me beaming
With purest, tenderest light,
Reflecting in their depths the gleaming
Of stars down through the night.

And when the early morn is breaking,
O'er lake and field and tree,
Thine eyes from sweetest sleep awaking,
O think, my love, of me.”

The shadows of the night are pointing to
The East,—a promise of the dawn—
We leave them in the promise of their life,
A love that shall not be withdrawn.

AIK.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Power of Ideas Contrasted with the Power of Individual Men.

BY THOMAS HEDGE.

FROM the beginning of human life there has been a conflict without a pause, which can never end in compromise. A body was given to the soul of man to fit him for his material dwelling place. The world was made the arena of the strife, and time itself shall be ended in the final victory. From this mortal body, as a necessity of this

temporal state, there arises blindness and sin, which it is the destiny of the soul to conquer. We believe that the soul, made in the image of God, is eternal; that from a little beginning of consciousness it is able at last to comprehend infinite truth. It will be able to overcome the darkness and sin of this mortal being as it is brought to know the truth. The truth is made known to the soul through the workings of its own intelligence. This intelligence would work perfectly were it not for man's temporal and bodily limitations. As it works perfectly its results correspond with the truth. Then man's ideas are the thoughts of God, and are eternal.

The power of the individual affects men's bodies, their passions and emotions. It stops at the intelligence, where the power of the idea begins. It is limited by the finiteness of the individual. It can affect those only with whom he actually comes in contact as a living man, and must end with the life of the individual.

If man can attain his perfection only as he becomes subject to his reason, giving this the mastery over the emotions and passions of his lower nature, then must this power of the individual, affecting that nature only, which was meant to be subordinate, approach absolute-ness, as man is in an unnatural condition. Or this power is strongest as men are weakest. It cannot bear scrutiny, for it is a usurpation, ruling those only who are unquestioning subjects, or intelligent, reasoning men, only when the whirl of their passions dethrones their intelligence. This unthinking obedience is capricious and untrustworthy. It is not a satisfied perfect faith, but a blind untrained submission, which, without warning, may revolt.

This power, moreover, is limited by the finiteness of the individual. Not all men can see or hear him. His personal magnetism must follow his short footsteps. It has no wings to lift it higher than himself. It is strongest when men are crazed and bewildered in a whirlwind of passion. It must die at last with the individual.

It is this power of the individual, having its dominion in the emotive nature of man, affecting those men only with whom the living man may come in actual contact, and affecting them not as intelligent beings; a power which is strongest when men, forgetting to think, are weakest; which may excite a storm, which will destroy the individual; which must at least die with him, that is brought into a life-long rivalry with the power of the idea.

The idea finds its dominion in man's reason. Its power affects his intelligence, and is thus proportioned to the strength of those over whom it is exercised. As the man is brought to his manful condi-

tion, his soul controlling and using his body, his reason always superior to and using his lower nature as its rightful instrument, the man is affected by the power of the idea, and is obedient to it.

This loyalty can never rise to a will fury, which will turn against it. Man cannot become enthusiastic for an idea, until it has gained possession of his intelligence. As the idea rules him, reason rules him. With each new light he is attaining a more healthful and natural condition, and his service, day by day, is more faithful, confident and devoted.

Thus the idea rules the man, when he is in that state intended by his Creator. Its destiny is to govern the entire man, while the power of the individual can ascend no higher than his emotions. The individual can obtain complete control only when the man is degraded and destitute of his highest mark of manhood. Thus the idea is destined to make use of this power of the individual when man's lower nature, alive and vigorous, is under perfect subjection to his reasoning intelligence. The whole struggle is between a rightful authority and a usurpation,—a usurpation which, if it steals the loyalty of the rightful subjects of the idea, must first dethrone their reason.

The idea itself gives the intelligence strength to see it clearly. Through their lower nature, men may be blinded so that they will misinterpret the truth which is in every idea, but this wrong interpretation can be only for the moment. By their very devotion to an idea, and searching out its meaning, they must find at last the truth. There have been many blind wanderings; all that one man can do is to leave his foot-prints a little further along in the straight path, for the easier journey of those who follow.

The idea once born, must live forever, as long as the soul shall live. It never dies, but always grows in power. Those which sway the world to-day, are but the growth and cumulation of all ideas which the soul of man has worked out since the beginning. Seekers after truth have brought together the golden grains, melted them in earthen furnaces, stamped them with their worldly dies, and have called upon men to gaze upon and worship grotesque and fearful idols. But the same gold remains, and in succeeding ages, transfigured into nobler images, more worthily draws men unto it. It shall ever go shining before them in the straight and narrow way, until they find it at last adorning the golden streets of the heavenly city.

It has been ordained that men should impart and receive ideas through the senses. It is a miracle, grander than if they were writ-

ten upon the sky, that they may be published to the world by the acts and words of men. It is a proof of our high descent, that the whole brotherhood of man, through the communion of the sense, may become heirs of the thoughts of God. It were a task for an angel to learn the eternal truth unaided; so it has been vouchsafed to men to help each other. Here we find the sphere of the passions and emotions. By their personal magnetism, that attraction which draws men together, that mysterious influence which binds society, men may reach the intelligence of their fellow-men. Thus is the idea kept alive, not only through the life of those who saw its birth, but through all time; by a few teaching many, using their lower nature to publish it while they live, using the memory of their example to publish it to the intelligence of those who survive and follow them. As the individual has a charm to inspire respect and confidence in himself, his enthusiastic loyalty to an idea will attract the interest, enthusiasm and loyalty of others. If he seal his devotion with his death, from his grave will spring up strength and faithfulness to that for which he died.

Men are apt to confound the power of the individual with the power of the idea which he embodied. They separate his generation from history, taking no account of the concurrence and cumulation of ideas which trained his mind for the great idea of which he is the embodiment. They forget that the power which his intelligence exerted, was the power of its governing idea; that his personal magnetism only brought men within the reach of that idea. If we may imagine such a man, presenting such an idea to the intelligence of his fellows, and then endeavoring to shake their loyalty, we shall see that he is using his personal attraction only against their lower nature, and can never bring them to renounce their allegiance, until they have been brought to dethrone their intelligence, and follow the bidding of their usurping lower nature. If such an attempt succeed, it is only by degrading men. Those the world remembers as great, have always raised mankind. It was by using their personal power in the service of an idea.

When a people beholds its standard bearer, a man of themselves, kindly, patient, great, waiting with a divine serenity through years of awful doubt, their hearts go out after him, and they crowd to follow him. When, as the struggle ends in victory, that leader falls, through their blinding tears they cannot see the standard, and in their sudden panic they forget the great idea. But when the standard still gleams before them, a pillar of eternal truth, then they shout, "Let his burial be a triumph; he has done the noblest

work of mortal; God, through him, gave us more clearly to see the right, and to stand for it more firmly. Another hero has taught mankind that human ambition can reach no higher than to be the incarnation of a grand idea."

But it was not enough that men should be taught of men. The conflict between the idea and the individual would have seemed of little moment, but for one pure example, one perfect incarnation of truth. When the little light which men had found served only to disclose stumbling blocks, and they were flying to their own towers for refuge, this Being appeared, proclaiming as the law of His Kingdom, "Love to God, and love to man." His individual power was in full accord with the ideas which He proclaimed; His life was in conformity with these, and his death sanctified them. Thus, claiming sovereignty, He seemed, not a usurper, but the rightful Heir of Power. If men were drawn toward His person, it was only to have a clearer perception of His ideas given to their minds. Or if there have been minds in which the ideas of love and justice have been predominant, these have felt a peculiar affection for this person, as they have learned of Him. As society has advanced, those ideas, which have been more closely allied to His, have most commanded the loyalty and life service of mankind. These have been at the foundation of all liberty, and have given strength to States.

If all the hope and gladness, peace and charity, which have sprung up in the world under the light of that marvelous life, might be in an instant swept away, then, in the shaking of society, which would rend in twain the vail of every temple, all men would echo the despairing cry of the Centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God."

To human reason, the power of the idea is an evidence of a government over willing subjects, strengthened by strengthening them; one that demands questionings, and proves itself by these questionings. A government which only needs to be revealed in all its power, and love, and majesty, to draw unto it the willing, loyal service of every human soul. And not only is there this government, but an eternal, unchangeable Governor. In His earthly images He has embodied His eternal thoughts. In visible shape He has showed forth "That light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." As men have learned that it is their highest destiny to embody an idea; to reveal a little of "that truth which makes men free;" as they remember that Love and Justice were once crucified incarnate, so they believe that there is a living God, showing forth in His own person, the brightness of all truth and glory.

Woman's Pen.

AMONG the literary phenomena of the present age, that which seems most surprising, is the comparatively large number of women who have reached positions of eminence as writers. The almost uniform silence of woman in this department, up to a recent period, had led to the idea that to man alone belonged the production of literature; not by any exclusive right or capacity so much as by the force of uniform experience. The interest naturally arising out of this innovation is not a little enhanced by the greater prominence, which woman is assuming in every department of society. It is as though some of the ancient moorings of society had been swept away, and men were casting about themselves to see what new tackle was at hand and where they were likely to drift. The question of woman's future influence upon our literature, if less prominent than that of her influence elsewhere, possesses a good degree of interest, not more on account of its novelty than on account of its promise of good. It is but natural to expect that the same benison will attend her influence here, which has attended it elsewhere.

There is also sufficient correspondence between the mental qualities of a writer and the character of his production, so that the one can be predicted from the other. In the absence then of a feminine literature of any large extent, and with one just coming upon the stage, we may very properly judge of its character, from what we know of woman's mind. Although there may be no necessary connection between the mental and physical character of either sex, we may still notice a remarkable correspondence, the one sex in both particulars inclining towards the limit of rugged vigor, the other towards that of delicate grace. Between these two extremes lies a broad field, the common property of both sexes; but even here a sexual distinction may be readily detected. Woman is receptive and elaborative in her nature; inclined to seize upon that which is at hand, and develop it into its full symmetry and completeness: while man on the other hand is generative; ever reaching out after something new and difficult. In this principle may be found an explanation of woman's superiority in moral ideas. Receiving impressions of that which is elevated and true, and adopting them as the rule of her conduct, she follows them out into nicer distinctions and more comprehensive principles. But, on the other hand, if her choice be of the opposite kind, and she yields herself up to the sway of lower,

selfish or sensual ideas, she will go to like extent in this direction, according to her choice of motive principles, rising higher or sinking lower, than man in like circumstances. In view of this and the other general qualities, which she is too commonly known to possess to make it necessary to mention them here, we may expect that she will contribute to our literature, a warm and sympathetic glow, an abandon and richness of expression and feeling which it has not possessed as a general characteristic before.

Poetry most naturally suggests itself as the sphere of woman's success. Here she will find ample room for all her fancy and delicate grace. Poetry seems to have been moulding itself into the particular condition in which it could receive the greatest advantage at her hands. A woman would have seemed sadly out of place among the dramatists of Shakspeare's time, in whose writings their wonderful vigor of thought is scarcely more noticeable than their indelicacy; and scarcely any period down to the time of the introduction of the German element into our literature, would have been much preferable. But since that time poetry has been suffering a radical change. The most differential feature of our modern poetry is its effeminacy, in the best signification of the term. That is, in comparison with former poetry, it is remarkable for those more amiable qualities which we generally associate with the feminine character, such as a more subdued, gentle grace, a fineness of texture, a purity of thought and expression, a genuine spirituality; besides the negative quality of losing its earlier roughness and uncouth strength. It has latterly become more elaborative, more attention being paid to manner than to matter. Prose has been encroaching upon the sphere of poetry. Indeed, prose, as it remained down to the time of Milton, possessed so little of its present flexibility and easy, natural flow, that it was inferior to poetry as the medium of ideas which to-day are its exclusive property. No one can be said to have approached the masculine vigor and recklessness of thought of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, since Coleridge, and the change had been progressing for a long time before him. This effeminacy can hardly be said to have deteriorated poetry as an art. Indeed it is doubtful whether poetry is not naturally effeminate, and in proportion as it approaches its own true character it approaches effeminacy. Much that made up the weight and strength of former poetry, belonged as much to philosophy and other departments of writing now considered exclusively prosaic. It was only because prose was so weak, that poetry assumed the burden, being relieved of which, she is now free to display her natural grace

of movement. Hence our modern poetry possesses qualities of the highest excellence comparatively unknown to that of an earlier date, such as, (not to speak farther of manner) a tendency to give greater prominence to personal virtue, and every generous sentiment of common life. These are the qualities which the tastes and exigencies of the times have fostered, and this the tone of character they have given to it. These are the qualities which will most naturally call out the genius of a woman at its best. The dramatic period, which could create a Shakspeare, has passed like the doctrinal warfare out of which sprung the grandeur of Milton; the romance and hot passion of Moore and his fellows, has yielded to a less ardent flame. What we want is a sympathetic poetry that shall take hold of what is best in our natures as a common brotherhood, and fuse us into a community of feelings, as we have been fused into a community of interests. We want a mouthpiece for the dumb poetry of the masses; a voice for these universal aspirations after that which is noblest in common life.

As an essayist, woman's sympathy and intuitive perceptions of moral truths give her a decided advantage; while her readiness of expression makes her success almost certain. The masses are not logical in their modes of thought. Their ordinary experience leads them to notice data and results, rather than the connection between them or the process by which the one is derived from the other. They reason mainly by comparison and analogy, and like woman, depend for conviction mainly upon a vital interest in, or sympathy for the result. Thus, at the risk of being common-place, I have endeavored to show that the kind of argument which is fitted to avail with the masses, is the very kind which is universally considered to be prevalent with womankind. Nor is this kind of writing limited to a narrow or unimportant field. Under the influence of greatly increased facilities for reaching the people, both through periodicals and more regular publications, the essay has assumed a great importance, and one which is constantly increasing. Following up, as a more permanent influence, the culture inspired by the popular lecture, this kind of writing has met with a well merited popularity and a constantly increasing demand. Besides, it is assuming an importance wholly outside of the literary pleasure which it affords, and has become a means by which an author may reach down into the lives of men, and pluck out the social evils festering in them. There is an increasing demand for writers who can take up the ordinary duties and common, every-day dignities of life and show them up in their true light. It is not so much that conviction is wanting in

regard to these points, as that this conviction lacks vitality. We want more of woman's sentiment and enthusiasm woven around them; something to bring out into greater prominence those quiet virtues which have been overshadowed by more imposing but less essential qualities of character. The problem of democracy is only half solved. We have learned how to elevate the common people, but have yet to learn how to elevate common pursuits. It is this which makes us so superficial; this neglect of that which must be the groundwork of all thorough advancement. Unnaturally excited ambition has become the ruling passion of the people, and there is a growing necessity for something in literature which shall take hold of every day life and thrill us with a sense of the nobility of living and acting well in common things. As a people become intelligent and refined, they will listen more readily to strictures upon their faults, provided they are uttered in a spirit of fairness, and are intended for their improvement. Our people are withal a little conceited, and might profit by a little judicious stinging. Nothing can be better than to have our faults subjected to woman's gentle savagery which makes her sarcasm so delightful. This field, so broad and so important, is remarkable for making no demands beyond the qualities which are readily accorded to woman. It is not necessary to discuss her capacity for profound philosophy, since philosophy is not needed; nor is labored discussion of any kind needed. The demand is for genuine practical sense,—instinct with a living interest in that of which it speaks. Besides, is there not something in the very idea of culture and refinement, in literature and everywhere else, which implies an approach to feminine qualities? Are not a subdued grace, gentleness and purity, necessary qualities of a genuine culture? If so, and who can doubt it, is not our literature fully within woman's proper sphere?

But one department of writing, that of history, must ever remain exclusively masculine. The same qualities which fit woman for a poet and an essayist, must unfit her for this species of writing. A good historian must be dispassionate; sympathy must lie dormant, and every tendency to hero-worship be stifled. Woman's enthusiasm would be likely to jeopardize that calm weighing of facts, without which a history becomes a chronicle or a romance. The qualities of a good historian are constant and masculine; a calm, clear judgment, a simple, elegant style, a taste for facts, and beyond this scarcely anything.

Romance will undoubtedly possess superior attractions for her, and there can be no doubt of her ability to produce very entertaining

writings of this kind. The only question is whether she will be likely to produce that which should justly be considered an addition to our literature. The proportion of this kind of writing is already very large, and has always been considered of doubtful utility. Love is the mainspring of interest in this kind of writing, and while I would by no means deny that it may be a proper groundwork, yet the temptation is strong to abandon its true philosophy which is so difficult, and to ring wonderful changes upon the theme. This temptation is greater on this account; that whereas on other subjects the interest is greater in proportion as truth and nature are adhered to, in this the interest is greater in proportion as the incidents are strange and unaccountable.

Thus, in a method somewhat abstract, I have discussed the probable influence of woman's pen upon our literature. I have ignored the fact that she has been engaged in writing for a considerable time, and has produced that which is more than respectable, both in quantity and quality, because I have conceived that what she has already written cannot be considered as characteristic of her. First, because only the most masculine of her sex, with rare exceptions, have broken over the natural and social restraints which have stood in their way, presenting masculine features both in the choice and treatment of subjects. Her writings give constant evidence of a consciousness that she was presenting herself as a special target for criticism, a consciousness from which not even her best writers have been able to free themselves.

And again, because she has not yet been admitted to the varied culture which would fit her for a writer. It is a necessity of her social position, that she should be cut off from the many-sided discipline of actual contact with life in all its variety, such as has sometimes made writers; while even down to our time, she has enjoyed little of the artificial culture of the schools. She has been deprived of all that man has relied upon as the aid of his genius.

Besides, all woman's rights have been privileges. Being the weaker and petted member of society, she has been dependent upon the caprice of her stronger brother, for every advantage. Good will, and not a regard for justice, has given her what she has received at the hands of mankind. The smart of these indignities, in the mind of thinking women, has led them to vilify the masculine character in their writings. If then we consider what difficulties woman has been forced to overcome, it is not so much a matter for surprise, that so few female writers of note have arisen, as it is, that there should have

been so many. It is to be hoped, for the interests of our literature, that the agitation of the question of woman's education, and the enlargement of her sphere of active life, will not stop short of giving her free access to all employments and all schools. Then, when education and life have become as broad to her as to man, may we fairly judge of her capacities by what she has actually accomplished.

J. C.

Jeanne d'Arc.

Past midnight long! The moon hath set;
I heard the cock an hour ago.
Still dark! no glimpse of dawn as yet,
Though morning winds begin to blow.
Dear Lord, how swift the time goes by!
There's something in the air that rings—
Listen!—a whirring as of wings—
The myriad moments as they fly.
O fold me in thine arms, sweet night;
Sweet pitying darkness, longer stay,
And veil me from the cruel light
That creeps to steal my life away.

Lo! even now the waning stars
Grow pale. The matin bell doth toll:
Prisoned like me by casement bars,
It wakes sad echoes in my soul.
For memories woven in the braid
Of sound, bring back the abbey bell
That wont to ring when twilight fell,
Through pastures where my childhood strayed,
What time, when flocks were in the fold,
Saint Agnes and Saint Catharine
Looked from the darkening heavens cold,
And wondrous Voices spake with mine.

Slow-winding Meuse, I would that still,
Along thy grassy valleys deep,
Or half-way up some neighboring hill
I heard the bleat of simple sheep.
It might not be: Cassandra-wise
I caught in dreams the din of shields,

Far trumpets blown on tented fields
Summoned to deeds of high emprise.

Sweet household cheer was not for me;
The pleasant hum of spinning-wheel,
And children's prattle at my knee—
The bliss that lowly mothers feel.

My spirit winged to bolder flights
—Drawn skyward in ecstatic dreams—
An eagle on the lonely heights,
No ringdove haunting woodland streams.
O solemn joy! O blessed trance,
That seized me when the drums did roll,
And chanting priests in hood and stole
Led on the bannered hosts of France!

In battle winds above me blown
—Fit sign for maiden chevalier—
White lilies streamed, and round me shone
Strange lights, and Voices filled my ear

Foretelling victory, saying—"Ride!
Ride onward, mailed in conquering might.
God's legions muster on thy side
To stead thee in the coming fight."
When swords were sheathed and bows unstrung,
What visions awed me as I kneeled,
While down long aisles Te Deums pealed,
And such triumphant anthems rung,
As Miriam, on the Red Sea shore,
Exulting to the timbrel's sound,
Sung, when amid the loud waves' roar
Chariot and horse and rider drowned!

Ay me! 'Tis past; the battle's won;
The Warrior breaks His useless brand.
Yet even so: His will be done
Who holdeth victory in His hand.
I know that ere the sun is high,
On housetop, wall, and balcony,
Children will clap their hands with glee,
To see the 'Witch of Orleans' die,
And women flout me in the face
Who erst have crossed them at my name,
When in the gazing market-place
My flesh shall feed the hungry flame.

'Twere fit that guns should boom my knell,
Flags droop and funeral music roll;

And through high minster vaults should swell
Sad requiems for my parted soul.
Crowned kings should kneel beside me dead :
Cathedral saints on storied panes,
Where daylight turns to ruby stains,
Should shed their halos round my head.
From nooks in arches twilight-dim,
And niches in the pictured wall,
Stone Christs and carven cherubim
Should look upon my broidered pall.

Alas! for me nor passing bell,
Nor priest to shrive, nor nun to pray.
But rising smoke my death shall tell,
And whistling flames my masses say.
And if among the jeering crowd
Some lonely, beggared knight-at-arms
There be, who once in war's alarms
Hath seen me when the storm was loud,
And followed where my banner led,
He shall my only mourner be,
And from his pitying eyes shall shed
A soldier's tears for love of me.

O holy Mary, stead me then—
A simple maid whose heart may fail.
I would not these grim Island men
Should smile to see my cheek grow pale.
And yet what fairer winding-sheet
Than martyrs' flame? What church-yard mould
More consecrated dust can hold?
What missal claspeth words more sweet
To dying ears, than those He spake:—
"Blessed are they—yea, doubly blest,—
Who suffer death for my dear sake.
For them bright crowns and endless rest."

The night is spent. The early grey
Warms into sunrise in the skies;
The sunrise of eternal day—
The threshold steps of Paradise.
'Tis written, "After storm comes shine;"
Fierce and more fierce the fires may burn,
But as my limbs to ashes turn,
My soul, O Lord, shall mix with Thine.
Even as yonder trembling star
Melts into morning's golden sea,
So, rapt through Heavenly spaces far,
Shall this poor life be lost in Thee.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

Modern English Poetry Compared with the Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.

BY DAVID JAMES BURRELL, FREEPORT, ILL.

ANALYSIS.

Introductory notice of the two poetic eras under consideration, and the poets of each.

A.—Comprehensive Distinction. Superiority of the poetry of the seventeenth century, in general *average* excellence. Cause.—Diffusion of education among the modern masses.

B.—Distinctions in respect to *matter*.

A.—Poetry of the seventeenth century superior in all those excellences that proceed from boldness and endurance.

a.—Boldness manifested in their choice of subjects, and in their conceptions.

b.—Endurance manifested in the unity and equability of their productions.

Cause (1) —Character of education in the seventeenth century.

Cause (2).—The fact that English poetry was then in its infancy.

Corollary.—Predominance of imagination over fancy in the seventeenth century, and reverse in modern times.

B.—Modern poetry superior to that of the seventeenth century, in subjectivity.

Cause.—Advanced enlightenment of the age.

a.—Introspective contemplation in modern poetry.

Cause.—Influence of German philosophy.

C.—Modern Poetry inferior to that of the seventeenth century in invention, (i. e., novelty of matter.)

Cause.—Partial anticipation, and presumption of entire pre-occupation.

C.—Distinctions in respect to *manner*.

A.—Modern poets superior in originality and variety.

Cause.—The novelty-loving character of the age, and the difficulty of originating matter.

B.—Modern poets superior in correctness and naturalness.

Cause.—The accumulation of models and recent perfection in the art of criticism.

D.—Summary and Conclusion.

“Poets, like the mountain trout, take their colors from the streams in which they lie.”

THE Reformation broke the fetters of the human mind. The unchained prisoner came forth and stood for a moment in speechless astonishment; then uttered the loudest, longest, most exultant shout the world has ever heard. Amid the pealing *gaudeamus* of this golden

age, the reign of good Queen Bess, a century began, wherein a multitude of poets wrote their names among the stars. Spenser had died at its portals; but many who sat at his feet, Daniel, and Drayton, and Warner, and others, survived him. Shakespeare brought his drama just over the threshold, and left it then with Beaumont and Fletcher, and Johnson, and Ford, and Shirley, the last of the Thespian giants. These were the years of Milton, too, and "silver-tongued Sylvester," and "the frenzied Chapman," and Drummond, and Davies, and Donne. The Fletchers also were there, with Suckling and Denham, the inspired Cavaliers, and Wither and Browne, the singing Puritans; and many besides were the younger brothers, who joined in the chorus of this grand epoch. It was a long summer day, whose evening flush continued till the sun went down amid the shadows of the Restoration. Then came a gloomy night, and "the Muse lay sleeping" for a hundred years, scarce murmuring in her slumber. The roar of the French Revolution awoke her. She arose resplendent with beauty; and the wooing of her modern lovers then commenced. Wordsworth, arm in arm with Coleridge, led the way; and Scott and Byron, Crabbe and Campbell, came crowding after. Shelley, the ethereal dreamer, and Keats, the passionate boy, and Moore, the "wonder-worker," and a thousand later bards;—their names are all "familiar in our mouths as household words." This grand poetic era is distinguished from the former by peculiar characteristics.

Experience justifies the reasonable assumption that the productions of the mind are deeply affected by external circumstances. Homer and Milton were essentially similar in mental endowments, but their widely different efforts were due to the peculiar characteristics of their respective times. If this is true in regard to individual productions, then is it doubly true of the aggregate works of any period. It will be eminently proper, therefore, in the present discussion, after ascertaining, by careful investigation, the distinctive features of each collection of verse to look for their causes among contemporary circumstances.

The first fact thus to be accounted for is the great proportion of inferior verse in modern literature. There is no denying that our age, with its vast fund of genuine inspiration, is also prolific of trash. The periodical press, a recent invention, is running night and day on doggerel rhymes. We are overrun by an army of "occasional poetasters," and overwhelmed with a flood of "fugitive verses." "There

is a plague of poems in the land apart from poetry," groans the Sappho of our century. It was not so in the former time. The metrical works of that period all bear the Pierian stamp, '*poeta nascitur*;' and nowhere in its literature is there mention of the existence, in any number, of rhymesters with no claim to inspiration. So far as we know, the legitimate offspring of the Muse monopolized the field.

This striking difference is to be ascribed to the general dissemination of knowledge in the last hundred years. The enlightenment of the masses, by creating readers, must also produce writers. In poetry, however, we meet with an evasion of the law of demand and supply. Here, when the demand increases, the supply is made up not by a multiplication of the real "commodity in request," but by the addition of an inferior or altogether spurious article. Genius is the gift of Nature. It cannot be created, however it may be directed and modified, by external circumstances. Civilization cannot originate this God-breathed inspiration. It cannot, therefore, increase the number of those whose lips are touched from Heaven with poetic fire. Accordingly the diffusion of education, by enlarging the demand for verse, since it cannot multiply inspired writers, must fill the deficiency with uninspired.* Poets are born; but *rhymesters* may be made. It is to be expected, then, that each succeeding era in the line of progress, will have more base-born bards than its predecessor.

This deduction of reason is clearly verified in the case of the periods under consideration. How few in those early days, compared with the number now, were they who donned the robes, and how like princes of the line they swept the purple! There was no plebeian mimicking of royal airs, like the awkward strut of Tarquin,† for they were born to their high estate, with the kingly mark upon their brow, and the fire of authority in their eye. There were no "poets in parentheses," to wander bewildered in the halls of the Muses, like boors in the streets of a strange city. Old residents of the wonderful place, constant partakers of its glories, were these great ancestors of ours. But since their day, education has been so diffused, that readers are counted by millions, all clamoring for verse. Accordingly the insufficient band of Aonian mountaineers has been swelled by alien reinforcements, until no less than a thousand writers are now

* We have not entered into a consideration of the fact that God may create more true poets at one time than at another, because (unless the dispensation of inspiration were almost universal, which is incredible,) this would obviously not affect the general truth of what we are saying.

† Priscus.

living, who have published editions of their "poems!"* School girls pipe their sentimental coolings in the same grand chorus with the greater singers; and Martin Farquhar Tupper crowds in by the side of Tennyson! This abundant alloy necessarily impairs the average excellence of modern metrical composition,† and we shall discover its debasing presence at every step in the present discussion.

The superiority of the poetry of the seventeenth century over modern verse, is especially marked in all the excellences that proceed from *boldness* and *endurance*.‡ The grandest themes, the wonders of time and eternity, the mystery and destiny of man, were not above their ambition. They soared aloft to "kindle their undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam," pierced the empyrean to sing responsive to "the music of the spheres," peered through the veil about the great white throne, upon the King of Glory. Where now is the sublime audacity of Milton, the fantastic presumption of the Fletchers, or the blind temerity of Davies? Our poets have descended from the dizzy heights, where their fathers loved to linger. Common place incidents, beautiful landscapes, passions and affections, have taken the place of loftier themes. Love in a thousand forms requited and scorned, children in every stage of precocity, mountains and fountains and daisies and daffodils,—of these our Clio is "never a-weary."

Closely related to boldness is endurance. Lofty purposes require sustained power. Our ambitious ancestors constructed many poems, thousands of lines in length, each marked by unity and equability; and their glory rests not on brief effusions or startling passages, but on their continuous productions as wholes. Fixing their gaze on one great end, they neither wandered from the way nor gathered flowers by the road-side, while they pursued it. All their powers were converged into a "mountainous repose of strength" upon a single grand conception. In modern poetry we miss this concentration of mind upon a single dominant idea, to the exclusion of detached beauties. Our longer works are incoherent medleys of abrupt mental movements, with no pervading conception to bind like a magnet "the glittering filings of thought." Authors aim at quotable passages, rather than a unit of impression; and they are illustrious not for their extensive integral works, but for idyls and extracts. Shelley is best known

* No. British Review.

† Webster's definition of poetry, "Metrical composition."

‡ Boldness and endurance; two coexistent qualities, proceeding from the same causes, and not admitting of separate treatment.

by his "Ode to a Skylark," and Hood by his "Bridge of Sighs;" while Scott, and Browning, and the lesser bards, are great in their outbursts, not in their flow, of inspiration.

This superiority of the earlier poets in both boldness and endurance, is to be accounted for mainly by the character of their education. They devoted themselves to the mastery of a single department, rather than to an acquaintance with all the provinces of knowledge. That was eminently an age of profound erudition when Milton and Salmasius crossed their ponderous classic swords; when Grotius broke the lance with Crellius in religious controversy; when Campanella, Bacon, and Descartes discussed philosophy; when Napier, Kepler, and Galileo investigated science. But we are distinguished, not so much for deep learning as for general information; and it is a wise saw that says: "We all know a little of everything, but few of us know much of anything." Education like theirs, acquired by severe and persevering study, cultivates profundity and patience, and induces a habit of mental concentration adapted to lofty undertakings. Education like ours, resulting generally from desultory investigations and hasty inferences, and derived in great part from periodical literature, creates an aversion to abstract and continuous reflection, and begets a mental dissipation fatal to great enterprises. The older poets were therefore capable of loftier and longer trains of thought than ours. Being confident of their power of endurance, they often ventured to soar skyward, and for hours together; but modern bards who dare not trust the holding out of their undeveloped strength, must skim along the ground in fitful flights. Fearlessness, the first requisite for a great undertaking, is the fruit of confidence, and confidence springs from power; but neither power, nor confidence, nor fearlessness, belongs to the student-of-all-things-and-master-of-none.

Another cause assigned for this superiority of the earlier writers, is the fact that English poetry was then in its infancy. They stood upon the shores of a new world, where only the borders had been thinly settled by a few hardy pioneers, like Langland and Chaucer. Its inviting forests of tropic luxuriance, its waving fields white for the harvest, its unwrought mines of glittering ore, lay all before them. With liberty to choose wherever they desired, they seized, of course, upon the richest spots; and after the lapse of two centuries, it is not strange that settlers now are forced upon the poorer soil. Modern poets having been anticipated in the loftier themes, and, being naturally, though unreasonably, averse to following in the footsteps of their predecessors, have descended to the humbler walks: and

with the loss of sublimity in design and conception, they have also lost what it inspires,—that quiet continuity of thought which gives to a production unity and equability. Wanting thus the fearless ambition and sustained power requisite for the production of the higher forms of poetry, they have abandoned epic and dramatic for idyllic^{*} verse.

It is hardly necessary to add, after what has been said, that imagination predominates over fancy in the older writers, while the reverse is true of modern composition. The very characteristics by which imagination is distinguished from fancy, are sublimity and continuance. The former wings her flight, as Leigh Hunt says,[†] among the angels, while the latter chases butterflies below. To the one belong those lofty and sustained conceptions[‡] met with in the fathers; while the charming figures,[§] so abundant in our later verse, are appropriate to the other.

As we proceed with the distinctive feature of these two eras, we cannot but notice the strong subjectivity of modern poetry, a prominent characteristic often erroneously regarded as a mark of inferiority. The older writers zealously avoided introducing their personality into their works, and tried to get outside of themselves, as thinking, feeling men among men, into supernatural existences as poets. But now-a-days the reverse is so nearly true, that a poem is a part of the poet's life, and his complete works are his brain and heart laid bare and exposed to the popular gaze.

The comprehensive cause of this marked superiority in modern verse, is the advanced enlightenment of our age. All the influences of progress are humanizing, and tend toward equality and fraternity. At each step of advancing civilization the low are more exalted, and the lofty more debased. Every succeeding day binds man more closely to his fellow man, imposes upon him a greater respect for the opinions of his neighbor, teaches him to sympathize more deeply with the feelings of his brother. It seems only natural, therefore, that poetry should gradually assume a form wherein the bard may disclose to his readers his own personality, not with arrogant egotism,

* Tennyson calls even his more sustained poems, "Idyls."

† "She (Fancy) chases butterflies, while her sister takes flight with angels."—*Leigh Hunt's "What is Poetry?"*

‡ "The higher efforts of conception fall almost entirely under the province of imagination."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

§ "Fancy depends on the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her images."—*Wordsworth*.

but with that deferential yet free expression of thought and feeling, which we have lately learned to recognize as every man's prerogative. This presumption is fully confirmed by the history of literature. The early poets were altogether objective; for example, the works of Homer do not reveal in the slightest degree the individuality of their author. But as the ages rolled on the poets began to feel, at first with a timorous doubt, that possibly their feelings and opinions were of interest to their fellow men. So Chaucer allowed himself to appear occasionally on the stage, but soon hurried off, suspecting that, after all, like the Dumb Show in the old drama, he had really no business in the play, and was at best uninteresting. When now we reach the seventeenth century, we find the poets coming oftener in their works to make the personal acquaintance of their readers. Who can have forgotten those few but touching lines of Milton on his own blindness, or his rare expressions of doctrinal belief, in *Paradise Lost*? Yet such examples are comparatively infrequent in the writers of this period. The philosophical and metaphysical rhyme-sters entered somewhat, with a timid hesitation, into subjectivity; but the entire works of the century appear to be not so much the expression of independent individual thought and feeling, as the published impression of contemporary circumstances on sensitive minds. The poets as a body were still almost exclusively objective; still appeared like supernatural beings in communion with Divinity, not in the least like men in fellowship with humanity. It is the glory of later years to have properly blended the subjective and the objective; to have taught the poet that he may also be a man. The diffusion of Christianity has opened the heart for sympathy; and the establishment of liberty has emboldened the expression of independent opinion. Wordsworth, who led the way for later bards, is by eminence the subjective poet of all history. In him the two elements were harmoniously blended; he was "not only a translator of what God has created, but a creator in the workshop of his own mind." He mingled I's and my's* with his divinest thoughts, and the latter are not degraded by the association, nor do the former suggest the charge of egotism. Mrs. Browning adopted as her art poetica, Sydney's fantastic line:

* Ruskin, an almost infatuated lover of pure objective verse says contemptuously, "He (Wordsworth) has a vague notion that Nature would not be able to get along well without Wordsworth, and finds a considerable part of his pleasure in looking at himself as well as at her."—*Beauties of R.*

"Foole, sayde my Muse to mee, looke in thine heart and write,"*

and accordingly she has infused her very being, her womanhood, her "week days and Sabbath days" into her works. Tennyson and his contemporaries display this quality to a greater or less degree; but the least subjective of them all is more so than the poets of the former time.

The influence of German philosophy has contributed a new feature to the same characteristic of modern verse. It has induced a spirit of self-examination, which manifests itself in a pervading tone of introspective contemplation, in most of the poetry of the present century. Shelley, who tried in vain to escape the infection, said with a sneer:

"It is a trick of this same family

"To analyse their own and other's minds."

Yet we can see no reasonable objection even to this, so long as it does not obtain undue prominence. Indeed we would by no means favor the cultivation of subjectivity in any form to the exclusion of objectivity, but only a blending of these two properly coexistent elements, that unobtrusive introduction of the author's individuality into his productions against which no well-grounded objection has yet been brought, and for which humanity itself pleads eloquently.

Perhaps, however, the most common complaint urged against modern poetry is its want of originality. But this term originality is ambiguous, since it may have reference either to the mind of the producer or to the production itself. Subjective originality alone is praiseworthy, but the want of it is a literary offense, positive proof of which is almost impossible on account of the frequent occurrence of coincidence in thought. Objective originality then falls more properly within our province. But this expression, objective originality, presents another ambiguity, inasmuch as it may refer either to matter or to manner. Accordingly, for clearness, hereafter we shall apply the term invention to matter, and originality to manner.

We are ready to admit that, in respect to invention, modern poets are inferior to those of the seventeenth century. An assertion so often reiterated cannot be utterly false. Every week some sagacious critic, with complacent satisfaction, discovers a new case of what he is pleased to call "plagiarism;" and the affair is duly heralded by his followers and echoed by the people till the air rings with the familiar cry, "Our poets are a pack of imitators!" Now, while we cannot

* Longfellow also, "Look then into thine heart and write."

deny at least the partial justice of the complaint, yet, lest it be made too sweeping and severe, it may be well to remember that the producer may be entirely original, while his production is utterly stale. Certain it is, that later writers, whether designedly or accidentally, often repeat the plans and conceptions of their ancestors.

A fact to which we have already alluded, will easily account for this advantage of the older bards. Few themselves in number, and with few predecessors, they were in little danger, as they entered on the unsubdued kingdom of poetry, of falling on preoccupied ground, or trespassing on each other's claims. Our poets, on the other hand, are conscious of having been anticipated in many quarters. Innumerable writers have preceded them, each drawing material from the mine of thought. There is always a possibility that the specimens we gather may be found in old museums; that our "new ideas" may be already recorded somewhere in the volumes that have been collecting for centuries on our dusty shelves. As thinkers have been multiplying and thoughts accumulating, mental coincidences have necessarily come to be more frequent. The fact of partial anticipation, however, does not preclude the possibility of invention, but there is a wide-spread presumption of entire pre-occupation, a discouraging conviction that novel thought has been exhausted, which furnishes a plausible excuse for imitation. "Those were not the days of discovery," says an essayist, "when the Pillars of Hercules were believed to be the land-marks of the world." It is hardly surprising, in the light of this consideration, that modern "*materia poetica*" is old.

But our age, with its increased fury in the battle of life, with its hard work and consequent feverish thirst for fierce pleasure, will not be satisfied with staleness alone, in poetry. If it cannot have novelty in thought, it demands originality in treatment; if the matter is old, the manner at least must be new. So we witness continually the appearance of familiar subjects decked in novel garments. Tennyson tells "the old, old story," but so adorned by his dexterous fingers, that its intimate friends greet it as a welcome stranger. "Owen Meredith" revives the heroine of many an old French tale; but he changes her language and calls her Lucile, and lo! we hardly recognize her. Jealousy and affection are introduced to us every week, and we make their acquaintance anew, as if indeed they were not our old friends, Othello and Romeo, skilfully disguised. Here, then, amid this absolute staleness of matter, we find a wonderful novelty of manner. No age has produced a greater variety of strange rhymes and metrical devices than ours. Every writer ostensibly aims at this

sort of originality, and sets out with the determination, "I will seek to follow a path in which I can discover no foot-prints before me."^{*} But the poets of the seventeenth century were generally satisfied with the outlines that had come down to them from the Greeks and Romans, so that even Milton did not hesitate to follow in the steps of Virgil. While they satiated their temperate audience with original thought, their manner was neither various nor novel. They were content to treat new subjects in the old way, while we endeavor to treat old subjects in a new way.

In general it may be remarked, that the older poets considered the expression subordinate to the thought. They "lisped in numbers,—for the numbers came," but little cared they for versification, save as it was a necessary vehicle for the communication of poetic inspiration. Accordingly their poems display a careless exterior, often wanting in that correctness of which modern bards are so justly proud. It would indeed be unreasonable to expect of them a diction so elaborate as our own, for they had neither rules to obey, nor examples to follow. The accumulated works "long sithens composed," which rob our poets of their novelty of thought, furnish some remuneration in serving for the improvement of style. We have the simplicity of Cowper, the elegance of Pope, and all the beauties of the past two centuries, to guide, as well as their defects to warn us. Then, too, we possess many recent poetical theories and formulæ, each yielding valuable suggestions to the versifier. Add yet to these the invaluable essays of Jeffrey, Macauley, and the lesser critics, eagle-eyed to find a fault, and merciless to the offender. All these causes have combined to relieve our vocabulary of many discordant and vulgar words, such as often rendered the earlier poems uneuphonious and disgustingly obscene. By the same salutary influences, our grammar has been reduced to a system of simple but inviolable rules, and our versification has been conformed to the strictest principles of melody. In respect to each of these the modern poet must be faultless, if he would pass in judgment before the court of inquisitors, from which alone can emanate his passport to the people.

But it is often asserted that conformity to rule, and fear of reproof, lead to unnaturalness. So far, however, is this from being necessarily true, that liberal rules and wisely administered reproof have a directly contrary effect. Our poets are not restricted by arbitrary boundaries, which popular taste has set to the latitude of expression, but only by lines stretched by Nature herself, which were never

* "Owen Meredith's" Preface to "Lucile."

before so clearly defined or generally respected as now. Within these limits modern rhymesters have full range over all that is proper and natural, and are cut off from that alone which is unseemly and artificial. Here they escape the affectations of their ancestors, who, having no fixed laws to guide them, conformed their diction to the tastes of mincing courtiers and pretentious scholars. The euphuism and pedantry of the former time, pervading every work of genius, are in strange contrast to the simple grace of modern verse, constructed on the much abused theory of Wordsworth, that the ends of poetry are answered by "fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation." Surely it is not so preposterous, as is often alleged, to claim that our bards surpass their fathers in naturalness as well as correctness of expression.

We conclude now, from the entire discussion; (1) that the character of modern metrical composition, in the mass, is greatly debased by the presence of a vast amount of pseudo-poetry, such as had no existence in the former period; (2) that the poets of the seventeenth century are generally superior to their successors in the matter of their productions, being distinguished for all those excellences that proceed from mental grandeur and sustained power, as well as for the novelty of their conceptions, while they are deficient in subjectivity alone; but, (3) that they are inferior to later bards in respect to manner, in originality and variety, correctness and naturalness. Upon the whole, then, because thought is more important than expression, we must decide in favor of the older poets; but to them we yield the palm with no unwilling hand, for the glory of our fathers is our own.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

DeForest Gold Medal.

The successful competitors for the Townsend prize essays, spoke for the DeForest on Monday, June 24th. The following was the

PROGRAMME:

1. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. RICHARD WILLIAM WOODWARD, *Franklin, Conn.*
2. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. THOMAS HEDGE, JR., *Burlington, Iowa.*
3. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. BOYD VINCENT, *Erie, Penn.*

4. Modern Poetry compared with the Poetry of the 17th Century. **DAVID JAMES BURRELL**, *Freeport, Ill.*

5. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. **HENRY CLAY SHELDON**, *Lowville, N. Y.*

6. Modern Poetry compared with the Poetry of the 17th Century. **ALBERT ELIJAH DUNNING**, *Bridgewater, Conn.*

At the close of the speaking, the Medal was awarded to D. J. Burrell.

Sophomore Composition Prizes.

- 1st Prize, H. O. Bannard, New Haven, Conn.
 2d " Frank Atwood, Hunt's Corners, N. Y.
 3d " F. G. Conkling, New York City.

SECOND DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, { H. V. Freeman, Rockford, Ill.
 { Edward Heaton, Cincinnati, O.
 2d " { E. G. Coy, Sandusky, O.
 { J. T. B. Hillhouse, New York City.
 3d " { A. H. Ewing, Cincinnati, O.
 { F. S. Hayden, Milwaukee, Wis.

THIRD DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, Bernadotte Perrin, New Britain, Conn.
 2d " { Henry Lear, Doylestown, Pa.
 { H. W. Raymond, New York City.
 Prize Poem, H. G. Beers, Hartford, Conn.

FOURTH DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, E. P. Wilder, Kolapoor, India.
 2d " J. S. Sedgwick, Great Barrington, Mass.
 3d " Arthur Shirley, New York City.

To the same Class were awarded the following prizes in Declamation:—

FIRST DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, W. G. Carman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 2d " H. O. Barnard, New Haven, Conn.
 3d " W. L. Betts, Stamford, Conn.

SECOND DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, Edward Heaton, Cincinnati, O.
 2d " H. V. Freeman, Rockford, Ill.
 3d " S. H. Dana, Portland, Me.

THIRD DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, W. L. McLane, New York City.
 2d " H. C. Missemmer, Pottstown, Pa.
 3d " H. W. Raymond, New York City.

FOURTH DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, T. A. Scott, Toledo, O.
 2d " F. P. Terry, Irvington, N. Y.
 3d " E. P. Wilder, Kolapoor, India.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.

SENIORS.

1st Prize, H. T. Eddy, North Bridgewater, Mass.

2d " L. T. Brown, New Haven, Conn.

The DeForest Mathematical Prize was also awarded to H. T. Eddy.

SOPHOMORES.

1st Prize, F. G. Conkling, New York City.

2d " C. W. Bardeen, Fitchburg, Mass.

3d " R. M. Terrell, Naugatuck, Conn.

FRESHMEN.

1st Prize, Willard Eddy, North Bridgewater, Mass.

2d " { W. A. Keep, Hartford, Conn.
{ J. F. Perry, Crete, Ill.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The annual examination of the Freshman Class for Scholarships, resulted in the following award:—

Woolsey Scholarship, Edwin R. Stearns, Cincinnati, O.

Hurlburt " E. S. Dana, New Haven, Conn.

Runk " { J. S. Chandler, Madura, So. India.
{ D. W. Learned, Plymouth, Conn.

The Wooden Spoon Promenade

Came off on the evening of June 24th, and was, in all respects, a successful affair. The array of youth and beauty was imposing. The charming faces, graceful figures and beautiful dresses, the fairy forms tripping lightly to and fro, the sparkling eyes and flashing jewels, united with the sweet strains of the band, suggested the idea of a celestial scene, and of the gods dancing at the feet of Juno. But when one found himself standing by the open door, and beheld the "tears of heaven" descending thick and fast, with a lady in his care, and with no umbrella in his hand, and no money in his pocket, celestial visions fled, leaving a painful impression of mundane realities.

The "Wooden Spoon."

The grandest occasion of the College year is the "Presentation of the Wooden Spoon." Occurring, as it does, on the eve of Presentation, it forms an attraction in that eventful week, hardly equaled by the exceedingly interesting exercises of Class-day itself.

The Exhibition had a magnificent introduction in the "Promenade," which occurred on Monday, the 24th. It was by far the most dressy and stylish audience that we have ever witnessed in Music Hall.

The music was by Landers' band, and in quality far surpassed that of the Junior Exhibition Concert. The dancing was very animated, and for once, there was a cry for more room, the crowd being unusually large. If the success of the Promenade was *marked*, that of the Exhibition, on the following night, was more peculiarly noticeable. The audience that assembled to greet the Spoon Man of '68, never was excelled either for size or intelligence, and their hopes for a successful Exhibition were more than gratified.

The opening Load was a decided success, and keenly enjoyed, not only by the Class, but by the entire audience.

The Latin Salutatory followed, by Mr. Sloane. It was full of fun, and the delivery was of the highest order.

The Spoon addresses were very fine, both on the part of the one presenting (Mr. Dixon,) and of the recipient, (Mr. Berry.) The former stated, in a clear and impressive manner, the character of the Spoon, its doubtful history, and how difficult it sometimes was, to make a proper selection. "But in you, Sir," he said, referring to Mr. Berry, "We have the ideal man, and the unanimous choice of the Class," to all of which "'68" responds a hearty *Amen*. The Philosophical Oration, presented by a double scene—a true phase of College life,—on the one hand was the student hard at work over his mathematics; on the other, some others of his Class engaged in boxing, playing cards, etc. The play, "Love and ambition," written by Mr. S. T. Viele, was an admirable production, and the parts were rendered in a most successful manner. The scene which represented old A. S. Φ. giving out an election, elicited much applause. The High Oration, which followed, was, perhaps, the best thing of the Exhibition. By old graduates, and by those in College, it was especially enjoyed, since, in a comical way, it expressed many truths connected with Prize debates. The concluding exercise was, the "Tragedy of Antigone," composed by Mr. G. Means. To those who had read the tragedy in the original Greek, upon which this was, in part, founded, it was of particular interest. The "chorus" was well carried out, and the whole rendering was such as to fitly close the Exhibition, which is universally conceded to have been the best that has occurred for several years. We annex the programme:—

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "William Tell,"Rossini.
2. Opening Load, "The Strawberry,"
3. Latin Salutatory,THOMAS C. SLOANE, New York City.
4. Wooden Spoon Song.
5. Music, "Carnival of Venice,"Petrella.

SPOON ADDRESSES.

6. Presentation,WILLIAM A. DIXON, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. Reception,COBURN D. BERRY, Nashville, Tenn.
8. Music, "Ballo in Maschiera,"Meyerbeer.
9. Philosophical Oration, "Two phases of College Life."

10. Song.—

I.

Come, jolly Juniors, raise the chorus;
To old Yale loud praises sing;
Ever swell the anthem glorious,
Till the elms with echoes ring.

Once more a year has brought
Around the merry month of June;
Once more at Yale shall reign
The revels of the Wooden Spoon.

Bright eyes are gleaming,
Sweet faces beaming,
With pleasure teeming,
To hail the noble Wooden Spoon. } B

Spoon, how Yalensians adore thee!
Fade other honors before thee!
Thou art unrivalled in glory,
And happy the comrade who gains that boon, the Wooden Spoon,
And happy that comrade who takes the Wooden Spoon.

II.

Come, merry elves of mirth and pleasure,
Deign to smile on us to-night;
Grant us joy in boundless measure;
Fill our hearts with radiance bright.

Juno, goddess fair,
In this, thine own sweet month of June,
Juniors, thy chosen sons
We sing the praises of the Spoon.

Fair maids caresing,
Rosy lips pressing,
Breathe forth a blessing,
On all us jolly Junes at Yale. } Bis.

Yale! oh, how much the thought grieves me!
Only a year and we leave thee,
But, Alma Mater, believe me,
That never, while living, our love shall fail for dear old Yale,
But ever be glowing our love for dear old Yale.

- 12. Colloquy, Love and Ambition,"
- 12. Music, "Dinorah,"Meyerbeer.
- 13. High Oration, "Prize Debate,"
- 14. College Song.
- 15. Music. "Yale Pot Pourie,"
- 16. Colloquy, "Tragedy of Antigone."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Creone, king of Thebes; Hæmon, his Son, in love with Antigone; Antigone, a romantic young lady, one of the noblest characters in history; Tiresias, a blind prophet; Choras, an old man; Guards, &c. Scene, Thebes a city of Greece, 1001 years B. C., a few days after a victory over the Argives.

Presentation Day,

Wednesday, June 26th, dawned warm, and almost clear, the rain of the day before having entirely ceased. At 10.15 A. M. the Seniors assembled in the President's Lecture Room, and marched thence to the Chapel. Then, after an Address in Latin by the President, the Poem and Oration were delivered by the Class Poet, W. H. BISHOP, Hartford, Conn., and the Class Orator, J. W. SHOWALTER, Minerva, Ky. Both are considered to be of real merit. The usual Prizes were then an-

nounced, and the exercises of the morning closed, with the singing of the Parting Ode, composed by C. L. Allen.

At 2 30 P. M., the Class assembled on the Green, in front of South Middle, where seats had been erected for the accommodation of spectators. The pipes and tobacco were distributed, and the punch brought in, when the reading of Histories commenced. The Historians were as follows:—1st Division, H. A. Chittenden; 2d Division, C. S. Elliot; 3d Division, L. H. Kitchell; 4th Division, J. M. Spencer.

The first history was hardly commenced, when the clouds opened, and the spectators fled to shelter. The exercises however continued, Mr. Kitchell's history being enlivened by Mr. Morse's imitations of the various Professors, which were capital. The ring was formed under the shelter of umbrellas, and a dreary-good-by spoken. The Ivy was then planted by the Library, the various buildings and the President serenaded, and the Class of '67 broke up forever.

New Books.

We have received from Messrs. LEYPOLDT & HOLT, their three new publications, *The Man with the Broken Ear*, from the French of About; *Fathers and Sons*, a translation from the Russian; and *Critical and Social Essays*, reprinted from the Nation. All these books are very interesting, and will furnish excellent reading for vacation. PEASE has them.

This firm has now in preparation, and will soon issue, three works on Trade Societies, their origin, etc. They will be found particularly serviceable, in these days of Leagues and Strikes.

N. B.—We would call special attention to the Advertisements of this number. Students will find, at the places represented in the advertising pages, the best that can be obtained in the particular line of each. We feel confident, that in recommending these firms to their patronage, we shall confer an equal favor on both parties.

Editor's Table.

ANOTHER year of College life is now ended. Some may experience satisfaction in being so much nearer the struggle of active life, but the rapid flight of time cannot but cast a tinge of sadness over all hearts. The recurrence of these closing scenes reminds us, that another year of life is gone, and that another year of these College days and friendship, has flown forever. As we witness class after class pass from us, we each time contemplate, with a deeper sigh, the diminished interval that separates us from the final parting. At first we look with half distrust upon the grief and tears manifested at the last farewell on the College Green. But now, after three years of participation in a common life, we feel that when our turn shall come, it will cost a painful struggle to sunder these ties forever. There is something beautiful and peculiar in this College life,—something we find no where else. Here men, from every grade of society meet on a common level. Distinctions of wealth and social standing are swept away. Each one is placed upon his own merit, and upon that he stands or falls. The poor boy from the country is as likely to be preferred, as the rich and fashionable metropolitan. It is this obliteration of social ranks, and this reception of one another on the intrinsic merit of

head and heart, that links the members of a Class so closely together. The breaking up of these intimate associations is a painful process. We do not wonder, now, that the day of parting is a day of sadness and of tears. Of the Class that has just left us, I know but little personally. The tendency of College ways and customs here is, to impart, at the outset, an unfavorable opinion of the Class next above us. When we first arrive on these "classic grounds," we find them our determined foes. The name, Sophomore, soon comes to suggest visions of smoke, and horns, and masks, and all things dreadful. The result of it all is, that we acquire a settled dislike for the Class, as a body. This opinion is very justly formed at the beginning, although the reason for it soon ceases to exist. But it is hard to obliterate first impressions in this, as in other cases. Some remains of the old feeling linger in the heart during the entire course. For my part, I think this practice of rendering the situation of the Freshmen as disagreeable as possible, is mean in principle, and highly prejudicial in its results. Everywhere else in society, when the strong override and impose upon the weak, it excites indignation and scorn. It is claimed these impositions upon Freshmen are committed in sport. But the sport is all on one side. In fact, there is no such thing as sport, unless both parties agree in considering it such. I did not intend to run into a disquisition upon these topics, but now that I am here, I would say one thing more. A higher than human authority has laid down as a rule to guide human conduct, "Do as you would be done by." In propounding this rule, He makes no exceptions for cases of sport or retaliation. It does not permit us to treat others as we *have been* treated, nor to do to others in sport what we would not have them do to us in sport. We cannot violate this principle, without wronging humanity and ignoring God. We cannot violate it without demeaning the character and perilling happiness. To do so is, therefore, a more serious offense than may at first appear. In view of this consideration, and in view of decency and gentlemanly deportment, which are outraged, I trust that this overbearing and abusive treatment of Freshmen will soon be known at Yale as only a barbarism of the past. From what I have said, I would not have it inferred, that we harbor any ill-feeling towards the Class of 1867, which has just departed from us. If, however, there still lingers a trace of the old antipathy of Freshman year, or if we regard them in a less exalted light than we did '66 or '65, they, and not ourselves, are responsible. As they go forth to engage in active life, and to win a position in the world, we heartily wish them abundant prosperity, hoping that their lives may be eminent and useful.

We are, ourselves, about to separate for a long vacation. It is not, however, a sad separation. We expect to meet again, when its fleeting days are gone, and pursue our common course, rendered all the happier for its interruption. And what divests the separation almost entirely of sadness, is, that we expect to meet the dearer friends, and enjoy the brighter scenes and serenest skies of home. Undoubtedly we all look forward to a pleasant vacation; undoubtedly we shall all, at parting, cordially wish each other a happy time. But how widely diversified are the meanings which this simple phrase conveys to different minds! If we were to follow the members of a single Class through the coming vacation, how varied should we find their pleasure seekings! Some we should trace beyond the Atlantic wave, and behold them in foreign lands, feasting upon the grand old ruins of ancient castles, or the magnificent piles of modern architecture, mingling in the gorgeous scenes of the great Exposition, and basking in the smiles of Parisian

damsels, climbing the rugged ascent of the Alps, or standing upon the classic Hills of the Famous City, or, possibly, we should see them lost in wonder before the Pyramids, or gently swayed with admiration of Egyptian maidens, as they promenade in *full dress*. Many we should follow to the celebrities of our own continent, to Niagara, Mount Washington, Saratoga, and the West, and see them mingling in fashionable society, and flirting with fashionable belles. Others, we may expect to find content with more quiet recreation. Lovers of repose, of solitude, and of nature, we shall see them directing their eager steps towards the country. There, unobserved by the vulgar world, and no longer constrained and harassed by the conventionalities of the city, they will enjoy that glorious liberty which the country alone affords. They will delight in its green fields, its cooling shade, and its murmuring brooks. They will feast upon the fruits of farm and garden, gathered, fresh and luscious, from tree and vine. The innumerable diversions of the country they will enjoy in rich abundance. Were we so disposed, we might follow them, as, seated with fair companions in the old homestead carriage, they ride gayly on the road skirting the broad rolling river, winding through the luxuriant valleys, sweetly scented with the perfume of the new mown grass, and the exhalations of ten thousand flowers, or climbing the ascent of yon rugged mountain, whence the landscape spreads out, in richest beauty, far and wide beneath. We might follow them to the rustic gathering in the shady grove by the placid lake. We might trace them to the arbor at eventide, and listen to the song and the chat. We might hover near them in the quiet walk, as the last rays of the declining sun bathe hill and tree-top in golden light, and we might listen to the strange tales of history and affection, unintended for other ears.

Ah! who can tell how many scenes will be enacted in the rides and rambles of vacation, that would rival the wildest and sweetest romance? How many may be the hearts lost and won! How oft may the starry skies bend low over the happy meetings of those whose hearts shall beat in unison for the first time! How the fields will seem richer, the heavens fairer, the birds' song sweeter, the brooklets murmur more musical, and all the world more joyous forever-more! But I am venturing upon ground that is strange to my feet. I am speaking of subjects of which, happily or unhappily, *I am totally ignorant*. I will return, therefore, to that other class of students, to whom, from choice or necessity, vacation must be a period of more or less labor. It is to be lamented that any, after the confinement and labor of a year's study, are debarred from full recreation at the time allotted for it. Of the two classes,—those who are obliged to *earn* money during vacation, and those who have an unlimited amount to spend,—the condition of the former is preferable. Great necessities nerve the one class to great efforts. The absence of necessities removes from the other class every incentive to vigorous action. Perhaps I should not say *every* incentive. There are left those incentives of duty and responsibility born into every heart. But, owing to the constitutional laziness of the human race, we generally find that those who have wealth and position to start with, and are not urged to labor and sacrifice by the absolute wants of our nature, relapse into a life of comparative passivity and indulgence. He who has no supporting arm to lean upon in youth, early acquires independence and self-reliance, becomes strong and manly in his development, earnest and intent of purpose, and well prepared to engage successfully in the fierce struggle around him. Let him not, therefore, look with envious eyes upon the condition of those who revel in luxury and ease. And let not the gay and wealthy man in early life, re-

gard with scorn and pity those whom stern want dooms to unremitting toil; for the chances are ten to one, that, when the evening of life is closing round us, they will be far outstripped in wealth and honor by those whom adversity now pinches in its iron grasp. This is a world of justice in the end. Those who begin by despising the poor and toiling, usually live to see those very persons raised far above them in rank and title. And this is a natural result. He who scorns poverty and despises labor, is of a disposition not calculated to succeed in the world. The four classes which I have described comprehend the whole of College life. Altogether we shall find a single class participating in every variety of occupation and amusement, and representing every grade of society. But whatever be the pursuit, we shall find that all seek, chiefly, the same boon,—recreation, pleasure, happiness. Whether we call it by these or other names, it is that something for which we all are longing, and for which we all are striving. One seeks it in the courts and scenes of foreign lands; another pursues it in the fashionable resorts and gay societies of our own country. One seeks it in the solitude and simplicity of the country, and another tries to grasp it, 'mid the toil which circumstances necessitate. Undoubtedly, all have laid their plans for vacation. Undoubtedly, all are elated at the prospect of their speedy consumation. I trust that none will be disappointed. In behalf of the Lrr. Editors, I heartily wish all a happy and satisfactory vacation.

Presentation week is over. Its exercises have already been alluded to in the Memorabilia, but I cannot refrain from a few additional remarks. And first, I would contribute my modicum of praise to the Wooden Spoon Promenade and Exhibition. I do this, not because they were supervised by *my* Class, but because they were a grand success in themselves. Every journal has commended them in terms of unmeasured approbation. For some years, at least, the Spoon Exhibition has not been equaled, and we doubt if it was ever surpassed. The chosen nine will live immortal in the gratitude and love of their class-mates. Sixty-eight is proud of her Cochleareati, and proud of their successful labors.

Perhaps it might not be amiss to call the attention of future Classes to one great difference between the Spoon Exhibitions of '68 and '67. In that of '67 the interval between the different scenes was so long, that the weariness and impatience of waiting, more than counter-balanced the pleasure of the scenes themselves. The plays and exercises are, usually, of such a character, if they only succeed each other rapidly, the result will not be doubtful. We caution future Committees to look well to this, if they would come off with credit.

In speaking of Class Day, I shall only refer to one evil. It is the usual tendency of historians to heap abuse upon those unfortunates who are absent. I do not refer to the historians of '67, for I did not hear them, but to the general practice. In former years I have heard the historians set forth all the evil characteristics of an absent member, without shame or confusion. However immoral or lawless may have been his course, the fact that he was once a Classmate, ought to be sufficient reason for throwing the veil of silence over his misguided deeds. The memory of a Classmate should be sacred from gossip and abuse. If we can speak no good of the absent, let us at least refrain from speaking evil.

There were other events in Presentation week which were, undoubtedly, of interest to the lower classes. I refer to the change in Chapel seats. We have crowded out another Class, and now '68 bows the head to the venerable President of Yale. I marked that we assumed our new seats, silent and thoughtful. It was an occa-

sion full of sad suggestions to most of us. It is the last move we can ever make in the old Chapel; for when we move again, it will be into the great, cold, world beyond. To the other Classes, however, the change was, doubtless, wholly of a pleasant character. We wish the new-fledged Juniors and Sophomores joy, and earnestly hope their wings will not be clipped by the present annual. And who has caused all this commotion in the Old Chapel? Who has crowded '67 from its place in the College world, and pushed each of us one year nearer the final exit? Ah! here they come! the Class of '71! Already they are gathering about the classic Halls, treading, with faint, uncertain step, on the sacred earth of far-famed Yale. All hail Class of '71! We give you greeting! May you pass, unscathed, through the ordeal of Alumni Hall, and stand, with your feet firmly planted in the "first-precincts of College!" May you become willing subscribers and able contributors to the LIT.

O, hotti dies! O, crammi dies! O flunki examinationum! O, all ye terrors, farewell! "We are going to leave you now." Already I catch glimpses of refreshing shades and limpid streams. "Old Charlie" stands waiting for a drive. There are lilies on the pond to be gathered, and the fair hands that would pluck them from their watery bed, wait for the boatman to come. There are fishes in the brook to be baited and caught. There are fruits in the garden, longing for the hand to pluck them. There's a vacant seat at the table, on the shady banks of the rippling stream. The sweet voices and sacred forms of home beckon hither Surely,

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Far away in the heat and dust and noise of the city, tormented by the annual on the one side and the LIT. on the other, the soul echoes the beautiful lines of the Poet;—

"Home of my childhood!
How affection clings,
And hovers round thee
With her seraph wings!"

I cannot linger. Once more to all I extend the parting wish, that a kind Providence grant you a happy vacation, and return you at its close safe to each others arms.

To Undergraduates.

In accordance with the annual custom, the Board of Editors hereby offer for competition, the Yale Literary Prize, a gold medal, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must comply with the following conditions; He must be a member of the Academical Department, and a subscriber to the LIT.: his essay must be a prose article, and must not exceed in length ten pages of the Magazine; it must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelop, containing the real name of the writer; and must be sent to the undersigned, on or before Saturday, Oct. 19th. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the unsuccessful competitors.

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